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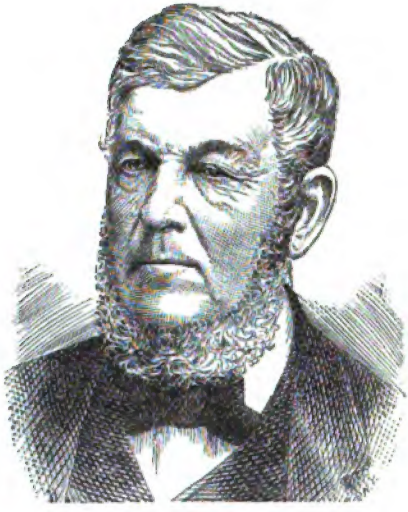

HON. JAMES EMMITT.

LIFE AND REMINISCENCES

OF

HON. JAMES EMMITT

AS REVISED BY HIMSELF.

By M. J. CARRIGAN.

"I like old things,
Old times, old wines, old books,
Old memories; we will revive those
Olden times,
And in our memories preserve and
Keep them fresh and green,
Like flowers in water."

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.... PREFACE ....

WHEN the series of articles which compose this book was commenced, I had no thought that they would ever be compiled and issued in this form. They were only the detached reminiscences of one, whose career has extended over a long period of time, and who has naturally been brought in contact with a great many noted persons, who are now almost forgotten. From my long and intimate connection with the men and measures connected with the early history of our state, it was thought my recollections would prove interesting matter for newspaper readers, and worthy of preservation in that form. But, as the articles appeared from time to time, many interesting facts were developed concerning the early pioneers of this section, the struggles and hardships undergone in the development of the country, and our gradual advance in the arts of civilization.

My own varied fortunes were seen to contain a

lesson which might be valuable to the young of to-day, and my personal recollections of men who have been prominent in the state, embodied facts that have never appeared in print, and which in a few years would have passed out of existence forever, buried with those who had taken part in the great events they recall.

For more than sixty years I have been engaged in active business life. During a great part of that time, I may say, my business interests have been of considerable magnitude. I have known at various times many of the foremost men of our state, and been associated with them in business and political life. I have lived to see them rise and disappear, and have seen them replaced by younger men, who in turn have passed from the scene of action, many of them into oblivion. Most of my early companions and acquaintances are gone, and even their immediate descendants know little of them. An incident here and there, related by some old grandsire, is all that is left of the memory of people who were once the actors in this grand tragedy of life. It is not wise that those who preceded us in life should be forgotten. The story of their fortunes should be a guide to us, by which we might direct our course. This was one of the motives for the publication of this book.

The other was to throw what light I could on

the early history of the state, for it is as much in these sidelights as in any thing else, that the complete picture is shown, and it is, after all, from comparatively small details, that the history of the world has been made up. If the publication of this book shall tend, even in a slight degree, to illuminate the story of our early struggles in this section, and, besides bringing pleasure to the few who can recall the events touched upon, shall put on record some facts worthy of being preserved, it will have accomplished all that is expected of it.

JAMES EMMITT.

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A RICH MAN'S AMBITION; TO BE ABLE TO PAY EVERY OBLIGATION, TO THE LAST CENT, WHEN DEATH ENDS HIS LONG CAREER—THE TALL CORN AND BIG TIMBER THAT GREW IN THE SCIOTO VALLEY WHEN THE INDIAN AND HIS LITTLE TOMAHAWK WERE INFLUENTIAL MEMBERS OF SOCIETY; AND IN THE DAYS WHEN GREASED PAPER WAS ALL THE RAGE FOR WINDOW PANES; WHEN BUCKSKIN CLOTHING WAS JUST THE THING, AND WHEN A PINE KNOT WAS MORE STYLISH THAN AN ELECTRIC LIGHT — THE INITIATORY CHAPTER OF THE LIFE STORY OF A REMARKABLE MAN, WHO HAS LARGELY AIDED IN TRANSFORMING OHIO FROM A DEER PARK AND BEAR GARDEN INTO ONE OF THE GREATEST STATES IN THE NATION — THE CAREER AND REMINISCENCES OF THE HON. JAMES EMMITT.

"THE ambition, the pride of my remaining years—as it has been of those that have passed—is that I may die without owing any man a dollar that will not be paid in full."

Utterance is often given to these words by probably the best known man in Southern Ohio—the Hon. James Emmitt. And they furnish a key to the thought and aims that now direct the fairly herculean labors of this remarkable man; to the purpose that has buoyed him up and spurred him on through the

long years that he has steadily borne, alone, a business burden, the immensity of which, one would think, would crush a half-dozen ordinary men.

A remarkable man? Surely James Emmitt has earned this appellation; earned it over and over again; earned it on a score of accounts. No man who has developed in this section, is or has been more fully entitled to that characterizing title than he.

For over sixty years he has been a commanding figure in the business world of this part of Ohio, and has, by reason of his far-reaching financial interests, filled an ample space in the public eye. And during all this time his name has been a steadily honored one in the great trade centers of America and Europe. Great and powerful men have dawned in the business arena, during this period; men who have swayed the markets of the world for a time, and then been crowded aside by even more brilliant and nervy characters than themselves; and men have come up in those years, to flash through careers as brief as they were dazzling, to be buried beneath disasters as black as their successes were brilliant. In these sixty years of wondrous development and bewildering changes, the world of business has rendered homage to many a dominant mind, but through it all—through all the fierce financial struggles, and ups and downs dependent upon man's judgment—the name of James Emmitt has been carried along on the roll of the country's solid men,

unquestioned and without blot or stain. A piece of his paper has never gone to protest in bank—and his transactions, through banking houses, have amounted to millions of dollars. This is a statement that can be made of precious few men who have known anything like Mr. Emmitt's number of business years.

This much is certain. There is no man in Southern Ohio who has a personal history, or a fund of personal information, so vast, varied and interesting—viewed in a semi-historical sense—as has Mr. Emmitt. He came into this section with the vanguard that brought civilization into the then new west; he came here when what is now Ohio was an immense unbroken park, where the chief foe of the friendly bear and the timorous deer and the clouds of turkeys that constituted the chief elements of life, was the grim and fantastic Indian—never a perfectly desirable neighbor.

He has lived to see, and has been a most potent factor in inducing one of the grandest transformation scenes "ever witnessed on any stage," and that stage as wide as the worlds generous scope.

He has lived to see the wagon trails through the wilderness give way to broad and far-reaching and well-made pikes—and he has built and owned many of these pikes.

He has lived to see the old and cumbersome traveling wagon give way, on these pikes, to the equally

unwieldy but more elegant and more comfortable stage coach.

He has lived to see the rafts and flat-boats that served his parents and early neighbors as vehicles of conveyance, by water, supplanted by such splendid steamers as the palatial Bostona, Bonanza and Telegraph, and every form of improved water craft—and he has controlled many of them.

He has lived to see great canal lines built, connecting the lake regions of the north with the Ohio River on the south, and consequently with the Mississippi and the Gulf Coast. He has aided in the building of these canals—the wonderful ante-railroad developers—that brought so much life and prosperity into the then new country. He has seen those water highways fairly alive with boats trafficking between Ohio's north and south—and he has been the owner of scores of them.

He has lived to see the railroad practically revolutionize the business methods of the world; to see the decay of the turnpike and canal system—and he has practically been the owner of an important line of railroad.

He has lived to see the post-rider fade out of existence, when the stage and packet and railroad lines came forward as mail carriers—and he has contributed liberally to the post-riders retirement. He saw the first team hitched to a mail carriers wagon at Ports-

mouth, by John H. Thornton, in 1826, and in 1878, he saw the last stage pass through Waverly that ever carried the mail between Portsmouth and Chillicothe. The next day the railway mail coach carried the mail up and down the Valley.

He has lived to see the uttermost ends of the earth connected by wire, and was an early and earnest advocate of telegraphy, and has built and operated a telegraph line of his own.

He has lived to see the grass hook give way to the scythe; the scythe to the reaper and the reaper, largely, to the still more wonderful reaper and self-binder; and he has been among the first to welcome every new phase of development in this regard.

He has seen the log cabin of the valley supplanted by magnificent residences, and is himself the owner of a splendid home. He has seen the oiled paper supplanted by crystal glass, for window purposes. He has discarded a buckskin suit for comfortable homespun; and has laid aside his homespun garments for the softest and best products of the finest looms. He has seen the pine torch that lighted his early home at night, supplanted by the bowl of grease with plaited strips of cotton for wick and the tallow dip; the candle succumb to coal oil, and has seen coal oil's reign vastly weakened, and entirely destroyed in some localities, by manufactured and natural gas, and the recently discovered and truly marvelous electric light.

The eyes that, seventy years ago, wonderingly scanned the dingy pages of the Scioto Gazette by the aid of a pine knot's light, now go through great piles of business correspondence, aided by gas light manufactured by their owner.

He has lived to see almost eight generations of people pass away, and he is still a hale, active business man, with cares enough for a half dozen younger heads.

He has lived to see the few dollars, yielded by his boyhood labor and saved by a sensible frugality that he has never grown away from, grow to hundreds, and thousands and hundreds of thousands of dollars.

He has lived to see his first venture in real estate expand until he owns the very cream of Pike County's domain; and lived to enjoy, through long, active years of ceaseless endeavor and toil, the reputation of being one of the wealthiest and soundest business men in Ohio.

A remarkable man? Who will not concede it? But it is not until his life story is properly told, that the public, to which he has been so long and intimately known, will come to a full knowledge of his achievements; not until the wealth of early history, reminiscence and anecdote, of which he is the possessor, is collected and narrated, that a full appreciation of the man, his character and the circumstances under which he developed, can be had. He has in his

memory's keeping a fund of information, of a character almost impossible to now obtain, other than from him. His career has been such an active one, and he has been so intimately connected with the great public interests that developed this portion of Ohio, with men and measures, that his knowledge of the early history of this section is happily very complete and intensely interesting. It would be almost a crime to allow James Emmitt to pass away, without securing from him, and preserving in fitting form, this attractive knowledge, relative to a period of our history, now almost as remote to the mind of the present generation as the first crusade.

It is this agreeable duty that the writer has concluded to undertake, promising that it will well repay its readers to follow the narrative to a close. It will not only prove a story of Mr. Emmitt's wonderfully successful and varied business career, but a pleasant narrative of events covering a wide scope of Ohio's early history, and dealing intimately with the men of consequence, who contributed to the development of the Scioto Valley. Perforce, the narrative will have a strong local flavor, and will prove of great interest to the citizens of the Scioto Valley, and especially the old pioneer settlers of Portsmouth, Chillicothe and Waverly. Sufficient headway has now been made in the matter to warrant the prediction that this narrative will be found not only interesting, but racy—even a trifle picturesque—as well.

CHAPTER II.

THE THORN TREE UPON WHICH THE GRANDDAMES, MOTHERS OF A GREAT REPUBLIC, HUNG THEIR MAIN RELIANCE AT THE TOILET MAKING HOUR — THE UNIQUE WAY IN WHICH THE PIONEER'S CABIN WAS FURNISHED IN THE OLDEN TIME, BEFORE PATENT ROCKERS, OVER-STUFFED SOFAS AND QUEEN ANNE CHAMBER SUITS WERE IN VOGUE, AND WHEN A BUCKSKIN SUIT, TANNED WITH DEER BRAINS AND SMOKED TO A WOOD-BROWN IN A CAPACIOUS CHIMNEY OR HOLLOW TREE, WAS RAIMENT SUFFICIENTLY ELEGANT FOR THE MOST FASTIDIOUS BACKWOODS DUDE — INTERESTING NARRATIVE, IN WHICH CONSIDERABLE PRELIMINARY GROUND IS COVERED AND A NEAR APPROACH MADE TO THE ACTIVE INCIDENTS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE.

AFTER the colonies had entered upon the struggle for independence, the happy result of which laid the ground work for the greatest Republic that has ever graced the earth, James Emmitt's ancestors, after a boisterous three month's voyage, landed in New York, from Dublin, and afterwards made their way into Pennsylvania, settling in the Kishacoquillas Valley. Mr. Emmitt's grandfather had been a merchant in Ireland, and he promptly engaged in merchandizing at his new home. But he didn't like the country. Everything was so strange to him and his estimable

wife. One day they were intensely horrified at seeing in the road what they thought to be a snake. They gathered up clubs and managed to kill it. They had never seen a snake in Ireland. It didn't please them to be told, a while afterward, that their terror had been awakened by a harmless terrapin. After some effort, Mr. Emmitt succeeded in selling out his business, receiving payment therefor entirely in continental money, which afterward proved a drug on his hands. It was his intention to return to Ireland, but when the continental money was repudiated, he was well-nigh ruined, and could not carry out his plans.

With what means he had, he crossed the mountains and settled in Armstrong County, in the western part of the same state. Kittanning then, as now, was the county seat. But later, Armstrong was divided, and a new county created out of its northern half—now Clarion County, with Clarion as the county seat. A settlement was made on Licking Creek, seventy-five miles from Pittsburgh and ten miles back from the Allegheny River, where Mr. Emmitt's grandfather built a grist mill. The country about there was very poor, its main products in the way of lumber being white pine and the principal farming product being buckwheat. Considerable lumber was rafted out of Tobias, now called Clarion Creek, to the river.

Mr. Emmitt's father, George Emmitt, was married in 1804, when about nineteen years old, to Miss Addie

Stanford, the daughter of a neighboring farmer, Abram Stanford. James Emmitt was the first child born to them, his birth occurring on the 6th of November, 1806.

Mr. Emmitt has some recollection of the war of 1812, and recalls the circumstance of his uncle, Johnson Emmitt, taking his departure for the frontier, to participate in that second struggle with England and her red allies. This uncle died up in the lake regions, near the present sight of Sandusky, after Hull's surrender.

The country in which Mr. Emmitt's parents and grandparents were located, was so poor that they looked with more than ordinary interest toward the new land to the southwest of them.

Finally, a man named Travis went out of that neighborhood, with a view of making an exploring tour of a portion of the new west—particularly of the Scioto valley, and on up to the Lake region. He was gone for quite a while, and was delighted with the resources and soil of the Scioto Valley; so much so, that he returned and gave a most wonderful relation of what he had there seen to his friends.

A public meeting was held to welcome Travis back and to hear what report he had to make; and in the address he made on that occasion, Travis said the corn grew so tall in the Scioto Valley that a man could climb up a stalk and comfortably sit on an ear. The

timber in the northern part of the state, too, grew to a wonderful height and girth, but covered the ground too thickly, the trees not being more than two feet apart, on an average. He said he had seen elk in the forests, out here, with horns eleven feet across, and large in proportion.

This was too much for one man in the audience, and he called out:

"Say, Travis, if the trees are only two feet apart, how would the elk get through them?"

Travis looked annoyed at this incredulity, but rallied and replied:

"I don't know. That's their lookout."

This man Travis was a unique and picturesque liar. He told his hearers that the people down in the Scioto Valley had a mighty nice, easy and safe way of killing bears. They would just watch, he said, until a bear squatted under a tree which had been previously cut and almost ready to fall, when they would cut it down in a jiffy and crush the terror of the woods, before he could get away. Mr. Emmitt was about nine years old when the fantastic Travis discoursed so glowingly of the wondrous valley in the "undiscovered country." Travis' talk, as exaggerated as it was known to be, nevertheless made a strong impression upon the minds of the people living on and about Licking Creek, and aided many persons to finally conclude that the locality in which they were living was cer-

tainly on the outskirts of the garden spot of the earth, and that it would be a profitable thing to migrate to a better agricultural country.

At this time, while the little colony on Licking Creek was struggling along, hunting wild game, cutting lumber and raising buckwheat, as their main occupations, the fierce struggle with England, inaugurated in 1812, was in progress on the frontier, in the neighborhood of what is now the northern boundary of Ohio. But the bitter strife and bloodshed and shocking atrocities of that war were so remote to those people up in Pennsylvania in whom we are interested, that they were not disturbed concerning them, taking it for granted that the war would never nearly affect their locality.

It was just when the echoes of the war in the wilderness—in which the Metternich of the Indian tribes, the great Tecumseh, lost his life, and in which General, and afterward President Harrison, won for himself undying fame—were dying away, that five families embraced in the Licking Creek settlement, packed up their movable effects and transported them to a point on the Allegheny River, about twenty-five miles above Kittanning. They stopped for the night in an old deserted hut, which later was discovered to be so infested with snakes, that a portion of the party had to keep guard and fight them, while the others slept.

In the morning the party embarked on a raft, and a start was made for Ohio.

In this adventurous party were Abram Stanford and wife—Mr. Emmitt's grandparents on his mother's side. Abram Stanford was the only person in the little colony that had any means worthy of note, he having realized on all his property before starting away. The others had no property, of any consequence, to realize on. Robert and Isaac Stanford, with their families, and David Stanford, a younger brother, and unmarried; and Mr. Emmitt's father and mother, with their children, were also of the party. The Stanfords were Pennsylvania Germans, and during Mr. Emmitt's boyhood, he could use no other language than the dialect in vogue among the Germans of his native state. He was quite a well grown lad before he could use and comprehend the English tongue.

The current finally brought the raft on which the party had entrusted itself, to Steubenville, where a stop was made. The finances of the colony were in a bad condition, and it was concluded to make a stay at Steubenville, in order that the men folk might work through the harvest season, and add some wealth to the discouragingly lean treasury.

All of the party stopped at Steubenville except the elder Stanford, who pushed on into the interior of Ohio, and made his way to a point two miles above Waverly, on a farm now occupied by a German dairy-

man named Smith, driving a yoke of oxen all the way. He contracted for two tracts of land of eighty acres each, at the point above named.

While Mr. Stanford was working his way through the wilderness to the Scioto Valley, the other able bodied men of the party were doing their utmost to earn all the money in sight. Young Emmitt, always energetic and industrious, went out into the field, one day, to help the men cut wheat, which was then gathered with sickles. After cutting some grain and splitting open the end of one of his little fingers, he was induced to content himself doing the spectator act.

Toward the close of the summer season, of that year, the party at Steubenville—which had been saddened by the death of Mrs. Abram Stanford—built a little flat boat, got together their property, and re-embarked on their journey toward the new country. The voyage down the river was a remarkable one.

The river was alive with squirrels, crossing to the southern bank. The people on the boat could step in a canoe and then reach out and pick them up by dozens; by hundreds, if they had desired. The woods on either side of the river were full of the bushy-tailed, querulous-voiced squirrels, which were crossing the country like an invading army, spreading ruin everywhere in their wake. They destroyed growing grain, vegetation of all kinds, and even robbed the trees of foliage. They were a pest more to be dreaded than

the blighting cicada. Their numbers were countless. They swarmed everywhere and devoured everything eatable. They left the country through which they passed, on their southward march, almost a barren waste.

The party finally reached Portsmouth, where they landed, and for the first time, made the acquaintance of the paw-paw, or custard apple. They didn't venture, though, upon testing their palatable qualities. Alexandria, a mile below Portsmouth, was then the big town, and was for a long time the county seat of Scioto County. The mouth of the Scioto was then at Alexandria. Portsmouth was an insignificant place, which did not take a substantial boom until the cutting of a canal-branch across a strip of country, in 1840, diverted the channel of the river, and transferred its junction with the Ohio to that town.

A letter was received at Portsmouth from Mr. Stanford, saying that the party could take a keel boat at Portsmouth and come up the Scioto to Waverly; but it was found that the river was so low that no boat could possibly make the trip. The only alternative was to procure a wagon and make the journey through the woods, which was done.

A huge wagon was secured, drawn by four horses, and a start made. There were no roads, and a number of men had to go on in advance with axes, to cut

down trees and fill up the waterways and ruts that barred the wagon's progress.

Only four miles were traversed that first day, and an over-night stay was made near the residence of Mr. Jacob Noel. The family of this gentleman were stricken with the ague—a mysterious disease, with the nature of which the travelers were wholly unacquainted. They feared it to be contagious, and with a prudence over which they later laughed heartily, slept out under the wagon, in the malaria-laden night air. Mr. Noel was a Colonel in the war of 1812, and this residence, a brick structure, is still standing.

At Piketon—then a diminutive place, with only a few cabins—we met "Edward H., the Carpenter," a character well known throughout all this country at that time. "Edward H." was indulging in a drunk of pleasant proportions. But he concluded to abandon his cups and go on up with the party to the point above Waverly, where a settlement was to be made, and near which his own cabin was located. "Edward H." went up to Chillicothe, one day, and got exceedingly drunk. On the way back to Waverly, he lay down on the roadside, near the point where the monument of Hewitt the Hermit graces the roadway. Night came on, and an owl, on a neighboring hill began to hoot wildly. The owl's cries startled the

sleeper, who thought some one was calling, "who's there?"

He listened, and finally blurted out, "Edward H., the Carpenter, by God."

Abram Stanford also met them at Piketon—which had only been laid out the year before—and the whole delegation forded the river at that point, and pushed on to its destination, two miles north of Waverly, which consisted of eighty acres of land, having thereon two log cabins—one of which closely resembled a stable. The one inhabitable cabin was fixed up for the accommodation of five families, but it was soon found to be unbearably crowded; so after the intense fatigue, induced by that miserable journey through the woods, had been recovered from, the families began to scatter, and erect cabins for themselves. The country surrounding, on every hand, was practically one unbroken wilderness.

Mr. Emmitt's father built a large one-room cabin, in the midst of a sugar camp—in which Mr. Emmitt is to-day making maple sugar and syrup—down a hollow, about a half mile from Stanford's house, and on what is now known as the "Nye place." This room served all the purposes of kitchen, dining, sitting and bed-room, and parlor as well. There wasn't much demand for originality of style or luxuriousness in appointments about the home. The social atmosphere was very sluggish, even stagnant. The lady

of the house wasn't very often interrupted by callers, for there wern't very many persons about to indulge in visiting. Their nearest neighbors were from one-half to two miles. If there were any callers in those days, they were pretty apt to be bear or wolves or snakes.

Panthers and deer and wild turkeys, and smaller game were very abundant, and the combined efforts of these, the most populous residents of the forest, managed to keep the nerves of the backwoodsmen and his family very tense.

At night, the hideous sounds that rang through the woods, that came from the throats of the panther and wildcat and the yelping wolf, prowling at the pioneer's very door, were not conducive to ease of mind or restfulness. It was the duty of every man and boy, in those days, to kill as many of these animals as it was in his power to slay. Every man, and boy, for that matter, always carried a gun when away from the cabin home, on any mission. Young James Emmitt was a very clever shot, and an eager hunter, and it was not an infrequent thing that, when nightfall came, he would be able to count up more successful shots than any one present. He was then but eleven years old, but strong and active.

Mr. Emmitt's father was a tremendous worker. Six feet tall and very strong, his energy and industry were prodigious. He would work all day making a

clearing in the woods, and moonlight nights, he would put in two or three hours splitting rails.

Making a home in the wilderness, at that day, was a herculean task. After the terrors of a journey from one of the older settlements had been passed—a journey often through a trackless wilderness, through which a wagon-way had to be cut; or largely over "corduroy" roads, in the most frightful condition—the work of finding a home and clearing a little farming place had to be undertaken. And what a work it was!

Strong arms and a good axe were the essentials of the pioneer, when he undertook to establish a home. When the necessary trees had been felled and cut into logs of the right length, they were put together in the best and speediest manner possible. A roof of hand split shingles was placed over them, and a floor of split logs, with the face hewn fairly smooth with an axe, put down. The saw mill had not yet made its appearance in this part of the country. The furniture for those primitive homes was always on the ground—in the standing trees of the forest. Tables were easily made by supporting roughly-hewn boards on rougher legs of the sturdiest build; and a block supported upon three stout legs made a very durable, if not comfortable, stool. Long benches, made of puncheon boards, with substantial legs, were very useful articles of furniture—useful, despite the fact that they

were neither upholstered nor ornamental. The bedstead then in vogue—and it was not as handsome as one of Queen Anne pattern—was made by driving down into the ground, between the floor's puncheon slabs, crotched limbs; and from these rustic posts, strong saplings were extended lengthwise and crosswise to form the base for a mattress of straw, or mayhap grass and leaves. A feather-bed was a luxury that few of the pioneers had been successful in bringing through the vicissitudes of the journey through the wilderness, during which so much had to be sacrificed. The chimney was generally built on the outside of the cabin, and was always large enough to permit of the household enjoying a most capacious fireplace. Windows—when windows were indulged in—were made by cutting away the upper half of one log and the nether half of the log above it, and stretching over the aperture thus made, a sheet of newspaper, made transparent by being well saturated with bear's oil, or other oily substance.

The Emmitt's relied solely for "window glass" upon the dingy pages of the Scioto Gazette, which was brought to their cabin by General James Row, the first mail-carrier between Chillicothe and Portsmouth, who made his journeys on horseback. General Row was the father-in-law of John Tomlinson,

Esq., the present cashier of the Ross County National Bank.

Deer were plentiful and contributed largely to clothing the people who early invaded the wilderness. Both women and men wore moccasins in winter. During the summer season, almost everyone went barefooted. They raised flax, and the women folk made from it nearly all of their own and much of the men's clothing. But the men, as a rule, wore buckskin, which was tanned in an interesting way.

After a hide had been removed from a deer, it would be cured, the hair taken off and then the grain would be removed. This last was an important process, for unless the grain was properly treated, the skin would always be hard and uncomfortable. To do this, a bath would be made of pounded deer brains and water, in which the hide would be thoroughly soaked and "worked," after which it would be scoured until the velvety surface of the skin was brought out. It would then be placed in a hollow tree, or hung in the capacious chimney and smoked. This latter treatment, smoking, caused the skin to retain its softness. The skins, after being cut into proper parts, were sewed into garments and moccasins, with deer sinews, probably taken from the same animal the hide had covered.

Mr. Emmitt relates that when his buckskin suit would become dirty and hard, he would go to bed

while his aunt Margaret would put his clothing in a kettle of hot water and deer brains, and work them around until they were cleansed. She would then take them out of their bath, remove all the water from them, and hang them up in the chimney, to be smoked over night. In the morning, young Emmitt would have a soft, clean and highly perfumed buckskin suit.

The women were'nt proud, in those days, and they didn't require a rose-wood case, with a marble top, and elegant French mirror, to dress by. They just went out and cut a limb from a thorn tree and hung it up in the corner, and when they wanted "another pin," while making their simple toilet, they would borrow a hunting knife, mayhap, from one of the men folk, and cut it off the limb of thorns.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD SIDE-WHEELER, ANCHORED WITH GRAPE VINES IN THE CURRENT OF CROOKED CREEK, TO WHICH A GENERATION OF HEROES BROUGHT THEIR GRIST — NOVEL FLOATING MILLING ESTABLISHMENT, THAT WAS TO THE OLD HOMINY BLOCK WHAT THE NEW PROCESS MILLS OF TO-DAY ARE TO THE CRUDEST MILLS NOW EXTANT — THE DELIGHTS OF AGRICULTURAL LIFE IN THE DAYS OF THE HOME-MADE BARSHEAR PLOW, WHEN THE GROUND WAS FULL OF VIPERS AND COPPER-HEADS AND BLACK SNAKES AND YELLOW-JACKETS WITH A TERRIBLE STING, AND WHEN THE CROWS WOULD FOLLOW THE PLOW IN GREAT FLOCKS, AND WERE PARTICULARLY FOND OF CORN AND GROWING GRAIN, AND WHEN PHENOMINAL PESTS WERE THE PIONEERS' PLAGUE.

WHEN James Emmitt's father settled in the wilderness, two miles north of Waverly, when both the present century and the nation and James Emmitt himself were extremely youthful; and when the single-roomed log cabin was erected in the sugar camp "down the hollow," the woods all around were fairly full of game of all kinds, large and small. Deer were particularly abundant. Mr. Emmitt relates that, in making the journey by wagon from Waverly to Chillicothe, he has frequently seen as many as three hundred deer cross the road, in front of him.

There was a deer-lick back in the woods, not far

from the Emmitt cabin, where the water was strongly tinctured with salt. The place was much frequented by deer, as young Emmitt soon noted, to their cost. There was one particular large tree, advantageously situated near the lick, and whose branches were so formed that they furnished a most excellent hiding place for the boy hunter, who would climb the tree, conceal himself and await the coming of the salt-seeking deer. Many a fine buck and gentle doe died at that salt spring, killed by an unseen foe. That was a legitimate mode of deer-slaying in those days, when the main desire seemed to be to kill as many animals as possible, regardless of the style of hunting employed.

The backwoodsmen, as a matter of fact, were rather wanton in their slaughter of game. Mr. Emmitt has a vivid recollection of the great hunting frolics of his boyhood. A party of hunters would organize over a large circuit and drive all the deer within its lines into a secure "pocket" in the hills, and then shoot them down in a wholesale fashion. The super-abundance of game created the idea that the proper thing was to get rid of as much of it as possible, and by any means. It was for this reason that the man who could show the largest record of successful shots in a day, or week, or month, or season, was the hero of his locality.

About the first settlement made near Waverly, by

white men, was in 1797, after the treaty with the great chief, Logan, of picturesque and pathetic memory. The country settled up very slowly, and in 1816, when Mr. George Emmitt's family materially swelled the population of that now populous district, their nearest neighbors were the Howards—"Old John Howard" and his brother, Cornelius, both Virginians, who had entered the wilderness at a still earlier date. Game of all kinds was so plentiful, and the river and creeks of the neighborhood yielded salmon and perch and muskallonge in such abundance, that the pioneer's table was never meanly supplied with food. Bread was one of the luxuries, in those toilsome days, when to renounce comfort and to struggle with and endure all manner of hardships, were cardinal doctrines in every household. Honesty, honor and hominy were all products of the same stewing pot. Pride developed on pork and patriotism thrived quite as well on possum as potatoes. The men whose sons became the literary and financial and ministerial strength of the nation, ate their food from off a hunting knife or direct from their fingers and never inquired as to the wherabouts of napkins or finger bowls. They were not fastidious, and found that the skirt of their hunting shirt answered all the purposes of the present napkin.

But bread then, as now, was an eagerly desired article of food. It was hard to get, though, in those

early days, as the Emmitt's speedily discovered. There was little wheat, corn was awfully scarce, and there were no mills convenient at which to get that grain converted into meal, even when it was obtained. The first spring, Mr. Emmitt's father labored hard to get a little patch of ground cleared, in which to plant corn and flax the following season. But in the meantime, corn must be had. The family purse was as lean as a Florida cracker, and the only available "cash balance" that Mr. Emmitt could discover was an old gun, which he traded off to old Billy Barnes for a small quantity of corn.

This corn had to be "ground," or rather pounded into meal, in a hominy block. Did you ever see a hominy block? They were queer and cumbersome milling devices. The "block" of the Emmitt household was made by cutting down a tree, and burning out a large hole in the center of the stump or block, and shaping it, as near as possible, into a circular bowl. Then a "pounder was rigged up by driving iron wedges into a heavy block of wood, which was attached to the end of a long pole or sweep, so mounted and pivoted on a post that it was reasonably easy to work. A bark rope or strip of buckskin was attached to the far end of this sweep, which was then worked up and down by some able-bodied member of the family. By this system of "pounding," the corn in the bowl of the block was hammered into a sort of

meal. All that could be sifted of this meal was made into a coarse, sweet bread, and the remainder used for hominy.

There were one or two small mills in that section, but they were hard to get at. One wretched little affair—a shed, standing on the ends of timbers—located on the Scioto, was so well patronized by all the territory around, that it was a frequent thing to have to wait days in order to get your grist ground. It could only work when the river was at its ordinary stage, as it was worked by a wooden flutter wheel, dependent from the body of the mill, ten or fifteen feet above the stream. People from far-away Gallipolis brought their grist to this mill.

Probably the first mill in that section was certainly an unique affair. It was erected on a rude flat boat, and rigged up with water wheels at either side, like a steamboat. When it was desired to operate the mill, the boat was poled out into the middle of the river, near the mouth of Crooked Creek, and anchored there, by means of grape vines, answering for ropes, running out to either shore, and secured to trees. The side-wheels dipped a sufficient depth into the current to catch the power to move them, and the grinding was commenced. One night the river suddenly raised, tore the mill—which the reader is aware was not a

patent roller process concern—from its moorings and swept it away.

An old lady, a Mrs. Nolan, who saw the mill hurrying by her cabin by the river bank, told the men who had started out to hunt it the next morning, that she saw it "floating down stream, and it was grinding away for dear life."

The old lady, in her eagerness to make her narrative interesting, forgot that the mill couldn't grind when its wheels were floating with the current.

Mr. George Emmitt's family, at the time a settlement was made in the wilderness, consisted of James—whose remarkable life is the subject of this narrative; David, now in Kansas, and Margaret, who died in 1885. Robert was born on the 17th of February of the following spring, in 1817.

David Stanford, the youngest brother of Mr. Emmitt's mother, was the first of the little colony claimed by death. In the spring of 1817, Isaac Stanford went up into Delaware County, where he died, leaving a wife and four children. Death in the wilderness was an inexpressibly bitter affliction to the hardy pioneers, for no one could be spared.

It was not long until Abram and Robert Stanford went back to Pennsylvania, and in the spring of 1817, Mr. Emmitt's father started, on foot, for the old home settlement on Licking Creek, also the home of the Stanford's—with the view of bringing his mother,

sister Margaret and his uncle James out into the new country, where he had established a home.

While he was absent on that long and dreary tramp—for pedestrian excursions in those days were neither fashionable or enjoyable or even safe—a domestic tragedy darkened the little home in the wilderness, about which all his hopes were entwined. His wife, who had never recovered from the birth of their son, Robert, was stricken down with a fatal illness. The courageous mother, who had so cheerfully undertaken to aid her husband in bettering his fortunes, was overtaken by death in the wilderness, while endeavoring to protect her little family, during the absence of the father.

The Emmitt children, in that time of death and distress, were in a pitiable plight—veritable children of the forest, with bears and wolves and wild-cats as their most frequent visitors. Young James, the first born, was then but eleven years old, and perforce, became the head and defender of the family. The daughter of "Edward H., the Carpenter," was very kind to the motherless children, pending their father's return from Pennsylvania. The husband's grief, when he returned to find his loving helpmate, the strong yet gentle woman whose voice and counsel were always full of courage and comfort—dead, he was inconsolable. Mr. Emmitt has the sweetest recollection of his mother, whose deplorable death early brought

him face to face with new forms of privation, at a time when privations were all too numerous. It is one of the great regrets of his life, that his mother was not spared to enjoy some of the abundant comforts that later attended his labors; spared to know that hour of ease and peaceful enjoyment, that it would have been his proud pleasure to accord her.

A little wheat patch was finally cleared and made ready for the plow—or that rude implement, made by local blacksmiths, that was favored by that name. The clumsy "barshear" of 1817 was quite a different affair from the splendid plows with which farmers now cultivate their fertile fields.

A man took his life in his hands when he went out into the newly cleared field to plow, in those days. Stumps and roots and rocks were but trifles, compared with what they had to contend with. Mr. Emmitt says that he has followed the plow, when, at an average of every twenty feet, a nest of bees—yellow-jackets, with a most terrible sting—would be turned up. Enraged at the destruction of their homes, these bees—and the air was full of them from morning until night—would keep up an incessant warfare on the plowmen, and attack them at every exposed point. The men would protect themselves as best they could, but their sufferings, from the stinging of bees, was really frightful.

Their danger was even increased when harvest

time came. When the reapers, wielding sickles, would enter a wheat field, they would find the ground fairly full of snakes—vipers and copperheads and blacksnakes, which not only threatened human life, but dealt great destruction among the cattle. The pioneers suffered grievously from the snake plague.

The invasion of squirrels, before spoken of, was one of the most remarkable events of that period, and spread the widest devastation over the land. There had not been an unusual number of squirrels in the woods, the year before, and only an average number were observable the year following. But the year of the "squirrel plague," the bushy-tailed pests came like an irresistible army of invasion. They seemed to have a regular organization, and progressed through the country in great divisions, laying waste every foot of territory they invested. They spared nothing. They utterly annihilated the crops, of every kind. Nothing comparable to this invasion can be pointed to in our later history, save the grasshopper plague, that a few years ago almost impoverished Kansas and Missouri. The mysterious advent of the squirrels was regarded as phenomenal, by the pioneers. And so it appeared.

The squirrel invasion had an important effect upon the "fashions" of the day. Fur became so plentiful that everybody decorated their clothing with it, and every man in this section of country wore a Davy

Crocket outfit. A jaunty coon-skin cap, with squrrel-fur trimming, was just the thing, at that time; and if a young man was particularly anxious to do the swell act, he would decorate his fur-trimmed buckskin shirt with brightly polished pewter buttons, made by melting down a piece of pewter plate, or the handle of a water pitcher or tea-pot, and moulding it into the desired form. Mr. Emmitt made the first button ever used on his own clothing. He cut a mould in a piece of soapstone and poured into it a quantity of molten pewter—making one button at a time.

Then later came the dreaded locusts, to eat up the crops and blight the trees and make life unbearable with their hideous and never-ceasing singing; and with all the other afflictions, the pioneer had to constantly battle with his smaller foes—the birds, crows, rabbits and squirrels.

Mr. Emmitt says that the crows and black birds would follow the plow in such numbers, to gather the worms turned up to the surface, that the furrows would be absolutely black with them. After the corn was planted, two or more of the older children, and often men, would be compelled to watch the fields from morning until dark, to keep the cawing black thieves from scratching up and eating the grain, and destroying the sprouting corn.

About 1820, the pioneers were overawed by one of the strangest phenomena's of their experience. A

great fog or smoke, which lasted two days, came up, about midsummer, so dense that one could not see a light ten feet away; or a man or a tree even a few feet distant. The sun appeared as a great fiery ball in the heavens, and had a fearful aspect. All-enveloping and dense as was this fog, it did not, in any way interfere with one's breathing. The chickens, during all this time, kept to their roosts, probably thinking a long night had begun.

Mr. Emmitt had very scant opportunities for obtaining an education. His first schooling—and it was of very brief duration—was at the old home in Pennsylvania, where he for a short period wrestled with the intricasies of Dillworth's spelling book—the only book then in use in the school he was attending.

When they came out to this section, he went to school parts of two winters—three or four months at a time—and the book-knowledge then acquired, formed the basis of an education that was afterwards improved as best it might be. Travel and observation and method were Mr. Emmitt's best educators, and he employed them all liberally.

The school-teacher in the new settlement was an old Irishman named Lockard, and Mr. Emmitt's reminiscences of his school-days, under the queer and

many-angled Irish pedagogue, are both amusing and interesting.

Lockard, the old Irish school-master who ruled the log-cabin near the present site of Waverly, in which Mr. Emmitt acquired the bulk of his limited early education, was a decidedly queer character. His learning was far from being elaborate but what he lacked in profoundness he made up in positiveness, importance and amusing assumption. He was, with all his eccentricities, an original minded and conscientious fellow, and a good teacher in a way. He posessed the virtue of impressing information upon the minds of his pupils in a way that generally caused it to stick. The little school house in the woods, at that day, was a comfortless affair. It was built entirely of logs, decently "chinked," and had a puncheon floor of respectable evenness. But puncheon floors, at the best, did not afford a surface that would be regarded by the young people of to-day as just the thing upon which to go through the figures of the German. A puncheon was nothing more than a long slab, possibly eighteen or twenty inches in width, split from a tree's trunk, and hewed as smooth as possible on one side with an axe. The school-house was roofed with clapboards—pieces of timber five or six feet long, rived from oak or ash logs, and made reasonably smooth with an axe—which were laid upon the pole rafters running from one end

of the building to the other, and holding in place the logs forming the gables of the house. These clapboards, which were just laid on the rafters—they had no nails in those days—and "jointed" by placing other boards over the cracks, were held in place by small logs laid upon them. These logs were in turn held in position by a system of "blocking," then in vogue. Nearly all of the cabins, at that time, were roofed in this way.

The only benches that graced this institution of learning were puncheon boards, supported upon stout legs, inserted in augur holes, at convenient distances apart—comfortless traps, surely, as compared with the handsome, comfortable and convenient desks at which scholars now do their school work. The teacher's throne was as primitive in design as the accommodations for the pupils.

One of the delights of the holiday season, in that far-away time, was to "throw out" the teacher. This agreeable performance consisted in excluding the teacher from the building, at Christmas time, until he had regaled the school with a bountiful treat of some description—generally apples and cider.

The teacher, as a rule, vigorously opposed this practice of levying tribute, and many a stubborn "throw out" contest might be recorded of that quaint

little school house in the wilderness. One will amply illustrate their general character.

In the winter of 1818, when young Emmitt was one of Lockard's scholars — notice was duly served upon the teacher about Christmas tide, that unless he stood the customary treat, he would be thrown out of the school. The only answer the crotchety old Irishman deigned to this gentle message, was to go into the forest and cut a bundle of particularly fine and serviceable "scutches," or switches, as the rod of correction is known to the school boy of this generation.

Old Lockard had determined to make a fight against the carrying out of the time honored practice of "throwing out the master."

On the appointed day, the scholars were well organized and eager for the agreeable work of barring out the cranky old Irishman who was bent on holding the fort. They laid a winning plan to oust the old man. It was arranged with a back-woodsman, whom every one knew as "Old Jim Hayes," to come along the road, in the afternoon, and call the master to the door. This Hayes did, and as Lockard paused on the threshold, the boys, with a yell, made a wild rush upon him, pushed him outside the building and barred the door against him, with a half-cord of wood placed against it. All of his efforts to gain an entrance were unsuccessful, and he was compelled to leave the

neighborhood of the building, with the jeers of his entire school ringing in his ears.

All of the boys remained in the school house, that night. It was cold, and a booming fire was kept up. About nine o'clock, old Lockard stole back to the house and stopped up the stove-pipe, which projected from the side of the house. In a few minutes, the room was flooded with blinding smoke, and the remarks of the scholars, that floated out upon the still night air, were neither of a prayerful nature, nor complimentary to the old teacher. Lockard was in great glee, as he thought he would surely smoke out the mutinous scholars.

But he didn't. They just took down the pipe—pipe and stove had been brought from Pennsylvania—and allowed the fire to go down. The room soon cleared of smoke sufficiently to be bearable, and for three long days and nights the scholars garrisoned the place against old Lockard, who was finally forced to yield. The whole neighborhood, for many miles around, was eagerly interested in this struggle between teacher and scholars, and there was a merry gathering at the school house to eat the apples and drink the cider supplied by the old pedagogue to the successful and good-humored "banditti" of his school. The scholars had a novel way of maintaining themselves during this siege. They had a fife and drum, and when they wanted a new lot of provisions they

would raise a great racket with these musical instruments. The neighbors would come and gather around the building, and while they were there, some of the boys would slip out, go to their vacated homes, and secure what forage they needed.

Although the unchanging sameness of these bygone days, was at times tedious and wearisome, especially during the long, dreary winter months, yet the school days of the early pioneers were not entirely unromantic. Whittier expresses this idea in the following beautiful lines:

"Still sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Long years ago a winter's sun
Shone o'er it at a setting—
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves icy fretting.

'I'm sorry that I spelled the word—
I hate to go above you;
Because'—the brown eyes lower fell—
'Because, you see, I love you.'

He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How few who pass above us
Lament their triumphs at our loss
Like her, because they love us."

CHAPTER IV.

CATNIP CLAY—THE COMBINATION OF MUD AND STRAW WITH WHICH YOUR FOREFATHERS' CABINS WERE PLASTERED, BEFORE WHITING, KALSOMINE, MOULDING, STUCCO OR LINCRUSTA WALTON BECAME FASHIONABLE AS DECORATIVE MATERIALS—AN INCIDENT WHICH FURNISHES THE KEY TO THE METHOD BY WHICH THE HON. JAMES EMMITT LEARNED TO SPELL AND READ—THE PRIDE OF THE PIONEER WOMEN—HOW HOMINY WAS COOKED IN THE DAYS WHEN EVERY CABIN HAD ITS OWN DYEING KETTLE, AND WHEN CORN PONE TOOK THE PLACE OF POUND CAKE—AN EVENING IN A PIONEER'S CABIN.

HAVE you ever spent an afternoon and evening in a pioneer's cabin in the wilderness? If you haven't, suppose you belt in your hunting coat, don your jaunty cap—for if you are a hunter, and shoot duck, and woodcock and quail and squirrel, of course you wear a jaunty cap—take from its case your Winchester rifle, and go with the writer through the long aisle of years leading back into the forest as it was in 1817-18, and make a neighborly call at the sixteen-by-eighteen log-cabin of the Emmitt's, snuggling "down the hollow" in the old sugar camp, near Waverly. We'll not knock at the brave oaken door, of heavy planks rived from logs that probably grew

on the very site of the cabin, and hung on its sturdy wooden hinges. That would be a stilted performance, that would not be appreciated, nor even taken kindly by the brusque, open-handed, open-hearted occupants of the cabin; for don't you know that the latch-string is always out for you? and that all the ceremony you have to heed is to pull the leathern string dangling through a gimlet hole, on the outside of the door, raise from its socket the stout wooden latch on the inside of the "oak," push it open and enter? The latch-string is always out, save when the family has retired, when the door is "locked" by pulling in the string. But we will go right into the rude but cheerful apartment that serves all the purposes of kitchen, dining and sitting room, bedchamber and parlor, where you are sure to receive the heartiest of welcomes, a cup of "Monongahela water" and an invitation to stay over night.

The large room is a little crowded, to be sure, for it is a cold, snowy afternoon. Outdoor work is impossible, and of necessity, a goodly family is congregated there—Mr. Emmitt's father, with the latter's mother, two sisters, Margaret and Jennie, and a brother, James; young James Emmitt himself, his sweet sister Margaret, and his brothers, Abram, David and little Robert, the baby, whose birth really resulted in the death of his courageous and helpful mother. The room is aglow with the merry light

from the huge logs, blazing cheerily away in the great stone fire-place. And what a fire-place it is! Constructed outside of the cabin's walls, through the lower logs of which a huge opening was cut to expose its broad and comfortable face to the interior of the room; with large stone slabs, framing in its back and jams, and a great gaping chimney, of mud and sticks, mortar-lined, rising above it to carry off the blue-gray smoke that briskly floated out and up over the tops of the great trees, and dissolved from view, that fire-place is surely a most hospitable contrivance.

The fire-place is so wide that it would receive logs five feet in length, and these, on a cold winter night, would fairly be piled one upon another, making a glorious fire. No such thing as economy in the use of wood was dreamed of. On the other hand, there was a disposition to use just as much fuel as could possibly be consumed, in order to get the superabundance of wood out of the way.

It is just past dinner time, and you have scarcely seated yourself on the only vacant three-legged stool, where your eyes are irresistibly attracted to a graceful, robust young woman at the rough table, near the little window, with its greased paper—a copy of the old Scioto Gazette—doing service as glass. Her sleeves are rolled above the elbow, and she is absorbed in the work of giving a "wavy" effect to the surface of a

pewter pitcher, which she had brought to a brightness almost equal to that of burnished silver, with no better aids than a bunch of bull-rushes, or coarse water grass, and an abundant expenditure of physical endeavor. This is young Emmitt's Aunt Margaret, upon whom the main duties of the household devolved. She was the foster mother of that motherless family of children in the woods. She afterwards married James Armstrong, the uncle of George Armstrong, Esq., of Chillicothe, and of the late Fletcher E. Armstrong, of the Ross County Register. One of the rough shelves against the wall was radiant with possibly a dozen pieces of pewter plate, as bright as a mirror. This shelf was the pride of the women of the household, and the hours of exertion bestowed upon those articles of pewter to keep them so bright, were among the pleasantest known in those toilsome days. Their pewter was their joy, and the woman who had acquired the art of imparting a "wavy" appearance to the surface of her plate, by dextrously manipulating the bull-rushes, was honored among her sisters.

The house, you will speedily note, is furnished in the rudest possible manner, and yet everything has a reasonably comfortable aspect. The cabin is built of rough, unhewn logs, and roofed with clap-boards, anchored in place with big logs, which required the aid of three or four men to elevate to their places. After the house had been erected, the inside logs

were hewn reasonably smooth with an adze and plastered with catnip clay—a mortar made by mixing together yellow clay and straw, to a workable consistency. This plaster, of course, made a rather unsightly wall, but it stopped the holes through which the nipping wind might otherwise have whistled, and was therefore acceptable. "Looks" were far below par; the nearest approach to comfort, at a premium; and in the absence of kalsomined walls, those covered with catnip clay were stylish enough. Chimneys, built of mud and lath, were made fire-proof with this same material.

The tables, stools, split-bottomed chairs, beds—all are home-made. You see the entire scanty wardrobe of the family, not in actual use—two or three garments—hung upon wooden pegs, driven into auger holes in the wall. The only "ornamental" thing in sight is the pewter, which knows such wide usefulness. A couple of rifles and powder-horns are resting above the rough mantel on rustic brackets, made by attaching two forked sticks, or notched boards, to the wall, with wooden pegs, at a convenient distance apart. Rifles and powder-horns were furnishings which no cabin could lack.

Mr. Emmitt, young James' father, as you will note, is bottoming a rough chair—the frame of which was made with the aid of an axe and jack-knife—with white oak splints, which young "Jimmy" had assisted

in getting out and reducing to a proper condition of thinness and smoothness with his jack-knife. Young Emmitt afterwards became expert in doing just such work as his father was then engaged in, and braiding straw as well—and the knack of doing this work is still possessed by him.

His grand-mother Emmitt is spinning flax at a jenny near the hearth, the coarse linen thread being fed through her nimble fingers with rarely a break, winding itself into many a comfortable spool; and these spools of thread are being utilized by Miss Jennie at the clattering loom at the far side of the room, whence comes all the material for the garments needed to clothe the family, save buckskin—rough linen, linsey-woolsey homespun, and material for toweling and bed clothing. Both Miss Margaret and Miss Jennie, as well as their mother, are experts at either the spinning-wheel or loom, as gauged by the standards of the day.

"Jimmy"—that is what our friends called the gentleman whom we know to-day as ex-Senator, or the Hon. James Emmitt—is seated on a three-legged stool, close to the whirring spinning wheel of Mrs. Emmitt. You notice the rude crutch by his stool and ask him if he has to use it, and why.

"I was out helping father"—or maybe, now, he said "daddy"—"in the clearing, about a week ago, chopping some light wood. The axe slipped and

struck me on the foot, cutting through to the bone. I have been "crutching" it around ever since. I guess I won't be well for a good while — maybe more'n a month or two."

When he unwraps the brown linen bandage from his gashed foot, and shows you the healing wound — the scar of which he carries to-day — you will agree with him that he will not be able to do much out-door work before spring.

While you are talking to the father of the boy — a man of immense physique, with muscles as tough as second-growth hickory — Jimmy resumes the laborious work of reading, or spelling through, the columns of the Gazette. He stops very frequently to consult his grandmother as to the probable meaning of a funny looking lot of letters into which he has stumbled, and of the purport of which he has no sort of idea. Unfortunately, the grandmother was no better scholar than the boy, her eyes having no acquaintance with any other print than the Bible, in which she read or spelled a great deal, being a most rigid Presbyterian.

"What is this word, gran'ma?" you hear him ask; "this word with so many crooked letters?"

The old lady stops her wheel and takes the paper from his hand, looking long and closely at the "funny letters" which have stumped Jimmy, and to which his right forefinger is now pointing.

"Gran'ma" looks at the word, from right and left;

squarely in the face and sidewise; from near and afar, but the wrinkles do not leave her forehead. She can not compass the meaning of the "funny letters," and in a sympathetic way says, as she hands back the brown and badly printed paper:

"I don't know, Jimmy. We may never meet another one like it, so we'll just pass it."

"That's what you always tell me, gran'ma, when we can't make 'em out in the Bible," says the boy, in a dissatisfied tone. "We're always passin' 'em."

"You just go on with your reading, Jimmy, from where you can't make 'em out," is the old lady's injunction, as she pulls down a fresh supply of flax from the distaff and again set her wheel in motion.

This habit of "passing the hard ones," inculcated in this way, had a rather marked effect upon Mr. Emmitt's spelling, in after life. Said he, a few days ago, while talking about the perplexing features of his handwriting, which few people can read easily, and which a great many persons can not read at all, save an odd word here and there:

"There are two things that make my writing hard to read: I abbreviate outrageously and spell worse."

But bad as is his writing, no one fails to make out his eccentric-angled signature, when attached to a bank check.

But to return to the cabin. Margaret has finished polishing the pewter—her especial pride—and is de-

voting herself to other household duties. You are watching her. Abram and Margaret—the two children next to James—have been shelling corn into a three-gallon iron pot, which is now about full of grain. Bob, the baby, is quietly sleeping in a "backwoods cradle," a sugar-trough, made by hollowing out a good-sized log, three feet in length. The shelled corn is taken out, put in the hominy block and cracked.

Beside the fire-place, filled with blazing and crackling logs, are two large iron kettles, holding ten gallons each. The one on the left is the hominy kettle; the one on the right, the dyeing kettle. This latter is an institution that you probably never heard about, but it is one which no well regulated cabin is without. You will remember that this was before the day of Teasdale, or Diamond, or Aniline dyes, and that housewives had to color their yarns and clothing with such materials as could be conveniently had, and after the methods with which necessity had made them familiar. This dying kettle was nothing more nor less than a family urinal, the contents of which, from time to time, was commingled with a proper proportion of indigo, and used as a coloring bath for home-spun, linsey-woolsey, and other products of the household loom.

"We're almost out of hominy, George," said Margaret to her brother, as she emptied the pot-full of

corn into the great iron kettle at the left of the fireplace. "I'll get a lot ready, this afternoon."

"Have you enough lye drawn?" asked the man of the house, Margaret's brother.

"Oh, yes, we drew off two gallons or more, the mild days awhile back, and it's strong enough to hold up a turkey egg."

"You'll not want to use much of it, though, will you Margaret?" laughed George, tucking in the last splint necessary to complete the bottom of the chair.

"No, not much," and Margaret took down a long-handled gourd from its peg, and dipped into the large kettle a sufficient quantity of water to entirely cover the corn. She then ladled a small quantity of lye from a receptacle in the corner, and deliberately poured this coffee-colored liquor in upon the water and corn. Then she placed three quite large stones, in a triangle, almost within the fireplace, and with her brother's assistance, set the large kettle upon them. Fire was then drawn up around the kettle on all sides, and in a very short time, the water was boiling, and Margaret was stirring the contents of the kettle. This process was to remove the hull of the corn, in the accomplishment of which, the wood-ash lye performed an all-important part. The kettle was finally taken from the fire, returned to its place, and all the liquor drained from the corn, which was again covered with fresh water, through which the grain was

thoroughly washed, to remove all traces of lye from it. But one washing did not suffice, nor mayhap a dozen. But when the corn was fully cleansed, clapboards were placed over the kettle, which was then almost completely full of white, sweet-grained hominy —the pot-full of corn having swelled to almost three times its original proportions. The hominy was then used as occasion required, being cooked, for table use, in a small iron pot—as you are aware, now that Margaret has commenced to prepare supper.

She has placed in another large kettle quite a quantity of corn-meal dough—possibly four inches deep, and set the vessel on the stones, vacated by the hominy kettle. Fresh glowing embers are drawu under the kettle, and a quantity of them placed within it, resting on the dough—which you see, has been fired from both bottom and top. It will not be long before she will remove from the oven thus made, a most delicious "corn pone," with the delights of which you are wholly unacquainted. While the "pone" is baking, Margaret has spread a thick layer of wheaten dough upon a foot-square clapboard, and arranged it near the fire, where the heat would transform the dough into a tempting brown johnny cake. Did you ever eat a johnny cake with home-made maple syrup? No? Then there is a royal surprise in store for your palate. A flitch of bacon, placed in the fire in a covered iron pan, is sizzling away and giving out a most appe-

tizing odor, and when this is mingled with the delicious perfume arising from a steak of venison broiling over a bed of glowing embers, you are all eagerness for the serving of supper, to which you have been invited. And when it is spread upon the rough table, and trimmed out with cold wild turkey, an abundance of maple syrup and sugar and wild honey, and a gourd of as pure liquor as was ever manufactured, you are entirely willing to admit that a back-woodsman's fare, while a trifle coarse, and served without many brass ornaments or liveried servants, is a distinctly enjoyable meal. You'll scarcely object to the liquor, either, for it is almost as free as water about all the forest homes, and you are sure to find a flask of it upon the shelf or table, with a drinking gourd beside it. And should you fail to take a friendly horn, no one would think any the better of you for it.

It has grown dark outside, and the dip, in a pan of oil resting on the rough mantel, having been lighted, and a little general talk having been enjoyed, everybody makes preparations for bed, to which the children have already retired. You turn your face to the opposite wall, while the women folk retire, and after the fire has been fixed for the night, and the flickering light "doused," you turn in with the head of the house, and go to sleep with the yelping of a lot of hungry wolves ringing in your ears.

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG BLACKSMITH, WHO DESERTED HIS ANVIL BECAUSE HIS MASTER'S DAUGHTER WOULDN'T ALLOW HIM TO BE A DUDE — THE TRIVIAL OCCURRENCES THAT DIVERTED THE HON. JAMES EMMITT INTO THE CHANNELS THAT MADE HIM A MILLIONAIRE — SOME OF THE DELIGHTS OF LIVING IN THE SCIOTO BOTTOMS, WHEN MALARIA WAS MONARCH, AND OWNED AND OPERATED EVERY BONE IN A MAN'S BODY — THE FIRST SALT WELL IN OHIO — RICHMOND-DALE AS A BOAT-BUILDING AND SHIPPING POINT — BLACKSMITHING IN THE EARLY DAYS, WHEN OLD "JOHN MICK" WAS KING OF THE FORGE.

IT is often cause for wonderment to people, now-a-days, why the pioneers of the Scioto Valley, as a rule, settled in the hills, some distance away from the river, instead of in the rich bottoms, which are now our most prized lands," said Mr. Emmitt, "but if they had seen this country about here, as it was when I first saw it, they would understand why the first settlers took to the high ground. Vegetation in the bottoms, in those days, was absolutely rank. Sycamore, black walnut and hackberry trees grew abundantly and to splendid proportions, and the vines of the wild grape clambered up, in a dense and tangled mass, to their very tops, interlacing their branches, and often

uniting many trees in a common bond of clinging vines. The growth of weeds and underbrush was wonderfully dense, and when floods would come and cover the bottoms, several inches of water would remain in these brakes of weeds for months after it had receded from less densely overgrown ground. As a matter of fact, the water would stand almost the year round, in lagoons, over a large portion of the bottoms, converting them into huge marshes, and causing them to closely resemble much of the swamp land now so abundant in the south.

"The bottoms, under the conditions that then existed, were nothing more than immense tracts of poison-breeding land, marshy in nature, and wholly unfit for the agreeable habitation of man. To live in those miasma beds was simply to court sickness, misery and death. The atmosphere of the bottoms was fairly reeking with malaria, and it was simply impossible to live in the low lands, without suffering constantly with fever and ague. And the ague of those far-off days was of an entirely different type from that with which we now have acquaintance. It took on a form, at times, almost as malignant as yellow fever. When a man was seized with the "shaking ague," as it manifested itself in 1818-20, he imagined that a score of fiends were indulging in a fierce warfare over the dismemberment of his poor person. Every member, every nerve, every fibre

of his wretched body was on the rack, and the sufferer thought that surely something must give way and permit his being shaken into bits. Oh, what torture it was! After the terrible quaking ceased, then came the racking, burning fever, that scorched the blood, parched the flesh, and made one pray for death. Torture more absolute and prostrating could not well be conceived of. And when it is remembered that no one who dared brave the dangers of the bottoms was exempt from ague, in some one of its many distressing forms, during the entire spring and summer seasons, and often year in and year out, it is not surprising that the early settlers shunned what was to them a plague-stricken district. The consequence was, that the hill country bordering the bottoms was first settled up, and the bottom lands were gradually conquered by working into them from their outer boundaries, and clearing away timber, vines, underbrush, debris and weeds. When land was cleared of timber, the sun speedily converted it into workable condition. Fever and ague grew less prevalent, as the land was cleared up.

"Nothing could be richer than these bottom lands, when first turned up by the pioneer's plow. Before the timber was cleared away, as has been said, there was so much underbrush and debris—logs and limbs and all forms of flotsam and jetsam—covering the lands adjacent to the river, that a flood could not

quickly recede, having so many impediments. As a consequence, at every rise in the river, the water was held on the bottoms until they had become enriched by a heavy deposit of the soil carried down from the hill-tops. There is a point here, worthy of consideration. Our bottoms are now almost entirely cleared of timber, and as a result, they yearly receive less benefit from the floods that sweep over them. They are, in many instances, impoverished, instead of being enriched, by the high water, which now flows over them with a strong current, and carries away tons of the finest soil.

"Some idea of the size of the sycamores that were then so abundant in the bottoms, may be had when I tell you that the trunk of one of these trees, not far from Waverly, was used as a blacksmith shop. The hollow of the tree was so large that a man could stand in the middle of it, with a ten-foot rail balanced in his hand, and turn completely around without either end of the rail striking the sides of the trunk. Both the hackberry and walnut trees made splendid rails. They were favorite woods for this purpose, as they split so nice and straight."

Mr. Emmitt's father re-married, two years after his mother's death, joining his fortunes with Miss Nancy Cumbest, who lived two miles away, up on Crooked Creek. The union was one that brought little satisfaction to young James Emmitt, or the other members

of the household, excepting, perhaps, Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt themselves. Soon after his marriage, Mrs. Emmitt's mother, and sisters Margaret and Jennie, and brother James, established a home for themselves, about a quarter of a mile away. The young women were of a very thrifty turn, and prospered fairly well, working in flax and linen, making maple sugar and doing whatever they could to aid their brother in making headway. They all died, in time, in that little home in the woods.

When the farmers began raising crops and feeding hogs, they found that they had more corn, wheat, bacon and other commodities than they could use, and a market had to be found. Far-off New Orleans was the surest and most profitable point they could reach, for disposing of their surplus products, and it was not long until the business of "flat-boating" goods to that market became quite an industry in the Scioto Valley. There were many boat-building and shipping points, but the one at Richmond-Dale was among the most important, about 1819. The boats built at that place, where the Moffetts had built their important mill—which is still standing and in use—were launched in Salt Creek and "poled out" into the river, in time to catch the rising spring flood and be borne away to the Ohio, thence into the Mississippi and on to New Orleans, where both boats and cargoes would be disposed of. Their owners, with a snug bag or belt of

gold concealed about them, would then tramp back to their homes in the valley of the Scioto. Mr. Emmitt's father, whose industry was without limit, found employment at boat-building at Richmond-Dale, or at the shipping point on the river, near the present site of the Kilgore bridge, whenever he could do so to advantage. While Mr. Emmitt was thus engaged at Richmond-Dale, one fall, young James was dispatched, on horseback, to him every few days, with provisions. One day, among other things, he attempted to carry to his father a coffee-pot full of butter. But he went to sleep on his horse and lost the pot somewhere on his way, and did not discover his misfortune until almost at Richmond-Dale. He wearily retraced his lonely route until he found his lost treasure, nestling in a mass of hazel brush.

There was a thrifty settler in the bottoms named Charles Steinbergen, who had come out from Virginia. He married a Miss McNeil, and was a distant relative of Mr. Charles McNeil, of Chillicothe. Steinbergen had considerable corn under cultivation, and was the first man in that section to go into the business of raising live stock. He employed Mr. Emmitt to assist him in clearing land, and generally paid him for his services in orders on merchants in Chillicothe. The first goods Mr. Emmitt bought in Chillicothe was on a ten-dollar order, given him by Mr. Steinbergen,

on the Douglas Brothers, who were then the leading merchants of that city.

Home grew less attractive to young James Emmitt, after he passed under the control of a step-mother, and he concluded to offer his services to his father's friend, Mr. Steinbergen. That farmer gave him employment at six dollars a month, working in the corn-fields, or doing anything else that was required. When it was too bad to do field work, the hands would all employ themselves in cleaning flax or hammering out wheat, by the laborious hand process then in vogue. The second year young Emmitt was in Steinbergen's employ, he secured, in a trade, the first pair of shoes he ever had. He wore them out in the field, one morning, to protect his feet from the torturing cockle burrs. The grass was very wet, in the early morning, and the shoes were finally laid aside—placed on a stump to dry. When the boy went for his shoes in the evening, he found them drawn and shriveled to a shapeless mass. The leather had been badly tanned, and the sun had fairly curled the shoes. This loss was a terrible blow to the boy. He went barefooted the remainder of the summer.

One day, when sarvisberries, or May cherries, were ripe, that second year, he went home, for a change of linen. His single extra shirt had not been washed, and provoked, he was compelled to go back to Steinbergen's with his soiled garment. His employer

said he had not been home at all, but had been running around through the woods, eating berries. He returned home, some days later, but was again disappointed in getting a clean shirt. Angered, he took the garment, tied it up in his handkerchief, and started from home, with the determination not to return, but to find a new home and to make his own way in the world. It was under these circumstances that he began a career that has made him one of the wealthiest and best known men in the State.

William Armstrong, at that time, (1819), was living about two miles north of Waverly, on the Chillicothe road, where he kept an inn. There was a great deal of travel, up and down that road, and Armstrong did a good business. All the flat-boatmen stopped with him in the spring, on their way back from Portsmouth, and in the fall he did a lively trade, furnishing entertainment to the teamsters, going to and from Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Circleville, Columbus, Lancaster and Zanesville. Armstrong was himself a teamster. For his services there, young Emmitt was given his board and clothing.

He wasn't satisfied with his condition, and in the spring of 1820, he concluded to learn the blacksmith trade. Blacksmithing, at that day, was one of the most important arts, for the pioneers were dependent upon the smiths for all their implements, from a plow down to a hoe or grass hook. A good blacksmith, in

those days, was an artist in iron, sure enough, for horse-shoeing and wagon blacksmithing were but parts of his calling. He was expected to make almost anything that was required out of iron or steel—anything from a horse-shoe nail to a fine axe or broad-adze.

"Old John Mick," as he was known far and wide, the grandfather of ex-Mayor Mick, of Chillicothe, was the most famed blacksmith of that day. He was a man thoroughly skilled in the "art and mystery of his craft," but was especially noted for the superior excellence of his axes. The "Mick axe" was the pride of the pioneer, and the standard blade throughout this section. Mick's smithy was located at what is now the town of Bourneville, eleven miles out from Chillicothe, on the Milford turnpike. At that time it was almost the only house at that point—a log structure, that is still standing. No axe has ever since achieved the reputation of the blades that issued from that old forge. People would come from fifty and seventy-five miles around, and wait a week, to have an axe made, or an axe "upset." Old Father Mick and his workmen were always busy.

Another good blacksmith of that early day was Jacob Nebergall, who lived and had his shop near the present town of Massieville, on the Chillicothe road. Nebergall's specialty was getting out the iron furnishings for saddle trees; and he did all the work of this character required by the Ewings, and Hillhouse,

who were then liverying in Chillicothe. It was with Nebergall that young Emmitt went to learn the blacksmith's trade. He liked the work, and during the six months that he applied himself to it, made good headway, being able to weld links, make horseshoes, and do work of that character. In pleasant weather, Nebergall would work his apprentice out-doors—in the field, or in making sugar or sawing wood. When it rained, or was unpleasant outdoors, he would allow him to work in the shop.

The youth of that day affected long hair, and particularly long side locks, which they curled with hot irons. Nebergall had a daughter—a strong, light-hearted girl, about young Emmitt's age—and the two young people managed to enjoy themselves pretty well. They were exceedingly fond of wrestling, and being a very close match, victory was quite as likely to fall to one as to the other. It was the custom in the Nebergall household, as it was in almost every other home, to devote a portion of Sunday morning to cleansing the children's hair, to prevent the appearance of vermin.

On a certain Sunday morning—which was a memorable one in young Emmitt's life—the boy had his customary wrestle with the blacksmith's daughter. The battle for a fall had been an unusually stubborn one, and the boy won. His victory piqued the girl, and when, awhile later, he sat down on the log forming

the stoop of the front door, to have his head "examined," Miss Nebergall slipped up behind him, and quick as a flash, snipped off with a pair of shears the long side curls he had been for so long cultivating, and of which he was exceedingly vain. The boy flew into a passion. He was outraged, and declared he would not stay another hour under that roof, and he didn't. He packed up his wardrobe in a handkerchief, bade old Nebergall good-bye, and trudged back to Armstrong's—where he always went when in trouble.

It was through his boyish vanity that James Emmitt was diverted from his purpose of becoming a blacksmith, and turned into the channel that led him to such splendid after achievements. Surely, a man's fortune is hung on slender threads. What trifling incident has shaped your life?

After remaining awhile with his friend, William Armstrong, he entered the employ of that gentleman's brother, Alexander Armstrong, who was then living a short distance from Chillicothe, across the creek, on the land now embraced in Mr. Tom Patton's estate. This land was then entirely covered with timber, and young Emmitt was hired to chop wood at four dollars a month.

While he was there, Alex. Armstrong secured the contract for building the jail at Chillicothe, and promptly undertook the work. Armstrong's family

were devout Presbyterians, and occasionally young Emmitt would go into town to church, too.

At that time, the "Chillicothe Blues" was the crack military organization of this section. "Bill" Allen, afterward Governor, was its Major, and James Row its Colonel. Young Emmitt was conscious of the fact, after going to church the first time, that he wasn't very well dressed, and he promptly embraced the opportunity that presented itself, to purchase a "Chillicothe Blue" coat from David Armstrong. Rigged out in this garment, ablaze with shining brass buttons, its proud owner would stalk up the middle aisle of the old Presbyterian Church and take a pew, happy in the belief that he was dressed just as well as anybody.

It was while at Alex. Armstrong's that Mr Emmitt became acquainted with the workings of the salt well that Governor Duncan McArthur was operating, one mile below the mouth of Stony Creek. It was at this point, it is said, that the first salt ever manufactured in Ohio was produced. The site of the old well may yet be discerned, about nine miles below Chillicothe. The canal passes directly by it, and the location of the well is marked by a depression in the bank, on the tow path side of the canal. For years after it was abandoned, the derrick, furnaces, kettles and sheds, in use at the rude manufactory, were left standing. After the discovery of fine salt wells in the Kanawha

region of Kentucky, and in Jackson County, this State, the little well below Chillicothe was abandoned. But before this transpired, a German named Christian Schultz, used to find it profitable packing salt from McArthur's well over to Maysville, Kentucky. A large portion of the Ohio River country was dependent upon this well for the then precious article. Salt, in the early days, was a luxury, and exceedingly hard to get. Sugar had but little value, as compared with salt. It is thought that McArthur discovered this well about 1800, when surveying in the Stony Creek region, where he afterward acquired a great deal of land, since involved in the celebrated McArthur-Allen suit.

When Mr. Emmitt first became acquainted with the country about Chillicothe, a German named Young was operating a small distillery on the site now occupied by Mr. Emmitt's large property, of a similar character, located just below the city.

A feature of this primitive establishment was its pumping apparatus. Old Young had dug a large well, designed to furnish the water needed in the distillery. He tried pumping this water by hand power, for awhile, but that method was both laborious and expensive. So he contrived to have the pump worked by dog power. He constructed a large wheel, with foot-cleats running along its inner circumference. He mounted it in pretty much the same manner that

the wheel of a squirrel cage is now arranged, but so connected that when in motion it would operate the pumping machinery. Young had two large dogs, and when he wanted to run his pump, he would just place the dogs in the wheel and start it to going. As long as the animals kept up their tramping forward —and when once the wheel was started, it was impossible for them to stop it—the pump supplied as much water as the old distiller had use for. The dogs were often kept at their tread mill work for hours at a time.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GALLANT SIX-IN-HAND THAT THE HON. JAMES EMMITT USED TO DRIVE OVER THE DIZZY ROADS THROUGH THE WILDERNESS — THE INCEPTION OF A CAREER THAT TRANSFORMED A POOR TEAMSTER INTO THE MILLIONAIRE OF THE SCIOTO VALLEY — A GLANCE BACKWARD TO THE TIME WHEN THE OLD WOODEN MONARCH ACROSS THE SCIOTO RIVER, AT THE HEAD OF BRIDGE STREET, WAS THE WONDER OF THE NEW WEST — SOME TIMELY INFORMATION REGARDING THE SECOND OLDEST BRIDGE OF AMERICA — THE PECULIARITIES OF MILLING IN THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE CENTURY.

"THE Commissioners up in Ross County think that the old bridge over the Scioto River, is no longer safe for travel, do they?" asked Mr. Emmitt, who had just finished reading an account of an expert bridge builder's report as to the condition of the old structure that spanned the river at the head of Bridge Street, and that had stood there for the travelers safe accommodation ever since the present century was in its swaddling clothes. What a multitude of care-encumbered men have passed over its wooden length, since the far-off day, nearly seventy years ago, when it was thrown open to the public. It was the finest

bridge in the country, in its day, and was quite celebrated throughout the northwest territory. Being on the great thoroughfare traversing the country from the Ohio River northward, and having connection at Columbus and Zanesville with the great National Road, connecting the east and west, it made the acquaintance of nearly every man of prominence in Ohio. That it was one of the best built bridges in the country, is amply evidenced by the fact that it was, when torn down in 1887, the oldest bridge standing and in use in the United States, with a single exception — a bridge in Massachusetts, that was opened to travel in 1816.

"That old bridge over the Scioto has a most interesting history," said Mr. Emmitt, "and it will be a grievous pity to see it torn away — the fate with which the Commissioners now threaten it. It was built by a company of men, whose names are written in large letters in the history of this section.

"Prior to the building of the bridge, there had been a ferry across the river at what is now the head of Hickory Street. This ferry was established in 1797 by Zane—after whom Zanesville was named—and was maintained until the bridge was completed, about the close of 1817. Zane had taken a contract to cut a road through the almost undiscovered country, from Wheeling, West Virginia, to Limestone, Kentucky, and one of the provisions of this agreement was that he should

establish and maintain a ferry across the Scioto at Chillicothe. Zane fulfilled his contract, and kept up the ferry for several years, and finally sold it to private parties, who kept it going until the bridge was completed at the head of Bridge street. This ferry was in its prime during the days when Chillicothe was the Capital of the State.

"About 1815 the question of bridging the Scioto, at the point named, began to be generally discussed, and it was about that time that the company that built the bridge was formed. This organization embraced such men as John Waddle, John McLandburg, Joseph Miller, John Woodbridge. Humphrey Fullerton, Thomas James, John Carlisle, Wm. McFarland, James L. Donohue, and a few others. The country about the bridge, on both sides of the river, was then heavily covered with timber, and a good part of the wood used in the bridge had been cut off the ground adjacent thereto. The company met with two or three serious delays in getting their bridge completed. One of these was an inability to get their iron as soon as desired, and another one was, that the river rose to a great height, in the spring of 1817, and carried away a portion of the structure. The bridge was designed by a gentleman named Fox, of Zanesville, and was built under his direction. The bridge proved a good investment for its projectors and builders, notwithstanding the fact that quite a feeling of opposi-

tion to it existed among the farmers, who objected to having to pay toll to get in or out of Chillicothe, by that route. Quite a bitter anti-toll fight was waged against it for a long time, but of course, the bridge owners won. They held the whip hand, you see. The bridge was maintained for twenty years by this company, and they reaped a harvest in tolls. The fight against the bridge was again renewed about 1835 and continued until 1837, when the County Commissioners bought the structure, and made it free to all who chose to use it.

"There is no better or stronger iron in the world than is in use in that bridge. There are a great many stories extant regarding the building of the old bridge, and as to where the splendid old-fashioned iron it contains came from. But they are nearly all incorrect — particularly as regards the iron. Every pound of iron used in that structure was hammered out at the works known all over the western country as 'Rapid Forge,' located on the Rocky Fork of Paint Creek, a few miles above Bainbridge, in Ross County. This forge was then operated by John Woodbridge and Thomas James, and these men brought nearly all of their iron from Missouri. The rough iron was brought up the Ohio River to Portsmouth and thence up to Chillicothe, in keel boats, by way of the Scioto, or in wagons, and transported, in this latter fashion, to the Rapid Forge works, above Bainbridge, where

it was hammered into any desired shape, and fitted for the builder's use. The heavy hammers of the forge were operated by water-power, which was supplied in abundance by the mad waters of Rocky Fork, rushing through the narrow channel of the rapids. All the iron used in the bridge was manufactured at this primitive forge, and wagoned to Chillicothe. Christian Benner—one of the most useful and honorable men who have identified themselves with the country's history—also conducted a forge, in that same vicinity.

"They say that the old bridge, that has been so faithful, through all these long years of wonderful growth and development, has now outlived its usefulness; that it is in a dangerous condition, being out of plumb and on a twist. It may possibly be in a dangerous state, but I don't believe it. Remember, I am now speaking of the two original spans, the middle and southern ones. I am going up to Chillicothe and make a careful examination of the bridge, at an early day, and get an accurate understanding of just what is the matter with it. I now believe that with some needed repairs, it will last for a quarter of a century more. I think the spans can be brought back into line again."

But to return to Mr. Emmitt's personal life story. We left him chopping wood at Alex. Armstrong's, across Paint Creek, near Chillicothe, at the extrav-

agant salary of four dollars a month. His employer had frequent occasion to go to Portsmouth, and young Emmitt accompanied him on many of these trips. It was in this way that he became acquainted with Hugo Cook, of Portsmouth, who was engaged in wagoning between Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Circleville, Lancaster, Zanesville, Xenia and Columbus. Emmitt entered Cook's employ as a teamster, at six dollars a month, for a period of three years, commencing in the spring of 1825. He drove a six-horse team, drawing an immense Conestoga wagon—a veritable highway schooner—during the spring, summer and fall, and went to school during the winter months, to Erastus Dewey, who conducted his modest educational establishment in the brick building, still standing, just opposite the Biggs House. Young Emmitt enjoyed a few month's instruction, under Dewey, for three winters, and profited much thereby. He at last reached that dizzy height of learning, where he was master of the "rule of three," or "proportion," as school boys of to-day know this division of arithmetic. But even while going to school, the future millionaire of the Scioto Valley had no easy life of it. He did all manner of chores about the house and stable, early and late, and did whatever in his province lay, to profit his employer, Cook.

The three years young Emmitt spent in wagoning, between Portsmouth and the important inland towns

of this section, did much toward developing him. Everything in the way of merchandise, in those days, came to Portsmouth by way of the Ohio River, and from that point was distributed to all sections of the "up country."

The huge wagon that Emmitt drove, would carry three thousand pounds of freight—one and one-half tons, and he rarely started away from Portsmouth with anything less than a full load—and a load embraced every form of merchandise then kept in stock by tradesmen. The bulk of it, however, was made up of dry goods, groceries and imported brandies and whiskies, always including salt, which was then worth from four to five dollars a bushel. The teamsters were often very clever salesmen, as it was not an infrequent occurrence, in the absence of full cargoes of freight, for the owner of the wagon to send out goods of his own to sell along the way, as a side issue. The freight rates were fifty cents a hundred, and a full load to Chillicothe was worth fifteen dollars to the proprietor of the wagon and teams. On the return trip, the teamsters would buy anything for which a market could be had at Portsmouth or along the river. As a consequence of this system, young Emmitt found an abundance of opportunities for exercising his business judgment; and that he exercised

his judgment to advantage, in both buying and selling, Hugo Cook's pocketbook attested.

Leaving Portsmouth, early Monday morning, with the great Conestoga wagon loaded to its capacity with freight, and the six horses in good trim, the round-trip to Chillicothe and return, could be made in a week, providing the roads were in fair condition. Young Emmitt, as did all the other teamsters, rode the near rear horse, and managed the six animals with but a single rein. His first stop would be sixteen miles out of Portsmouth, at the Scioto Inn, then kept by old Billy Marsh, who was quite an "odd 'un," in his way.

One night, Emmitt stopped at Marsh's, and the sociable old fellow, always in search of information, wanted to know what sort of mills they had up about Chillicothe. Emmitt said they were pretty fair, but not of a character to boast about.

"Well, it takes me to know that they are not as bad as the ones we have down here," said Marsh. "I was up at the mill on Camp Creek, the other day, and it was busily grinding away at its grist. I heard a dog barking as mad as thunder, down stairs, and I went to see what the matter was. I found the dog in the flour bin. He was eating the flour as fast as it came down through the spout; but it didn't come fast

enough to satisfy the dog, and he was angrily barking for more."

"And that reminds me," said Mr. Emmitt, after telling this incident, "of a story about Sargent's old mill at the bend of the river, about two miles below Waverly. This was quite a famous old mill, in my youth, and was patronized by the people of a wide section of country. During low stages of the river, it was not an infrequent thing for people to bring grist to Sargent's from points as far distant as Gallipolis. When I first came to know the place, the crude flour used to be deposited in a bin, from which we would carry it in bags upstairs to the bolt, which apparatus we worked with a crank, turned by hand.

"Sargent finally conceived a brilliant idea for simplifying the method of getting the flour to the bolting machine. This was the introduction of an elevator, with little leathern buckets, which carried the flour, after it left the stones, direct to the bolting machine, in the next story.

"One summer—it was about 1820—old Jim Shepherd had to "go to mill." There was a tremendous rush at Sargent's, the river and tributary streams being very low, and when Shepherd reached the mill with his three bushels of wheat, he found a throng of people ahead of him. He could do nothing but fall in line and await his turn. No one dared leave his post, day or night, for fear of being crowded out, and

for three long days, old Shepherd waited for his turn, remaining awake all of the third night, to protect his rights. His turn came early in the morning, and his three bushels of wheat were given to the miller. It was with much satisfaction that he saw his grain slowly pulverized between the whirring buhrs; saw it pass out toward the elevator, enter the ever-moving little buckets and hurry on up to the bolting machine. When the grist was about run through, Shepherd went upstairs with the miller, to get his flour. To his utter amazement, there was but about forty pounds of flour in the bolting box. This was a stunning revelation, and one that baffled the understanding of the miller, who knew, as well as did Shepherd, that the three bushels of wheat had been properly ground. While searching about for an explanation of the mystery, they suddenly became aware of the fact that the elevator, instead of delivering the flour into the bolt, had become choked up in some way, and was throwing the precious breadstuff out of the second story window into the river. And so, after waiting three days and nights, Jim Shepherd went home with forty pounds of flour as the net product of three bushels of wheat. The remainder had been sacrificed to Sargent's genius for invention and improvement."

The second stop made by the teamsters was either at Waverly, or two miles north of that place—at William Armstrong's inn. The wagoners always

endeavored to reach Armstrong's, if possible. The third stop would be at Stinson's, this side of the Dividing Ridge, and the next stop at Chillicothe. Coming up, the river at Piketon was crossed on a ferry. Paint creek was crossed some distance above the present site of the bridge—about in the rear of Mr. James Patton's residence.

When reaching this point, young Emmitt would draw up his wagon in front of the old frame hotel, conducted by genial Ben. Masters, which then stood on the site now occupied by the Warner House Block. Scores and scores of times has Mr. Emmitt slept in his freight wagon, a poor teamster, before the location where the at one time famed Valley House was built, and of which he later became the owner. He had little hope, in those toilsome days, that his later business adventures would be so wonderfully prosperous. The old frame hotel was owned by A. S. Ives, a bachelor of considerable means.

The old stone capitol was still standing, diagonally across the way; and the ancient market house stretched its homely length in the middle of Paint Street, reaching almost from Main to Second Streets. Samuel and Frederick Edwards—the latter being the first victim to the murderer's knife in Ross County, having been killed by Henry Thomas at Bourneville in 1845—kept an important general store on the corner now occupied by the Ross County Bank. At the corner of the alley,

where the Hotel Carson now is, was John McCoy's dry goods store and dwelling.

It was from McCoy that Mr. Emmitt, in 1829, bought the goods to make his wedding suit; and it was Mr. S. Y. Gilmore, the father of Colonel William Gilmore who made the goods up into proper garments. Mr. Gilmore was then the best tailor in Chillicothe, and could ply a mighty lively needle. Between McCoy's and Edwards', was Robert Dun, a brother to John and Walter Dun, who kept a dry goods store; William Carson, with whom his nephew, William Carson, acquired a knowledge of business; Amasa Delano, who was conducting the first drug store established in Chillicothe, and who had in his employ as a clerk, the late Amasa Delano Sproat. At Mr. Sproat's recent decease, passed away the last man who was in business, or connected therewith, in Chillicothe, at the time Mr. Emmitt began his career as a teamster. But of Chillicothe and her business men and establishments, later on.

It was the custom of the teamsters, on their return trips, to take back with them cargoes of flour, whisky, venison hams, or anything for which there might be a market on the river. It was Mr. Emmitt's practice to drive out to Crouse's mill, on Kinnikinnick Creek, and buy ten barrels of flour to take back to Ports-

mouth. When this trip was made, it would take seven days to complete the journey back.

Governor Worthington was running the flouring mill at Kinnikinnick at that time. In 1802, just when they were building the dam in the creek to throw the water in the mill-race then under construction, Governor Worthington was elected to Congress, and the duty of completing the works about the mill rather devolved upon the late General James T. Worthington, then a very young man. Some weeks after the Governor had gone on to Washington, young James T. Worthington wrote on to his illustrious father that they had the dam and race completed and had turned the water on, but it *failed to reach the mill, having all disappeared in the ground before getting there.* The trouble was, explained Mr. Emmitt, they had dug the race through gravelly land, and the water soaked right through, as though it had been a sieve. And it kept right on sinking through, until the ground below the race was water-soaked, and a natural bottom had been formed to the run, by deposits of sediment. Then the water got down to turn the wheels of the mill, which was not a marvel of completeness. As a matter of fact, they knew very little about dressing or setting buhrs in those days, and a world of trouble and imperfect work resulted from this lack of skill. The millstones were eternally getting

hot, and the mill would have to be stopped, to allow them to cool off to working condition.

Another annoyance the millers on the river were subjected to, was the stoppage of their establishments, to allow keel and other boats to pass up and down the stream, through the dams. They had no such devices as locks in those days, and in their stead, an opening in the dam, ordinarily kept closed with heavy timbers placed against the up-stream sides of the dam's framework, gave passage to boats. It was a half-day's work to remove and replace these rock-weighted timbers, to permit the passing of a boat, and during all this time, the mill would have to stand idle.

In the summer of 1828, James Emmitt, who was still teaming for Cook, was attacked by the terror of the valley, ague. His trips often took him to Circleville, Lancaster, Zanesville, and occasionally Columbus. Every other day, he would have a racking chill, followed by a terrible burning fever, and his sufferings, on those long journeys, were extremely great. He was often compelled to stop his horses, dismount and lie down by the wayside until his "shaking chill" passed away. Then he would mount and go on again, almost crazed by the fever that racked his body from head to foot. He grew so sick, on one trip, that he had to employ a man to drive for him, while he lay

sick in the rough-riding wagon, going back to Portsmouth.

This sort of suffering prompted Emmitt to leave the road, where he had gained so much valuable experience, withdraw from Cook's employ and establish a business for himself. He left Cook's service on the 4th day of August, 1828. A man named Henry Jefferds, at that time had the contract for carrying the mail between Portsmouth and Chillicothe, having succeeded General James Row. Jefferds was a queer character—half-preacher, a splendid singer and class-leader, keen at a bargain, and a man who had an eye almost single to the "first chance" in money-making matters. With Jefferds, Emmitt formed a partnership and established a little grocery some distance south of Waverly, but now included within the corporate limits of that town. The grocery was established in a small log cabin, with a clapboard roof, built by a German named Hollenbach.

When Mr. Emmitt settled up with Cook, after his three years' service, he had a cash surplus of just ten dollars—and it had taken the closest economy to get that much ahead. Jefferds had nothing but the credit he possesessed, by being mail-carrier. He was at least twenty years older than Emmitt. It was with this scanty capital, and under these circumstances, that Mr. Emmitt entered upon that wonderfully successful business career, that has placed him in the front rank of the substantial men of the State.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE, WHO BUILT UP A MAGNIFICENT FORTUNE CORNERING PROVISIONS AT CINCINNATI, AND WHO LOST IT ALL BY GETTING OUT OF THE BUSINESS SWIM FOR AWHILE, AND ALLOWING NEW BLOOD TO CROWD TO THE FRONT — "JOSIAH LAWRENCE'S FOLLY," AND THE RELATION OF ITS BUILDER TO THE EARLY FORTUNES OF HON. JAMES EMMITT — HENRY JEFFERD'S IDEA OF RELIGION AND BUSINESS — A PYROTECHNICAL EXHIBITION THAT BLEW THE ESTABLISHMENT OF EMMITT & JEFFERDS TO THE FOUR WINDS — GETTING A NEW START IN BUSINESS.

WHEN Hon. James Emmitt, in August, 1828, withdrew from the services of his old employer, Hugo Cook, of Portsmouth, for whom he had been acting as teamster for three years, he was paid the total cash balance due him by a ten-dollar bank bill. Henry Jefferds, the mail contractor, with whom he formed a partnership to go into the grocery trade at Waverly, hadn't any capital but his credit. Emmitt and Jefferds had secured possession of a little log cabin on the outskirts of Waverly, and with their capital stock — Emmitt's ten dollars and his own and Jefferd's credit — they bought a second-hand stock of goods, amounting to two hundred and fifty dollars, from Canada Ludwig, of Portsmouth. The goods

really belonged to Canada's brother, William Ludwig, of Cincinnati, a man of considerable wealth, who was pretty heavily interested in steamboating on the Ohio. He at that time lived on Lower Market Street in Cincinnati, afterward on Main Street. It was William Ludwig who built the old Museum on the corner of Main and Pearl Streets in that city. William Barr, then one of the merchant princes of Philadelphia, was financially interested in the Ludwigs at Cincinnati and Portsmouth. This gentleman, Barr, did a great deal toward building up and developing the business of this section, at that early day. It was Barr who took a kindly interest in the fortunes of the late Francis Campbell, and who put him in the way of making the splendid fortune which he accumulated.

Among other purchases made by Emmitt—who was then 22 years old—was a lot of shoes, bought from Murtie Kehoe, who was then manufacturing foot-wear, in a small way, at Portsmouth. This gentleman was the grandfather of Mr. Ernest Kehoe, now of the Union Shoe Factory, of Chillicothe.

The little log cabin on the pike, south of Waverly, was stocked with a very ordinary lot of merchandise, and refreshments. Spruce beer, ginger cakes and domestic liquors were attractive articles in their stock in trade, particularly to the farmers and teamsters, who were soon attracted to the new establishment. A ball alley was opened and grew into popularity.

The proprietors of the place were enterprising, and they allowed no opportunity to pass, that would yield a fair degree of profit.

Jefferds, as has been said, had the contract for carrying the mail between Portsmouth and Chillicothe, and he made his trips in a "jumper" drawn by two mules. Jefferds was a tremendous Methodist, and having a powerful voice, he generally loomed up conspicuously at church, during the services of song. But while Jefferds employed his splendid voice to serve his Maker, he also turned it to account to earn an honest penny. He combined religion and business in what he thought to be a very happy way. He kept a race horse, and whenever opportunity would present, he would mount the animal and go down to the store, where he would entertain those gathered there, and all those who came later, by trolling the popular ballads of the day. A practice had grown up among the farmers, of racing on the pike, with the starting pole at Emmitt's store. It would not be long until Jefferds had matched his horse for a mile brush with the animal of some farmer. Emmitt, too, kept a horse, that he called a racer, but which really had no particular speed. But he would invariably enter it in the race, and back it to the extent of five dollars. This helped to "stir the boys up." As a rule, Jefferds would scoop in the stakes, and Emmitt would get his money back over the counter, from in-

vestments invariably attendant upon the presence of a crowd. Then Jefferds, the exhorter, would play ball, and back up his prowess with money. He always stopped playing a winner. Then there were wrestling matches, foot-races and gatherings of various kinds—all of which resulted in bringing a good deal of trade to the store. The establishment was wonderfully prosperous from the start, as the farmers found it a great convenience to have a public place to resort to, to become better acquainted with each other, and to talk over trade, crops and the occurrences of the times, and to do trading among themselves. Trade was brisk with the young merchant, and as a hundred per cent. profit was made on everything sold, he made money rapidly.

In September, 1828—a short time after entering into business for himself—Mr. Emmitt made a trip to Cincinnati for the purpose of buying an additional stock of goods. At that time Josiah Lawrence was the controlling spirit in the business world at Cincinnati. He swayed the markets as it suited him, and made a tremendous fortune. But powerful as he was, he was one of the kindest, most generous and forbearing of men. Many a struggling young merchant, in this section, who entered business when the century was young, had excellent cause to remember Josiah Lawrence as one of the best friends a man could have. The now venerable J. S. Atwood of Springfield, Illi-

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nois, but formerly one of Chillicothe's business men, is one of those who were indebted to Josiah Lawrence for invaluable assistance early in their careers.

It was to this kindly magnate, Josiah Lawrence, that James Emmitt went, in the fall of 1828, and applied for goods, nearly all of which he had to buy on time. Lawrence had never seen nor heard of the young man before, but he gave an attentive ear to Emmitt's story, and to his plans and hopes for the future, and gave him the goods and credit desired — and a little helpful advice, in addition. After receiving the assurance that his goods would be promptly shipped to him at Portsmouth, young Emmitt started for home on horseback — the way he had made the journey. The goods reached Portsmouth, by boat, in due time, and were wagoned up to Waverly. While talking of Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Emmitt related these interesting facts:

"When in Cincinnati, awhile ago, I went into the Chamber of Commerce, to see some of my old business friends. Upon the walls of the Chamber there is hung a portrait of a fine-faced, dignified old gentleman, who placidly looks down upon the scenes of wonderful confusion that daily transpire in that great heart of speculative trade.

"I directed the attention of one of my friends to this picture, and asked, 'Who is that fine old man?' My friend looked at the portrait a moment and said, 'I

declare, Emmitt, I can't tell you — never inquired myself, you know.'

"'Well, it doesn't matter,' said I, 'for I know him perfectly well. That is a picture of my old friend, Josiah Lawrence, who was the king of trade in Cincinnati when I first entered business. It was Josiah Lawrence who was the moving spirit in establishing a Chamber of Commerce in Cincinnati — the very institution of which you are now so active a member.'

"'That's information to me,' said my friend. 'What do you know about Lawrence's career?'

"I outlined to him the interesting features of this extraordinary man's business life, which run about this way: Josiah Lawrence was one of the boldest and shrewdest operators in the west, during the first third of this century. When I first made his acquaintance, he was in the prime of life and business achievement. His name was a power in almost every avenue of trade. He was located at number twenty Main Street, engaged in the wholesale grocery and provision business. He had come out to Cincinnati from Boston, bringing with him five hundred thousand dollars, and at once made his presence felt in the market. He went to work buying up all the coffee, tea, sugar, tobacco, meat, rice, and staples of every nature, which he held until the river froze up, when transportation was paralyzed, and the city's supply of goods was cut off. Then it was discovered that Josiah

Lawrence held all the surplus of provisions in Cincinnati — had cornered the market. Of course, under the circumstances, Lawrence made his own prices, and made immense sums of money. He repeated this squeeze many times, and he was the only man there, at that time, who had the money necessary to conduct a heavy deal of that nature.

"Lawrence had a family of eight children, nearly all of whom were sons. As these boys became of age, he took them into his establishment with him, and gave them a thorough business education. He also took into his employ a boy named Harkness, who fairly "grew up" with him, and was finally given an interest in Lawrence's immense business. This interest Harkness retained until 1837, and then sold it back to Lawrence for sixty five thousand dollars. This money he invested in steamboating, and it was not a great while until he had lost everything he possessed.

"It was about 1840 that Josiah Lawrence concluded that he would retire from business and enjoy the wealth that his genius for trade had accumulated. So he turned over his heavy and varied interests to his sons and withdrew from the whirl of business. He owned a fine estate up on the Ohio River, about Cincinnati, and he concluded to build a magnificent

mansion there, and spend the remainder of his days in peaceful repose.

"He planned a palace, and expended almost fifty thousand dollars in its erection, and many thousands more in properly furnishing it. He found much satisfaction in this new and pleasant work, and would only come down to the city once or twice a week to see how 'the boys' were getting along. One day, a few years after his retirement, his horse ran away with him. He was thrown from his carriage and severely injured. While lying at his beautiful home, slowly recovering from his hurts, a longing to be back to his active business life seized him, and as soon as he was able to get about, he relieved his sons of the load of care they were carrying, and again plunged into the strong current of trade.

"It was a fatal error. Although the sturdy old gentleman had been out of business but a comparatively brief while, he had lost his grip — that all-powerful hold upon the drift of trade, that had enabled him, for so many years, to practically control the markets of the west. New and strong men, of equal business capacity, had forged to the front during his retirement, and had split up the trade that he had always considered his own, but which his sons had failed to hold intact. New methods had been introduced, too,

with which he was unfamiliar, and it is hard for 'an old dog to learn new tricks.'

"Josiah Lawrence tried to manipulate affairs in his old way, but only succeeded in losing thousands upon thousands of dollars. Business and men and methods had grown away from him, and he could not stem the tide that had set in against him. Within two years after his re-entrance into the world of business, he was forced to ask his creditors for an extension of time. At that crisis in his affairs, he was President of the Lafayette Bank, and had little difficulty in securing a grant of time. But he promptly resigned from the presidency of the bank. Matters did not mend, and a few years later, he had to ask for a second extension of credit. It was but a short while until he was bankrupt, and was forced to take a position as president of a life insurance company, in order to support himself and those of his family dependent upon him. Of course, his beautiful home — the building of which consumed such a vast amount of money — passed out of his hands. It is known to-day as 'Josiah Lawrence's Folly,' and is pointed out to passengers on the river as a curiosity.

"A queer incident occurred, when I was interested in building the Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy Railroad, twelve years ago, that has a relation to Lawrence's story," continued Mr. Emmitt. "I had occasion to advertise for a clerk, competent to keep

railroad accounts. Among the applications I received, in answer to this advertisement, was one from a man named Harkness. I wrote to him, at Cincinnati, and learned that he was a son of the clerk whom Josiah Lawrence had in his employ when I bought my first bill of goods of him in 1828—Harkness, the man who afterward became Lawrence's partner, and later, a bankrupt steamboatman. The applicant for a clerkship said he was then forty years old, and in real need of a position. Unfortunately, I had employed a clerk before his application came in.

"Quite in contrast with Harkness' fortune was that of a young man named King, who was clerking for Ludwig of Portsmouth, when I was teaming for Cook. Ludwig set young King up in business at Tarleton, Pickaway County, in 1826, and I hauled his stock of goods from the river up to the town mentioned. King made considerable money at Tarleton—and on no one article did he make heavier profits than on dried peaches, in which he operated largely. The neighborhood of Tarleton, in the early days, was the greatest peach producing district in the west. King, after he accumulated some wealth, removed to Springfield and invested it in real estate. He died about fifteen years ago, leaving a vast property, worth, I have been told, at least a million dollars. I met King's son in Springfield ten years ago. He was

then a man forty years old, and one of the rich men of that city."

Everything ran along briskly and prosperously, at Emmitt's store, from August, 1828, until January 10th, 1829. Money was made pretty rapidly, as can be imagined, when liquor bought for fifty cents a gallon, sold for twenty five cents a glass, and brought a return of fifteen dollars a gallon. There was no restraint on the liquor traffic, in those days, save the dealers own conscience; and it was Mr. Emmitt's practice to refuse liquor to men who had "refreshed" themselves as often as he thought they should, with safety. This independent system of regulating men's appetites occasioned him much trouble; and he often found his splendid physical strength of great service in convincing a man that he was master of his own establishment.

On the night of January 10th, 1829, Mr. Emmitt closed his store and went to his boarding place to get supper. He seated himself to write a letter, before returning, and just as he did so, there was a lurid flash athwart his window, and an instant later, a mighty crash, resembling a terrific peal of thunder. He sprang to the window and looked out. His store was enveloped in flames. The great mud-lined, wooden chimney of the cabin had caught fire, and no one being at hand to dash on the water always kept conveniently at hand for such emergencies, the fire

made rapid headway. It soon reached two small kegs of powder kept on a shelf attached to the chimney, and an explosion ensued, making a wreck of the whole establishment. The fire completed the devastation, and in a few hours, James Emmitt was poorer, by three hundred dollars, than when he began life as a merchant. His debts exceeded his assets by that amount.

He hastened down to Cincinnati on horseback, and related the story of his misfortune to the merchant prince, Josiah Lawrence, who promptly told him he could have such goods as he needed. Further than this, he counseled the young man not to be discouraged, but to square right down to business again, and work harder than ever.

Emmitt received like kindly treatment from Neff & Bros., wealthy hardware merchants, who imported all their goods from Europe. It was the Neff Brothers who inaugurated the work of building the Little Miami Railroad. They made a roadbed as far as Loveland, placed logs upon it for ties, and laid their track with iron not much heavier than that now used for wagon tires. After they had completed the road to Loveland, it was purchased by a company, which carried it on to its destination.

The farmers for miles around keenly sympathized

with Emmitt in his loss, and gave expression to their sympathy in an eminently helpful way. They joined together in rebuilding his store-room, and had it in readiness to receive the new stock of goods, when it arrived. Trade was promptly resumed, and prosperity again brightened the young merchant's life.

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN FRANK CLEVELAND, AN UNCLE OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, THE MAN WHO CHRISTENED WAVERLY — THE QUEER SYSTEM BY WHICH LOANS WERE NEGOTIATED AT THE OLD BANK OF CHILLICOTHE — A LITTLE MISCALCULATION, THAT BROUGHT MANY A CONTRACTOR ON THE OHIO AND ERIE CANAL TO FINANCIAL GRIEF — JAMES EMMITT'S HAPPIEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL UNDERTAKING — HIS MARRIAGE TO MISS LOUISE MARTIN IN 1829 — GETTING A PURCHASE ON FORTUNE.

JUST at the time that James Emmitt's store on the road leading from Portsmouth to Chillicothe—located at a point now on the outer edge of Waverly —was both burned and blown up, in January, 1829, he was contemplating one of the most important undertakings of his life—that of selecting a partner for life. His business had been running along so nicely that he began to think seriously of getting married. He had often given consideration to this matter before, but never felt himself able to assume the responsibilities of a household until about this time. He conceived the idea that a man never attained his allotted degree of happiness, contentment or prosperity, until

he broadened his life by sharing his affections, hopes, cares and successes with a true and lovable woman. It is very probable that this idea took a very firm hold upon his mind, after the occurrence of a pleasant little incident in December, 1828. Some of the young men of that section had arranged to give a large party at Piketon, and had issued invitations to all of the desirable young people in that locality, to attend. Mr. Emmitt was suffering with a gathering in one of his hands, and being in doubt as to whether he would be present at the party or not, he did not secure any company for the affair. But when the evening on which the party was to be held rolled around, he concluded to go down to Piketon alone. The entertainment was held at Cissna's Hotel—which is still standing, at right angles with the Court House—and when Mr. Emmitt reached there, one of the managers suggested that he invite Miss Louise Martin to accompany him to the party. This young lady lived something over one-half mile from town, and Mr. Emmitt started out, afoot, to solicit her company for the evening, taking with him David Cissna to make the proper introductions. Mr. Emmitt had never met the young lady before. Miss Martin accepted his invitation, and together they walked into town, and were soon active participants in the festivities of the night.

The "orchestra," that evening, was composed of a single violin, operated by a funny old negro named

Rodgers, who was known for many miles around as the best fiddler in that section. Rodgers was very popular, and he officiated at all gatherings where music was required. He was regarded as a most excellent musician. Nothing but square dances were in vogue in those days, and nothing was more popular with the dancing youth than "Fire in the Mountain, run, boys, run!" and in rendering that number, old Rodgers came out strong. There was no calling of figures at that time, either, and the dancers had to "run with the fiddler" as best they could. Vigor of execution was the desideratum of dancers then, rather than elegance and grace, and Mr. Emmitt and his fair partner, Miss Martin, were fully up to the standard of terpsichorean excellence maintained from 1825 to 1835. And at the particular ball in question, they cut quite a swell appearance. Miss Martin was attired in rather superior raiment, and Mr. Emmitt was resplendent in a black spike-tail coat and slippers. They were quite as well dressed as anybody.

The ball, as did all affairs of the kind at that time, lasted all night, and the dancers breakfasted at the hotel before the company dispersed. It was eight o'clock in the morning before Miss Martin and her escort reached her home.

The next time Mr. Emmitt met Miss Martin was

on the twenty-second of February, 1829, when a ball was given at Elisha Fitch's, in Piketon.

Emmitt was one of the managers of that affair, to which Miss Martin accompanied him. He rode down from Waverly to Piketon, and dashed up before the young lady's home in what he regarded as excellent style. He helped his company on her horse and rode to Fitch's, in quite an agreeable frame of mind. After dancing all night, Mr. Emmitt rode home with Miss Martin and returned to Fitch's to get a party of friends, with whom he was to share his company on the way home. They had to ford the river at Piketon, and when in the middle of the stream one of the young ladies fell off her horse. Her escort was a young man named Tomlinson, and he sprang into the water after her. Her life would not have been endangered had it not been for the fact that the river was full of floating ice, which almost carried her under and away. Tomlinson rescued her, and she was driven to the nearest cabin to procure dry clothing, as her attire was frozen stiff.

Miss Martin was Mr. Emmitt's ideal of a woman, and their acquaintanceship flourished wonderfully and soon ripened into love. He managed to see her every two weeks, and not many months had passed before he proposed to her, and was accepted. They concluded to be married on the eleventh day of June, 1829. It was quite an easy matter for the two lovers to reach

this understanding, but there was another person whose sanction of their plans was necessary — the young lady's mother; and of this young Emmitt was by no means certain. He had a deep respect for Mrs. Martin — so deep, in fact, that he hesitated many weeks before he dared approach her on the fateful subject nearest his heart. Two or three weeks before the day set for the wedding, Mr. Emmitt called at Mrs. Martin's home to ask that lady for her daughter's hand. His purpose was to despatch this duty directly, but his courage forsook him immediately upon reaching the house; and it was not until the day was well spent, and after a deal of courage had been manufactured and squandered, and much dodging resorted to, that he did bring himself to ask Mrs. Martin to sanction the loving compact Louise and himself had made. Her consent was only gained after Mr. Emmitt had promised to not take his bride far away from the parental roof; for Mrs Martin was devotedly attached to her daughter, and could not long bear a separation.

In due time, Mr. Emmitt secured his license to wed, at Piketon. He placed this all-important document in the hands of General William Barnes — one of the heroes of the war of 1812 — until he should bring his bride before that gentleman to have the wedding

ceremony pronounced—for General Barnes, be it known, was a Squire.

On the morning of June 11th, 1829, James Emmitt was in Piketon, preparing for his nuptials. He had had his wedding clothes made in Chillicothe, and he went to the home of Colonel Moore, in Piketon, where he put on his new attire. At the proper hour he repaired to Miss Martin's home, where General Barnes, in the presence of a large company of neighbors and friends, joined the fortunes of James Emmitt and Louise Martin. A great frolic was held that night at Mrs. Martin's, which continued until daylight. There was feasting, dancing and good cheer for everybody. The next day, the bridal party went up to Mr. Allen Barnes', near Waverly, where Mr. Emmitt was boarding. An infair was there held, and at a late hour, Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt went up to the home of James Campbell, who lived on the present site of Waverly, where they remained all night. The next day, the bride and groom mounted their horses and rode back to Mrs. Emmitt's home, near Piketon, where Mr. Emmitt parted company with his wife, for a few days, and returned to Waverly, to look after his store and the completion of the new dwelling, which he had had under process of erection for some weeks prior to his marriage. James Emmitt was fortunate in the selection of a wife, for Louise Martin was not only one of the handsomest young ladies of

that section, but was one of the kindest, noblest-minded and sweetest-dispositioned women Pike County has ever produced. She was one of the best educated young ladies of her day, in the new west, and had been carefully and kindly reared. Her father, Joseph J. Martin, a Scotchman, was one of the best educated men in Pike County, at the time of its formation, and he was abundantly honored by the people of his section. He was the first Clerk of Courts of Pike County, serving in that capacity from 1815 to 1822. Judge Thompson was the first Judge of the County, and the first session of court was held in a stone house, that stood almost on the site of the residence now occupied by Hon. Isaac Austill.

Mr. Martin served the county in the capacity of Squire, Auditor, Treasurer, Clerk, and other offices, and always to his own honor and the county's good. He was regarded as an exceedingly smart man, and his death in 1822 was deeply deplored. Men of Joseph J. Martin's calibre were scarce, in those days, and the peple felt his loss.

Prior to his marriage, James Emmitt had purchased from Meshach Downing a lot in Uniontown—now Waverly—paying therefor thirty six dollars. He was given three years in which to settle for this investment in real estate—and it is doubtful if James Emmitt ever felt keener satisfaction over any transaction than he did when Meshach Downing placed the

deed for that lot in his hands. It was the first lot bought in Uniontown. It was by this name that the town was known, from its birth until 1830, when work on the Ohio canal was in progress at that point. The town received its present name under peculiar circumstances. When an effort was made to have a postoffice established at that point, it was discovered that there was another Uniontown in the northern part of the State. The people were in a quandary about re-naming their village. Captain Francis Cleveland was resident engineer of the canal. He was deeply engrossed in reading the Waverly novels at the time, and when he was appealed to for an opinion as to a name, he said that he thought "Waverly" would be just the thing. The people seemed to think so, too, for that is the title they gave the town, at its re-christening, by consent of the Legislature. This Francis Cleveland was an uncle of our present President, Grover Cleveland. He was a resident of Geneva, N. Y., and had assisted DeWitt Clinton in building his great New York & Erie Canal. When the Ohio & Erie Canal was projected, Captain Cleveland came out here and became one of the chiefs of engineers in the field. He died at Portsmouth in 1882.

Mr. Emmitt's was the first house built in Waverly, and the well on Mr. Emmitt's premises was the first well in the town. The lumber for both house and

well was sawed at a little mill out on Pee-Pee Creek. This mill had only one upright saw, which was operated by water power.

When Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt moved into their new house, it had neither windows, doors nor chimney. But these were speedily supplied. A mason named Waldron, of Piketon, built the chimney, and a carpenter named Ware did the wood work. Waldron died in 1882, eight miles below Waverly, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

The house was furnished in the humblest possible way—for it will be remembered that, when he was married, James Emmitt, by reason of his misfortune five months prior to that event, had been robbed of all his property, and was still considerably in debt.

Mrs. Emmitt's mother gave her a bureau—which they have yet—six wooden chairs, a feather bed and some bed clothing. Queensware, knives and other necessaries, were supplied from the store. At first all of their cooking was done on a fire of logs, out-doors.

On the day they moved into their new house, Mr. Emmitt's two brothers, his sister and a few neighbors, gathered in to take dinner. While they were enjoying their rough but substantial meal, a friendly hog invaded their larder and stole therefrom a ham—a luxury, and one rather hard to replace.

Work was commenced on the canal, in the vicinity of Waverly, in 1829. The first dirt was thrown out

of the "great ditch" at the Pee-Pee locks. This work was done on the division let, by contract, to a man named Eads. All of the contracts for digging the canal from Chillicothe to Portsmouth were let that fall. A man named Squires secured one mile of the work, just above Waverly, at what he regarded a fair figure. Mr. Emmitt and two of his friends, Gilbert and Bateman, thought they saw a chance to make some money by buying Squires out, and Emmitt and Gilbert rode up to Royalton, in the vicinity of Lancaster, stopping at Kingston over night, to see that gentleman and purchase his contract. This they succeeded in doing, and early in 1830, they began work upon it. Digging the canal was a big undertaking.

The section traversed by the canal was, in the main, heavily covered with timber. The contracts specified that the canal bed was to be forty feet wide at the bottom, with banks at either side sloping at forty-five degrees. The towpath had to be eight feet wide, the heel path almost as wide, and the ditch so deep that the water, on a level, would stand therein at a depth of four feet. It was an enormous and expensive task to merely cut away the great trees in the canal's roadway, and remove their stumps. Very little, if any, money was made by the contractors who dug the canal through level country, as the necessary preliminary work, before digging could be commenced, was so heavy that it ate up all margins

of profit. It was the men who had contracts on which a great deal of excavating was necessary, to reach the level, who made money; for after the trees were cleared away, the more square yards of dirt that had to be removed on any given mile, the better for the contractor. It was not until several contractors had been broken up, that the fact was clearly understood that it was those persons who had obligated themselves to construct the canal through pretty rough territory, who had made the best bargains.

After the trees had been cleared away on a level stretch of country, the contractor hadn't enough excavating to do to make him any money. This was the trouble with the contract bought from Squires. Mr. Emmitt soon saw that it was to be a losing venture, and he sold out his interest to his partners, Gilbert and Bateman, who were broken up in completing it.

Mr. Emmitt made some money out of the sale of his interest in the contract, and with it, he purchased the saw mill on Pee-Pee, above referred to, and began paying considerable attention to cutting timber. He would work all day, dragging in logs, with an ox team, from the forest, and would then labor far into the night, sawing the logs up into lumber. The mill, during the day, was operated by William Butt—the grandfather of Mr. Wm. Butt, Mr. Emmitt's present

expert book-keeper. Mr. Butt also did his share of night work at the saw mill.

The mill was operated by water power, an abundance of which was supplied to the upright saws by a wheel, played upon by an eight-foot head of water. Nearly all the work at the mill had to be done in the winter and spring, while Pee-Pee had a sufficient stream of water to furnish power. The mill, crude as it was, could saw two thousand feet of lumber in a day. There are numberless mills now-a-days, that cut one hundred thousand feet a day.

During this time, when Mr. Emmitt was busy in the woods and at the mill, his store was in charge of his wife's brother, Mr. Martin, and a man named Jonathan Bird. Men had confidence in each other, in those days, to an extent that is a trifle surprising, at this day—as witness this: Mr. Emmitt purchased a yoke of black oxen from an Irishman named Jimmy McGowan, and gave the latter his note, to secure payment of that amount. McGowan gave Emmitt back the note, to keep, *so that he would know when it was due.* Mr. Emmitt hung it on a hook, back of the counter, and when the note matured, he took it down and paid it.

During this period, Mr. Emmitt frequently had occasion to borrow money from the bank at Chillicothe, in sums of five hundred dollars and six hundred dollars, to meet his outstanding obligations with

other merchants. Thomas James was then President of the old Chillicothe Bank, and John Woodbridge was Cashier. Loans were negotiated at that establishment in a rather funny way. When Mr. Emmitt would come up to Chillicothe to get an advance on his note — always secured by James Campbell — he would step into the bank and drop his paper into a little wooden box on the counter, and walk out.

The Directors of that institution held a meeting every day, to pass upon the merits of the paper, on the strength of which loans were asked. The next day, Mr. Emmitt would return and get his money, as a loan was never refused on his note, he having first-class security.

If the directors refused to advance money on a note, the paper would be handed back to its owner, when he called for an answer, without explanations. All notes were made payable in New York, and the bank, after charging six per cent. interest on the loan, would add two per cent. for exchange, making the borrower pay eight per cent. for the money. At this time, Mr. Emmitt was just on the eve of ventures that put him on the high road to fortune.

CHAPTER IX.

A GALLANT CAPTAIN, TOO—THE BOLD MARINER, WHO EXPLORED THE VIRGIN WATERS OF THE OHIO CANAL, SOUTH FROM WAVERLY—JAMES EMMITT IN THE ROLE OF THE ORIGINAL NAVIGATOR, AND HIS METHOD OF "STIRRING UP THE NATIVES"—A FEW FIGURES, THAT WITH SILENT ELOQUENCE TELL THE STORY OF OHIO'S WONDERFUL GROWTH, SINCE THE FAR-OFF DAY WHEN JAMES EMMITT WAS STRUGGLING TO GET A TAIL-HOLD ON FORTUNE—THE OPENING OF THE OHIO CANAL TO WAVERLY AND PORTSMOUTH—WAITING FOR THE WATER—THE RISE AND FALL OF A FEW CANAL AND STAGE LINE MAGNATES—THE CAREER OF GOVERNOR LUCAS' BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

WHEN Hon. James Emmitt was married to Miss Louise Martin, at Piketon, in June, 1829, Hon. Robert Lucas, afterward Governor of Ohio, and one of the commanding figures in the politics of the west, at that time, was a resident of Piketon. A question relative to Lucas' public position at that momentous period of Mr. Emmitt's own career, prompted a reference to a venerable copy of the Auditor of State's report, embracing an exhibit of affairs of that office from 1827 to 1830. The report verified Mr. Emmitt's recollection, that Robert Lucas was Speaker of the Ohio Senate in 1829-30, at which time the

wonderfully gifted Tom Hamer, of Brown County, was Speaker of the House of Representatives. The old State Report just bristled with matters of unique interest, and a note or two was made that will furnish matter for comparison, that cannot but be informing. Ralph Osborn, who was then Auditor of State, presented a table of statistics, in which was shown the total number of carriages in the various counties, returned for taxation in 1829. Adams County reveled in the luxury of one carriage; Butler had two, and extravagant Belmont claimed fourteen vehicles of this nature; Clark had only three, while proud and arrogant Franklin dominated her neighbors in the matter of wheeled contrivances for convenience and pleasure, she owning sixteen carriages. Fairfield had five, and Hamilton — always expansive and extravagant — possessed thirty-two — the largest number owned by any one county in the state. Highland had three; Jefferson, eighteen; Licking, two; Logan, nine; Morgan, one; Preble, one; Pike, eighteen; Ross, eighteen; Shelby, eight; Trumbull, four. The other counties, according to the report, hadn't any carriages at all. At that time, Ross County had three hundred and twenty-six thousand, eight hundred and sixty-seven acres of land subject to taxation; Pike had ninety-nine thousand, two hundred and fifty-five; Pickaway, two hundred and ninety-six thousand, one hundred and seventy-six; Scioto, one hundred thousand, nine hun-

dred and twenty nine. In 1829, the total value of realty returned for taxation, was forty-nine million, five hundred and eleven thousand, seven hundred and thirty three dollars, and of personality, sixteen million, seven hundred and eighty-eight thousand, one hundred and seventy dollars. The total value of all the carriages in the state was placed at twenty-five thousand, three hundred and ten dollars. The total valuation of all the property within the state, returned for taxation, was sixty-six million, two hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and three dollars, and the total amount of taxation levied in the state, in that year, was four hundred and forty one thousand, one hundred and ninety one dollars.

Now, by way of contrast: In 1884, Ross County had four hundred and twenty one thousand, three hundred and eight acres of land listed for taxation; Pike had two hundred and seventy-four thousand, six hundred and eighty-eight acres; Pickaway, three hundred and fourteen thousand, six hundred and four acres; Scioto, three hundred and sixty-seven thousand, two hundred and ninety-six acres. The total valuation of taxable property in the state, in 1884, was one billion, six hundred and seventy-three million, seven hundred and seventy-four thousand, and eighty-one dollars—as against sixty-six million, two hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and three dollars in 1829. The value of property in Ross

County alone, in 1884 was twenty-two million, six hundred and thirty thousand, six hundred and eight dollars — fully one third of the total value of all the taxable property in the State in 1829. The total amount of taxes levied in 1884 was thirty million, six hundred and thirty-four thousand, one hundred and twelve dollars, and thirty-seven cents, as against a total of four hundred and forty-one thousand, one hundred and ninety-one dollars in 1829.

These figures speak with a mighty voice of the vast advance in wealth made in Ohio in the past half-century. And Hon. James Emmitt, from that far-off day to the present time, has contributed an ample mede to the creation of this vast wealth, and his own fortunes have kept pace with the advance of the fortunes of the state.

The building of the Ohio and Erie Canal did a great thing for the state and for individuals. It gave employment to an army of men, put into actual circulation six million dollars, and opened up a line of communication and transportation from the Ohio River to the Lakes. It was the homely artery through which flowed a wonderful current of life blood, that vitalized every avenue of trade that could be brought in contact with it. And yet the great anticipations of the sudden increase in wealth and population which it was supposed would follow as the result of access to a market, were not entirely realized.

This was owing to many causes, but the general statement may be made, that most of the property that was desirable for occupation, was held in large sections by families who had become attached to the simple life of a farmer, and were satisfied to continue on very much as they had been doing. They could see that gradually the surrounding country would be improved, and that their estates would necessarily increase in value without effort on their part, and, instead of encouraging enterprise and immigration, they rather discouraged them than otherwise.

"As an instance of this lack of public spirit in some of those who should have been the leaders in any movement for the public good, the following story is not out of place," said Mr. Emmitt:

"It is now some years since the absolute necessity for a bridge over the river, was felt, and a public meeting was called to organize for that purpose. I was very desirous to have a successful result, and I had tried to interest everyone I could in the enterprise. Among others upon whom I urged the affair was a certain 'bottom farmer,' quite wealthy in land and stock, but who was satisfied to live as he had always been living, and viewed all 'new fangled ideas' with a good deal of suspicion and distrust.

"When I mentioned the affair to him, and pointed out to him the additional facilities it would give him for transporting his produce to market, his reply was

that 'he did not want a bridge, and that he did not care for any greater facilities.'

"I then urged the matter on the grounds of personal convenience, showing that the bridge would enable him to come to town at any time that he might desire, instead of being prevented by high water, sometimes for days together.

"The only answer I got was, that he did not care whether he came to town or not, but if he did want to, he had his canoe!

"He knew that the enterprise of others would build the bridge, and he would have the benefit of it, and it was no matter to him whether his county was made more prosperous, or the material interests of his state and country advanced."

In 1831 Mr. Emmitt was appealed to, to give entertainment to the corps of engineers employed upon that section of the canal embracing Waverly. His home was not large enough to accommodate them, but he promptly made an addition to it, twenty feet square, which gave him the needful room. The engineering corps was composed of Francis Cleveland, Henry Jennison and Charles Vorhees — all from New York, and all former members of Governor Clinton's staff, while that bold and courageous man was building his great New York & Erie Canal. The other engineer was William Price of Chillicothe. John P. Terry, late President of the First National Bank at Portsmouth,

was rodsman. A short time before his death he was prostrated by a paralytic stroke, and his life was despaired of, but oddly enough, his old-time friend, Hon. James Emmitt, with whom he became acquainted when they were both struggling to get into the good graces of fortune, and with whom he had concurrently grown into wealth and power, came to his rescue, and supplied him with a remedy, in his own Discovery, that, a short time before his death, wrought a wonderful change in the physical condition of the aged banker. No circumstance, in years, has given Mr. Emmitt more pleasure than the relation he had to the betterment of his old friend's health.

The engineering corps was completed by Isaac Cory and William Chesnut of Chillicothe, in the capacity of stake drivers. Cory afterwards developed into a merchant, and for years, conducted a rather important grocery establishment on Paint street, in Chillicothe—in the quarters now occupied by Mosher & Son. Mr. Cory has been dead some years.

At that time, Hon Micajah T. Williams, of Hamilton County, was an honorable and conspicuous figure in the public eye. He was one of the acting Commissioners having in charge the building of the canal, Hon. Alfred Kelley of Columbus, being his colleague in the prosecution of the work of which they were the chief inspiration. To no one man is greater honor and praise due, for the building of the Ohio & Erie

Canal, than to Micajah T. Williams. It was he who, while a member of the Ohio Legislature, in 1821-2, began to actively work up the canal project among his fellow statesmen. It was he who introduced the resolution providing for the careful consideration of that portion of the Governor's message relating to canals—and it was he who inspired those particular utterances of the Governor. It was he who secured the passage of that resolution, and it was he who acted as chairman of the committee appointed to give "careful consideration" to that portion of the message referred to. It was he who, as chairman of that committee, submitted an elaborate report, in January, 1822, recommending the enactment of a law, inquiring into the feasibility of a scheme for connecting the Ohio River and the Lake, by means of a canal. It was he who introduced a bill, immediately after the reading of the report, which provided for the carrying out of the suggestion made in the report; and it was he who labored for almost a year to secure the passage of the bill, which was finally accomplished in December, 1822. A Board of Commissioners was appointed to direct the survey, and Micajah T. Williams was one of the Commissioners; and later, this Board elected Williams and Kelley as their acting Commissioners; and it was Williams who took a prominent part in negotiating loans, in New York, for the money necessary to carry on the first year's work on the

canal, which it had been determined to build from Cleveland to Portsmouth.

It was Micajah T. Williams who made the bulk of the contracts on the southern end of the canal, and naturally it was with him that Mr. Emmitt became most intimately acquainted. Mr. Williams married a young lady, a Miss Troutner, living in "the bottoms," in the vicinity of Waverly. After the completion of the canal, Williams returned to active business life at Cincinnati, where he founded the Life and Trust Company Bank, which became the most important banking institution in this section, at that time. He erected a handsome and substantial bank building at the corner of Main and Fifth Streets, in Cincinnati, and about the same time, he built what was then considered a palatial residence, at the corner of Fourth and Race Streets—the same edifice that is now occupied by the most aristocratic hotel in the Queen City, the St. Nicholas. Williams afterward went West—to Chicago, then a rather insignificant town on the lake. He believed the place had a future and bought up nearly all the land now occupied by that splendid and expansive city. After securing this land he established a branch banking house in New York City, expecting to repeat his success in the west. But he didn't. He had gotten into swift and unaccustomed waters, full of snags and shoals, and in 1857, Micajah T. Williams went up in a gigantic financial wreck,

which swept everything he had away—his Chicago land included.

Thomas Orr, who kept a wholesale grocery on Water Street, in Chillicothe, in the quarters now occupied by Vaughters & Kramer's large establishment of a similar nature, was paymaster on the lower division of the canal, and a very influential man at that day. He afterwards encountered adverse fortunes that practically ruined him. He was the father-in-law of Mr. J. S. Atwood, formerly a prominent business man of Chillicothe, but now of Springfield, Ills. Mr. Atwood, too, had his ups and downs. Metropolitan banking—for he, like Williams, entered the financial world of New York—was too much for him, and he came near sinking his standing as a man, as well as his credit, in the wreck that followed.

In 1832, Mr. Emmitt, contracted with Talmage, of Lancaster, the manager of the first stage line operated between Columbus, Chillicothe and Portsmouth, to board the drivers of the stage teams, as well as the horses. This line was owned by Neil, Moore & Co., pioneers in the staging business in Ohio. Here was another undertaking, fraught with much importance and profit to the rising merchant and his brave and helpful young wife—a wife who has divided his burdens and sweetened his life to the present day. Provision was at once made for comfortably looking after the wants of this large "increase of family." The

drivers were charged three dollars a week for board. The trip was made from Columbus to Portsmouth, and vice versa, in a day—and horseflesh was not spared. The big coaches would carry, in reasonable comfort, six inside passengers, and the one order that was always ringing in a driver's ears was, "bring her in on time."

Mr. Emmitt employed a man named Bill Emmitt to come down from Circleville and paint him quite an elaborate and artistic sign—a coach drawn by four white horses; and the relay house of the "Coach and Four" became famous throughout the Scioto Valley. Everything went well with Emmitt at the store, the hotel and the saw mill, and he made money, in reasonable amounts, on every hand. He was always alive to the main chance, and having his business well in hand, he never lost an opportunity that promised to advance his condition or his prospects. He was bold and energetic, too, and having learned that the early bird was elected to nip the golden worm, he ever held himself in readiness to turn to account whatever presented itself in a business way.

His relation with the stage company brought him into rather intimate connection with Talmage, the manager of that enterprise. Talmage was quite a wonderful man, in his way. He had begun life as a drayman at Maysville, Kentucky. When Neal & Moore opened their stage line from Columbus to the

river, in 1831, Talmage had been in their employ for awhile, and had impressed them with the fact that he was a valuable man. He was energetic, capable and faithful, a splendid judge of horses—and of men, as well—and they made him manager of their important line of travel. It was a happy selection, for he had all the natural gifts requisite to fill the position profitably, for both his employers and himself. He finally bought that division of the line from Chillicothe to Portsmouth, and fairly coined money. Amassing a fortune, he sold out to J. A. Hawks & Co., and went to Lancaster, where he built a fine hotel and residence, and made other investments in real estate. Talmage finally began shipping horses to California, and lost money at it. He embarked in other losing ventures, and died a bankrupt.

The canal was opened in 1832, amidst the greatest rejoicing. It was announced that the water would reach Waverly on the morning of September sixth, of that year, and preparations on a large and patriotic scale had been made to welcome its advent. Almost the entire population of the surrounding country had flocked into Waverly "to see the water come down the big ditch." The citizens had arranged to give a grand public dinner in the open air, and Governor Lucas and Governor McArthur—who were opposing each other in the race for the Governorship—were present, to contribute to the dignity of the occasion—

and to reap whatever personal harvest the occasion might afford them in the way of votes.

The canal banks were packed, for a long distance on either side, with people eagerly awaiting the advent of the water, that was so slothful in its flow toward the south. But it didn't come—although it was struggling bravely to reach the point where hundreds of people were waiting to greet, with ringing cheers and noisy salutes, its advancing, incurving amber wave. The trouble was, the canal was for long distances cut through gravelly land; and as a matter of course, when the water reached these gravel-bottomed channels, it was absorbed, as though by a huge sponge. It was not until such places had become well water-logged, that the south-bound tide made much progress toward Waverly, and at noon, a mighty shout announced its arrival at that point. Following close in the wake of the advancing tide was a boat bearing a party of jolly Chillicotheans — among them Gen. James Row, Dr. Coates, James Campbell and Edward Edwards — to whom the odd little craft belonged. They were the first navigators of the waters of the canal south from Chillicothe to Waverly. Their badly-built and leaky boats had an eccentric fashion of sinking every night, while they were afloat, and they were forced to amuse themselves every morning, by "raising the craft" and pumping her out. The first regular passenger and freight boat that

reached Waverly—and it "came down with the water," too, was "The Governor Worthington," owned by Michael Miller and Martin Bowman of Chillicothe. It brought down quite a number of passengers from Chillicothe, and was a great curiosity. The owners had mounted a little brass cannon on the Governor Worthington's deck, and fired it off at brief intervals on the way down, attracting the widest attention.

All those who came, either by land or water, were feasted at the great public dinner, given by Mr. Emmitt, and bountifully served by a rejoicing people. Both Governor Lucas and Governor McArthur made after dinner speeches—McArthur addressing himself directly to the whig element present, and Lucas to the democrats; but both joined in prophesying the incalculable blessings and wonderfully increased prosperity that would follow close upon the opening of travel and traffic on the then great waterway. Governor Lucas triumphed over McArthur, at the election held that same fall.

Mr. Emmitt, when he saw the "Governor Worthington," a rather neat craft, carrying twenty-five tons, concluded that he wanted to be a seaman bold, and at once began negotiating for the purchase of the boat. Eli Harrison, quite an aged man, who used to wagon with Mr. Emmitt, arranged to go into partnership

with him, in the purchase of the boat, which he bought that day for six hundred dollars.

The boat was supplied with a brass cannon and a brass bell, both ornamenting the deck. Mr. Emmitt and his partner promptly arranged to "follow the water" down to Portsmouth, which they did, in right royal style. They took on board a load of passengers and started southward, through the theretofore untraveled ditch—Mr. Emmitt being the first Captain who "plied his craft upon the main" from Waverly south to the river.

The same scenes were witnessed along the banks south, that had occurred at the north of Waverly. Along the whole route people were gathered, awaiting the coming of the water. The Governor Worthington's brass cannon and bell were employed to their full capacity, and attracted the attention of all those not otherwise moved to celebrate the great event; and the hills, in every direction, poured down their populations to the canal banks. People followed the boat for miles—and among them, many women from the hill districts, carrying babies in their arms. It was a common thing to see a crowd of men come dashing down a hill, through the clearing and over logs and brush, as though pursued by a scalp-seeking band of Apaches. They were only hurrying down to see the boat go by.

The boat could only get within two miles of Ports-

mouth, as the water would carry it no further. That first trip came very near getting Mr. Emmitt and his partner into trouble. They started down to Portsmouth before the canal had been declared open, or even safe, for navigation, and their action greatly incensed Captain Cleveland, who was Chief Engineer of that division. Captain Cleveland protested that that trip might have resulted in breaking the canal at some weak point, causing a world of trouble, delay and expense. One of the ludicrous incidents of that first trip was the solicitude of an old lady, who stood almost ankle deep in water, in her eagerness to see the first boat bound for Portsmouth. She hailed the craft, and in all earnestness, asked the cook of the Worthington if they would have come down, if the water hadn't come. Mr. Emmitt returned with the boat to Waverly, and prepared for his first business trip—which was to Newark, for the purpose of getting four mill-stones. Of course they carried passengers and some freight from point to point on their way up. The late D. A. Schutte was the first man in Chillicothe who made out a bill of lading for the shipment of goods by canal out of Chillicothe. Mr. Schutte was then clerking in the store of Francis Campbell, and the goods for which he issued the bill of lading was a barrel of whisky for Portsmouth, which Mr. Emmitt transported to its destination.

When the Governor Worthington passed out of

Waverly, that eventful day, on its first trip south, it was sent away with the joyful cheers of hundreds of persons ringing in the ears of its proud young captain, James Emmitt. Men shouted in pure good will and ladies waved their kerchiefs and clapped their hands in a joyous and encouraging way. Conspicuous among the throng was the beautiful young daughter of Governor Robert Lucas, who had come up from Piketon with her father and her husband, Mr. Sumner, to witness the departure of the boat, and send it away with a God speed.

This young lady—a woman of really unusual gifts—experienced an honorable and eventful career. A chance circumstance sadly recalls her name at this time. In a late issue of the Denver Tribune and Republican there appeared this relation of the death of Governor Lucas' daughter and a tribute to her unquestioned worth:

"The death of Mrs. Minerva Sumner, which occurred on April 29th, deserves a more extended notice than was possible in the issue of Friday morning. Mrs. Sumner was born at Portsmouth, Ohio, February 25th, 1811. She was the eldest daughter of Hon. Robert Lucas, who was twice chosen Governor of that state, and subsequently the first Governor of Iowa. In January, 1829, she was united in marriage to Horatio N. Sumner, and a few years later removed with her husband and family to Muscatine, Iowa, at

which place and vicinity the larger portion of her life was spent. At the death of her husband, which occurred some eleven years ago, Mrs. Sumner removed to this city, her seven surviving children being at that time residents of Colorado. Among them she has lived during the last years of her life, contented and happy, and awaiting without dread the summons to join those who had gone before, in the realm beyond the grave.

Three years since she received a shock of paralysis, and was saved from death only by the best of medical skill and the most constant and devout nursing, and has ever since been an invalid. On Monday, the 19th ultimo, she sustained a third and last stroke, from the effects of which it was impossible to rally her, and on Thursday evening she expired, having been speechless and nearly all the time unconscious from the day of her last attack.

Mrs. Sumner was one of the best of women, and possessed in a high degree all the noblest characteristics of her sex. In every community in which she lived, she won at once the love and esteem of friends, and the respect of all acquaintances. As wife, mother, friend and neighbor, she was affectionate, kind, true and charitable, exhibiting the noblest of Christian virtues by her daily walk in life, and leaving behind her a record of good works, and practical, earnest piety, that will ever endear her name to all who knew

her. In every sense of the word she was a pioneer woman. During the three-fourths of a century which her life was spared, her home was moved gradually westward from Ohio to Colorado. As a girl she played upon the banks of the Wabash, when that river was the frontier; as a wife and mother her middle life was passed in Iowa, when that state was a territory; while her last decade was spent in Colorado, beneath the shadows of whose mountains she now sleeps. Her living children are Mrs. M. Sheriff of Middle Park, Robert L. Sumner of Minnesota, Mrs. W. N. Byers of this city, John C. Sumner of Grand Junction, Colorado; Mrs. W. O. Brent of Muscatine, Iowa; Mrs. W. R. Thomas of this city, and W. L. Sumner of Winfield, Kansas."

CHAPTER X.

"HARD TO STARBOARD."—THE DANGERS AND DELIGHTS OF SPECULATORS IN "THE NEW ORLEANS TRADE," WHEN THE "BROAD-HORN" FLEET RULED THE WATERS, BEFORE THE BOATMAN'S SWEEP GAVE WAY TO SIDE-WHEEL STEAMERS—JAMES EMMITT'S TRANSFER OF HIS BOATING INTERESTS FROM THE CANAL TO THE RIVER, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT—THE POSTAL SERVICE IN 1830, ETC.

"DID I ever tell you about the very first work I ever did for wages?" asked the Hon. James Emmitt of the writer.

"Wasn't it at the time you entered Stienbergen's service?"

"No, it was some time before that. Here are the circumstances: There was a man named Samuel Finley living in our neighborhood, who had a field of corn in Davis' bottom. After this corn had been cut in the fall, I was hired to help husk it, my compensation to be two bushels of corn a day. Corn was then worth but six cents a bushel. I worked four days, and Finley set aside my wages—represented by a large pile of corn. I didn't know what to do with my earnings. They weren't in very convenient shape for pocket money, and I didn't know where to sell the

corn. While I was in this dilemma, a man came along and stopped at Finley's, who was the owner of an old brass watch, that was without either hands, crystal or dial. It was of no earthly account. But it possessed a peculiarity that attracted my youthful fancy. When one would wind it up and then let go of the key, it would unwind itself with a loud whirring noise—and that is all that it would do. But I traded off my wages in corn for that old trap, and for a few days, found much amusement in winding up the old brass affair and then 'letting her go.' I imagine I regarded the trade as a pretty good one. It was surely not a flattering deal, in a business sense."

One day, in 1830, James Emmitt received from Washington, a large and important document, bearing the great red-wax seal of the United States, and all the impressive ear-marks that adorned a document issuing from the National Postoffice Department at that day. The perusal of that document made Mr. Emmitt a very happy man, inasmuch as it commissioned him to be the first postmaster of Waverly —a position that he held for twelve or fifteen years. There was a break of a year or two in the consecutiveness of his term, and during this interval, Squire S. D. Stratton occupied the position of postmaster.

The first letter mailed at the postoffice of Waverly was handed to the postmaster by Henry Jennison, one

of the civil engineers employed on the canal. It was directed to Circleville, and to a fellow surveyor, and an answer to it was received in three days.

There were no envelopes, in those days, and letters were, as a rule, written on heavy unruled paper, which was so folded that the written portions were protected. Three seals were placed upon the letter, at either end and in the center of the final lap. The directions were written upon the side of the paper opposite from the seals, and after all necessary notes had been made upon it by the receiving postmaster, it was started toward its destination.

The postal system, at that day, was far from being the cheap, swift and simple arrangement it is at this time. There were no stamps, and no such thing as prepaid postage was known. Before sending a letter, Postmaster Emmitt had to place upon its face the date on which it was mailed, its weight and the amount of postage charged. The postage was collected by the postmaster of the place at which the letter was delivered. You couldn't send a letter from New York to California for two cents, then, either. The amount of postage one had to pay depended entirely upon the weight of the letter and the distance it had to travel. As a matter of fact, the postal arrangements at that time were very discouraging to voluminous correspondence. It was about as cheap for an ardent young lover to hire a horse, and go and

make a personal call upon the young lady, upon whom he bestowed his affections, as it was for him to write her a good, long letter. The rate for sending an ordinary letter for any distance under thirty miles was six and one-fourth cents; under one hundred and fifty miles, twelve and one-half cents; under four hundred miles, eighteen cents, and over four hundred miles, twenty-five cents.

Mr. Emmitt couldn't give up much of his time to the duties of the office, and he had Abram Emmitt appointed as his deputy. On one occasion the deputy fell ill, when Mr. Emmitt was away. The office had to be kept going, and Mrs. Emmitt assumed the duties of postmistress. The driver of the coach, when he handed in the mail bag, was astonished to see Mrs. Emmitt set about opening it.

"How does it come, Mrs. Emmitt, that you are opening the mail?" he asked. "You have never been sworn in as a deputy, have you?"

"No," said Mrs. Emmitt, unlocking the bag, "but I am the postmaster's wife—and we are both one, you know."

That view of the case seemed to strike the mail carrier as incontrovertible, and he made no further distrustful comments. Mrs. Emmitt continued to officiate at the postoffice, whenever occasion required.

It is probable that she was the first acting postmistress in Ohio.

The postoffice was established in the building—afterward the sign of the "Coach-and-Four"—that occupied the present site of the Park Hotel. Mr. Emmitt entered upon his duties as postmaster about the middle of a quarter, and when he made his first settlement with the department, after deducting his fees, he owed the government just seventy-five cents.

An occasion presented itself which prompted Mr. Emmitt to refer to some of his old account books, among them the very ledger that he opened when he first engaged in bnsiness in 1828. It is now a very venerable and very interesting volume of homely records. A glance through its yellow pages shows that Mr. Emmitt, even in his youth, was in the habit of calling a spade, a spade; and if a man purchased whisky at his establishment, the charge appeared against him as "whisky," pure and simple. The ink used in making the records in that book, was of Mr. Emmitt's own manufacture. He made it from white walnut bark, boiled in water, with small quantities of copperas and sugar. The young merchant wrote entirely with a quill pen.

Of the scores and scores of patrons whose names appear on that first ledger of Mr. Emmitt's, there is but one now alive. This is William Dunon, of Sangamon, Illinois. He is quite rich. It was his

father, Peter Dunon, who made most of the original surveys in Pike county, and it was he who laid out the county in 1815. That old ledger is a perfect mine of suggestive information. Mr. Emmitt can turn to its index, and running down the long columns of names, tell you the life career of almost every man on his books—following them through all their ups and downs—social, political and financial—to the final end of all.

It didn't take Mr. Emmitt very long to discover that there wasn't a bonanza in the "Governor Worthington," the twenty-five ton canal boat he and a partner had purchased from Miller & Bowman, of Chillicothe. Both of these men, Miller and Bowman, had a rather remarkable history. They originated in the Fatherland, and growing up, became discontented with the condition of things at home, and were filled with an eager ambition to get away to the great new country beyond the sea, of which they had heard so much. But they were poor young men and could not procure the means to pay their transportation. There was a system in vogue then, under which ship owners, or speculators, would carry emigrants from their native country to America, providing the emigrants would enter into an arrangement permitting the person who had furnished them transportation, to sell them into bondage on reaching America, for a sum sufficient to pay for their passage—which, as may be imagined,

was always placed at an exorbitant figure. On reaching New York, Miller and Bowman were sold to contractors, to whom they had to give their labor for three years, to satisfy the obligations incurred in getting across the ocean. The grossest wrongs to emigrants were perpetrated under this system, as a speculator would sell the labor of a poor unfortunate for almost any length of time, in order to get the sum he demanded for transportation furnished. After "serving their time," Miller and Bowman, who were frugal, hard-working and fairly shrewd men, made their way in the world with considerable rapidity.

As has been said, they were the owners of the first boat, the "Governor Worthington," that reached Waverly after the opening of the canal in 1832—which was purchased of them by Emmitt and Harrison.

Mr. Emmitt made a number of trips with this boat, but realized little profit therefrom. Some months after the purchase, he traded the canal boat off for a flat-boat load of corn—about two thousand bushels; his purpose being to enter the New Orleans trade, in the spring. He went up to Richmond-Dale, then the great boat-building point in this section, and ordered two flat-boats constructed, at one hundred dollars apiece. You never saw one of those "New Orleans merchantmen," did you?—"Broad-horns," they were called on the river. They were, as a rule,

sixteen by sixty feet in dimensions, and were built in this way: The frame of the boat was made of heavy hewn timbers, securely pinned together. This frame was always built on the banks of the stream in which the boat was to be launched, and bottomed, and when it was completed, it was raised on its side and turned over into the river—or into Salt Creek, as were the boats built for Mr. Emmitt at Richmond-Dale.

After the frame had been launched, the boat was completed on the water. The gun-wales were mortised, and uprights, six feet in length, placed in position; and then the boats were sided up and decked, and a floor put in. When loaded and ready for their journey southward, and when the river was on the rise in the spring, the boats would be floated and poled out of Salt Creek into the Scioto, and down that river's swelling tide to the Ohio, and on down to New Orleans. The boats were generally manned by a crew of fourteen men, and were operated by four huge oars, or sweeps, and an equally heavy helm. The sweeps worked in large wooden sockets, and were each, as a rule, operated by three men, who traversed an arc representing about one-fourth of the boat's deck, in moving their great oar to and fro through the water.

The captain of the craft was generally pilot and helmsman, and when he sighted a snag or sandbank ahead and shouted, "Hard to starboard, boys!" the

boys manning the right sweeps humped themselves to turn her prow away from the threatened danger, and were ably aided by the boys on the left, who just rested on their oars, or vigorously "backed water," to "throw her around," if the occasion demanded it. The men were all fed on the boat, the cooking being done on the main deck. If the river was at the proper stage and a loaded flat-boat was started southward on the Scioto from Circleville, it would reach Wright's Bend, a famed landing place two miles below Waverly, that same night — providing it hadn't fooled around any snags on the way down. Leaving Wright's Bend the next morning — for no boatman trusted himself in the river's current after night — Portsmouth and the Ohio River would be reached the next day. Flat-boating on the Scioto was all done in the early part of the year — from February to May. A few trips were made as late as June, owing to unusual heavy rains causing a rise in the river.

The old "broad-horns" were made water-tight by calking the seams and joints of the timbers with flax tow and pine tar. This tar was obtained in a rather interesting fashion. When Mr. Emmitt was working as a teamster for Hugo Cook, of Portsmouth, he used to make one or two trips a year to an old pine forest, a few miles below that town. Hundreds of the pine trees had fallen or been blown down, and rotted away — all save the knots, with which acres of ground were liber-

ally strewn. Young Emmitt would fill his wagon bed with these knots, bursting with resin, and drive back to Portsmouth with a load of the finest kindling wood in the world. Steamboats for years made a landing at this forest, to gather knots for the great torch kept burning after night, at the boat's prow. This forest was much frequented by the early manufacturers of tar, then largely used for axle grease and by boat builders. The tar was made in this way: A lot of knots were gathered and split up into small pieces; and these were placed on a large smooth slab of rock, guttered from the center to one of its edges. Then a ten gallon iron kettle was turned over this pile of pine-knot chips and a strong fire built all around the kettle. Gradually the heat coaxed the resin from the wood and it ran out through the little gutter into a proper receptacle.

Many of the boats bound for New Orleans met disastrous fates in the Scioto. One accident in particular was recalled by Mr. Emmitt, as having many ludicrous features. A boat heavily loaded with flour from Worthington's mills, on Kinnikinnick Creek, and owned by Circleville parties, struck a snag on the way down and sprung a leak. The craft took on so much water that it sunk almost to the top of the deck. A landing was effected at Wright's Bend, and the cargo of flour unloaded upon the river's bank. The barrels were opened, and it was discovered that the flour in

every package was damaged to the depth of about an inch, all around the barrel.

The uninjured flour was all repacked, at a loss of from thirty to forty pounds of flour on the barrel. The damaged flour was in a doughy state, and three thousand, five hundred pounds of it was thrown upon the bank. When the nature of the accident became known, the dwellers in the hills descended to the river's bank in large numbers, like birds of prey, and pounced upon that great pile of dough with a vigor that was astounding. Every scrap of it was gathered up and carried away, and many a poor home was made happy by the luxury of "white bread," because of that misfortune on the river.

When Mr. Emmitt's boats where finished, he set about securing a cargo of corn for them. By the terms under which he traded off the Governor Worthington, he secured six hundred bushels of corn from Alex. McMillen, who was farming opposite Sharonville. Then he scoured the country adjacent to the river, between Waverly and Portsmouth, and managed to get together four thousand bushels of corn—two full boat loads. He paid from sixteen to twenty cents a bushel for this grain.

Mr. Emmitt reached the Ohio at Portsmouth in safety with his two boats. There were three or four other boats ready to start from that point, and they all lashed their craft together, for greater safety, and

pushed out into the current, to take a common fate. When reaching Maysville, it was learned that the city was being frightfully ravaged by cholera. A great number of the leading men of the city had fallen victims to the scourge, and everybody was panic stricken, and business absolutely paralyzed. The boats pushed on past Cincinnati and reached Madison, Indiana, in safety, where a landing was made over night.

McConathy & Taylor were then running a great distillery in Kentucky just opposite Madison — great for that day. They were also running a large flouring mill, were feeding a great many cattle, and were altogether the leading men of their section. McConathy met the owners of the boats and made them an offer of thirty-three and one-third cents a bushel for their corn — an offer that Mr. Emmitt accepted. He knew that cholera was bad in many places along the river, and particularly along the Mississippi, and at New Orleans, and he didn't propose to take any further chances on his life, when he could do so well near home. So he sold his cargo and two boats to McConathy, at a clear profit of six hundred dollars. He reached home within a week after his departure, with a small fortune in cold cash in his pocket. His fellow speculators refused to sell, and went on to New Orleans, where they lost everything they had, and their lives as well.

CHAPTER XI.

A TERRIBLE SPECTACLE, BUT ONE SUBLIMELY GORGEOUS, AND BLINDING IN BRILLIANCY — A PYROTECHNICAL DISPLAY, THAT DAZZLED THE WORLD AND PARALYZED WITH FEAR A GALLANT CAPTAIN AND HIS CREW — A LITTLE SPECULATION IN CORN AND FLOUR, THAT REALIZED JAMES EMMITT A COOL CASH PROFIT OF TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS — THE SPENDTHRIFT SON OF AN ILLUSTRIOUS FATHER — SOME OF THE PECULIARITIES OF ALLEN CAMPBELL McARTHUR — A ROYAL BEGGAR — THE SALIENT POINTS IN A CELEBRATED CASE, AS RECALLED BY A MAN WITH A LONG MEMORY.

"HARD to starboard, boys! Steady, there, or we'll strike that tree!" shouted Captain Emmitt, as he threw all his strength into manipulating the rudder of the clumsy flat boat, to aid in guiding it away from the threatened danger.

An old "broad-horn" was a difficult craft to move. It hadn't any more life or lightness than a load of grief; no more grace than a Mexican Greaser or a hypocrite's prayer, and was as hard to move as a balky horse, or an able-bodied Italian, who has squatted on the pavement beneath your window, bent on pouring out his soul through the madding medium of a wheezy barrel organ.

So when the Captain called to the boys on the star-

board side to hump themselves, they bent to their great oars, or sweeps, like gallant gondoliers, and did their little act just as hard as they knew how. Of course, the boys to "la'board" contributed toward preventing the boat from establishing intimate relations with the tree, by backing water—and no one intimated that they had done a cowardly act, either.

It was a chilly night in the early winter of 1833, that the Captain issued this command—without the aid of a speaking trumpet. To be exact, it was on the evening of November 13th, 1833 and the flatboat was ungracefully slipping down the Ohio River to Madison, Indiana. At the particular hour in question, the boat was just passing the point where the Little Miami empties its amber flood into the Ohio.

The night was clear and frosty. Suddenly a great flood of light enveloped the earth to the uttermost bounds of the boatmen's vision. Earth and sky and river were lurid. The world was ablaze with a wonderful glory. And a moment later the whole firmament was filled with a terrible display—a deluge of falling stars, that came down to earth, or traversed the flaming atmosphere from north to south, from west to east, from south to north and from east to west. They fell in sheets of glorious flame; in groups of hundreds, in clouds of thousands. Their light was so intense and glaring that the river seemed a surging tide of blood; the boatmen like chief ferrymen on one

of the main seething-hot rivers of hell. No man spoke. It was an hour of terror, and knees quaked and tongues clove to the roof of the mouth. The oldest inhabitant, seized with a terrible fear that the hour of deserved retribution had come to him, opened not his reminiscent head, and related naught of what occurred "when I was a boy," to the disparagement of the magnificent but terrorizing spectacle. It was a pyrotechnical display of appalling magnitude, of blinding brilliancy and astounding characteristics. At times, the air seemed absolutely crowded with gyrating and descending sky rockets. Then there would be a magnificent and dazzling burst of light—so bright that it was impossible to look heavenward. Then would come hundreds of luminous stars, chasing others that had gone before them, and streams of rolling fire, that illuminated the northern hemisphere.

And during it all—during one of the greatest meteorological displays that ever startled the world and sent astronomers into ecstacies, Emmitt's ungainly flat-boat, with its alarmed crew, floated down the broad bosom of the Ohio. It reached Madison, Indiana, in due time, and in safety.

Mr. Emmitt's business relations with McConathy & Taylor, established in the spring of 1833, when he first essayed to flatboat corn to New Orleans, were both lasting and happy. Mr. Emmitt, having discovered that he could find a profitable market for his

corn, nearer home than New Orleans, continued to flatboat all of that grain that he could handle, to these great distillers, who always gave him a good price for his merchandise. In the spring of 1834, the adventurous young merchant started southward with two "broad-horns" loaded with corn. Mr. Emmitt was captain of the fleet, the second boat of which was steered by John Brown, of Piketon. When seven miles north of Portsmouth, Brown's boat was swung against a huge sycamore snag, lodged in the current of the river. The boat was broken in two, and it sank until the roof was just discernible above the water's edge. When the boat began to sink toward the bottom of the river, two members of the crew—sons of Aaron Seymour, of near Waverly, who were on their first trip and were very raw—sprang upon the log and clambered up into the branches, above the tide. There they remained until late that night, when they were rescued by a man who chanced to pass in a canoe.

The wrecked boat drifted a mile further down the river and grounded on a sand-bank, where the receding flood left it, high and dry. Every effort was made to save the corn, which was removed from the boat and thrown upon the sand to dry. Boats came up from Portsmouth to buy the cargo, but when they reached there the greater portion of the corn strewing the sand-bank had developed a family in-

stinct, and was bursting with new life. The corn gave Mr. Emmitt the assurance that if he would only wait awhile, it would return him a handsome increase over the original plant. But for marketable purposes that corn was a dismal failure. The other boat reached its destination safely, and boat and cargo were sold to McConathy & Taylor, who used the timber in the boat for building hog pens about their large distillery.

McConathy, who was the active man of the firm, was struck with Mr. Emmitt's untiring energy, sagacity and business sense, and concluded to put them to a broader test. In the spring of 1835, he came up to Waverly to see Mr. Emmitt, to employ him to buy up all the corn, flour and bran in the valley that it was possible to secure, and ship it to him at Madison. McConathy was president of the Bank of Madison, and he brought up to Waverly with him a large roll of bills of the Bank of Indiana. He left three thousand dollars with Mr. Emmitt, with which to operate, and went back home.

Emmitt went to work with a will. The opening of the canal through to Portsmouth greatly simplified the task of reaching the Ohio River. He bought a canal boat, the Mazeppa—that would carry a cargo of two hundred and fifty barrels of flour—and in this, and with the assistance of other boats, he transported all of the corn and flour he purchased, to the

Ohio River at Portsmouth. There he bought huge flat boats—that would carry eight hundred barrels of flour—loaded his merchandise on to them and turned them over to McConathy's boatmen, who were in waiting. The corn was taken to the distillery and the flour and bran on down to New Orleans, where Taylor, McConathy's partner, conducted a large commission house.

That year Mr. Emmitt bought ten thousand bushels of corn—the largest deal by one man ever heard of in the west, at that day. All of the corn was shelled in hand-shellers, which would turn out one hundred bushels a day. It was then placed in gunny sacks and loaded into canal boats and taken down to the Ohio.

In the same year, Mr. Emmitt made a contract with David Adams, then one of the great men of this section, to buy all of the flour that he could make at his Clinton Mills—now owned and operated by Marfield & Company, and located just north of Chillicothe. This flour, as well as the output of bran of the same mill, all went to Taylor, at New Orleans, who shipped a large part of it to New York by ocean craft.

The Mazeppa was kept going night and day, hauling corn, flour and bran to Portsmouth, but it could not do the work. One day, in 1835, a medium-sized canal boat reached Chillicothe, having come all the

way from Buffalo, New York. It was owned and captained by a clever young man named Ben Eggleston, who was in search of employment. Mr. Emmitt engaged Eggleston to boat for him for one year, between Chillicothe, Waverly, and other points, and Portsmouth. When he had fulfilled this contract, Eggleston transferred his boat and his interests to the Dayton Canal, with headquarters at Cincinnati. He was shrewd and thrifty and made money with considerable rapidity. He finally built a large warehouse, and later went to packing pork. He was a natural politician, and it was not long until he worked his way into the City Council of Cincinnati. Then his political career widened. He was sent to the Legislature and later to Congress, and was soon known as the Hon. Ben Eggleston. He engaged in banking, and a short while ago, was prostrated with softening of the brain, which caused his death. His son is doing reportorial work on one of the Cincinnati papers.

Among others whose corn crops James Emmitt purchased, when he was scouring the valley for grain for McConathy, was Allen C. McArthur, who owned a splendid farm on Turkey Creek, below Portsmouth, which afterwards belonged to Jonas Roush, Mitchel Evans and John A. Vaughters. McArthur was a handsome, gay and dissolute young fellow, who spent much of his time at Portsmouth and Chillicothe, leaving employes to do his farming. Mr. Emmitt paid him twenty-

five cents a bushel for the corn, which was shelled on the place. McArthur collected his money about as fast as the corn was shelled, and spent it as rapidly as it was collected. His extravagance knew no limit. Here is a specimen of how he consumed his means. One night after he had been paid quite a sum of money by Mr. Emmitt, he went up to Portsmouth to indulge in a grand hurrah. A steamer was going down the river. McArthur hailed it and hired it to lie over until morning, in order that he and a company of friends might enjoy a dance upon the boat's deck.

Allen McArthur married a Miss Whitney, the daughter of William Whitney, a brickmaker of Portsmouth. Whitney was a poor man, but his daughter's beauty won young McArthur's heart, and he was as true to her as he could have been to any woman. Fidelity, however, was not one of Allen McArthur's shining domestic traits. After the death of his illustrious father in 1839, and the breaking of the far-reaching will left by that gentleman, Allen McArthur squandered his ample means with a spendthrift's heedlessness. There could be but one result to such a course. Poverty came to him and his family, in the most distressing form. Drunkenness became habitual with McArthur. He moved into the Grove House property, at the corner of Main and Hickory Streets, in Chillicothe — a remnant of his possessions — and there lived a life of destitution. He sank so low as to

lose not only the respect of all his friends, but the last vestige of his own manliness and self-respect; sank so low that he dared to appear upon the streets of Chillicothe, leading by the hand his innocent little daughter, begging a pittance from door to door, and from the very friends whom he had driven from him, and who would have been proud to have been his associates, had he the manliness to abandon the practices that had coaxed ruin to lodge above his door.

Governor McArthur died in 1839. Some time prior to his death, he employed Samuel P. Vinton, then one of the leading lawyers of Ohio, to draw his will, which was devised with greatest care. The Governor's property was a vast one, worth from eight hundred thousand to one million dollars, and he was anxious to so bequeath it that it could not be wrecked or squandered by his children, in some of whom he had good reason to have little confidence. He made what he regarded as a fair distribution of his property among his children, willing that they should enjoy it during their lives, but entailing it so that they could not sell, divide or dispose of it in any manner whatever, until the last child that should be born of any of his children—his youngest grandchild—should become of age.

This arrangement, of course, didn't suit his children. They wanted the property to rest in them absolutely, to do with it as they willed. They concluded

that the will was an unjust and illegal one; that the entailing clause was in direct conflict with the property laws of Ohio, and the very year of the Governor's death, they brought an action in the Common Pleas Court of Ross County, to have the will set aside.

Governor McArthur had appointed a board of trustees to take charge of his property and administer the will, but for various reasons, the gentlemen so appointed, declined to serve. The trustees would have been the proper persons to appear in court as defendants against the action brought by the heirs to break the Governor's will. But inasmuch as they failed to do this, there was no proper defendant to the action. A straw defendant was set up, in the person of one of the heirs, in order that an issue might be made up. The case was then brought before Judge Keith, who was then on the Common Pleas bench, and the prayer of the clamorous heirs was allowed—the will was set aside.

It has long been claimed that the breaking of Governor McArthur's will was secured by fraudulent means. This much seems to be settled beyond dispute. The counsel who "defended" the will in the suit to have it declared void, were paid their fees by the attorneys for the prosecution — among whom were such able lawyers as Ewing and Stanberry.

After the breaking of the will the vast property

was equally divided among the Governor's immediate heirs — Allen Campbell McArthur, Eliza Ann Anderson, the wife of William Marshall Anderson of Pickaway County; James McDonald McArthur; Effie Coons Allen, the wife of Governor William Allen; Mary McArthur Trimble, and Margaret Campbell McArthur.

Allen Campbell McArthur was given probably the most valuable slice of his father's estate, and just as the Governor had feared, he devoted himself, with remarkable assiduity, to squandering his splendid possessions. Almost every vestige of his property slipped through his hands.

His wife, however, had not assigned her dower interest in much of this property, and when poverty stared them squarely in the face, she set about recovering this dower interest. She instituted numerous suits against persons who had bought property from her husband. A general compromise was effected, under which she was paid fifteen thousand dollars. With this money she purchased some property in Pickaway County, and educated her children.

When Allen Campbell McArthur, jr.—the youngest grandchild of Governor McArthur—became of age, and fully understanding the wrong that had been done him by his father, in robbing him of the possessions that his grandfather had intended for him, in common with his other grandchildren, he brought suit in the United States Court for the Southern District

of Ohio, praying for the re-establishment of Governor McArthur's will. In this suit he broadly charged that the setting aside of the will was procured by fraudulent means, and asked that all the property of Governor McArthur, covered by his will, be again collected together and re-distributed in exact accordance with the clear stipulations of the Governor's last testament.

The case was carried to the United States Supreme Court, which, in 1886, rendered a decision sustaining the claims of the plaintiffs, reversing the act of the Ross Common Pleas in setting aside the will of Governor McArthur. Active preparations were at once made to legally regain possession of all the property involved under this decision, for the purpose of making a re-distribution of it—a procedure which would, of course, inflict great hardships upon innocent purchasers, as recourse could not be had on many of the original heirs, from whom the property was bought. A Commission was appointed, which made as equitable a division of the property involved, according to the original terms of the will, as it was possible to make under the circumstances. Many of the innocent holders of this property, however, were obliged to sustain heavy losses, for which there will never be any compensation.

"You see," said Mr. Emmitt, concluding his narrative of the salient points in one of the most celebrated

cases in Ohio, "the children of Governor McArthur tried to take advantage of the rights reserved to a generation then unborn. When the Trustees refused to defend the suit to break the Governor's will there was no proper defendant, as Allen Campbell McArthur, who chanced to be the youngest grandchild, was then unborn. But when young McArthur became of age he promptly set about to right the wrong that had been perpetrated away back in 1839. After a long and bitter fight he has been successful. Time is a great old fellow, and he generally manages to right things, even if he is a little slow. It isn't always safe for grasping heirs to fool with an old man's will. They may over-reach themselves."

Mr. Emmitt's first brilliant financial success was in 1837. He had contracted to furnish McConathy & Taylor a large amount of corn at a stipulated figure. He was at liberty to buy this corn at whatever figure he could secure, and often his profits were large. With the money he made on this successful contract he began shipping corn and flour to Cleveland, over the canal, on his own account. It was in 1837 that the first heavy emigration to Michigan occurred, and the new comers all had to depend on Cleveland, then a small, struggling town, for their supplies. It was a famous market for a while, and Mr. Emmitt was in to secure a good portion of the cream of trade. He bought corn in the valley, shelled and weighed, for

twenty-five cents a bushel, loaded it into his own boats, towed it to Cleveland and sold it for one dollar a bushel. He bought flour from Newton Moore, who was then running the "old river mill," below Waverly, for three dollars and thirty-seven cents a barrel, and sold it in Cleveland for ten dollars a barrel. This was making money with a vengeance, and that year Mr. Emmitt cleared ten thousand dollars on his transactions. He had labored early and late, in season and out of season, with energy and perseverance, guided by shrewd judgment, and was amply rewarded for his struggle. This splendid success — which was a remarkable one at that early day — put him squarely on his feet, and emboldened him to undertake other large enterprises, requiring both money and courage, as well as brains.

CHAPTER XII.

A THRILLING MOMENT, WHEN THE FESTERING WOUNDS OF A MURDERED MAN REFUSED TO BLEED AFRESH AT HIS ASSASSIN'S TOUCH — A MYSTERIOUS CRIME THAT THREW THE PIONEERS OF THE SCIOTO VALLEY INTO WILD EXCITEMENT IN THE FIRST QUARTER OF THE CENTURY, AND HOW A TRADITIONAL AND DRAMATIC MURDER TEST UTTERLY FAILED, WHEN APPLIED TO THE WORM-EATEN, DECAYING BODY OF LOUIS SARTAIN — TREPHINING A MURDERER'S SKULL WITH A COMMON AUGER — THE FATE OF A BAD MAN WHO WAS TOO HANDY WITH HIS GUN — HON. JAMES EMMITT'S STORY OF A FAMOUS CRIME.

ONE of the most thrilling circumstances of which I have recollection—and it was an occurrence that aroused the most profound and wide-spread interest among the pioneers of the Scioto Valley," said Mr. Emmitt, "was a murder trial that occurred at Sharonville, in 1818. It was, I have no doubt, the most weird performance of the kind that has ever taken place in Ohio, and it made a life-long impression upon all those who were present at the arraignment of the man accused of the crime—an arraignment as horrible as the mind of man can conceive.

"One morning, in 1818, a man named Williams was coming through the woods, adjacent to his home.

This man Williams had a brother, of whom he was intensely jealous, and they had quarreled a few days before. Williams was carrying his gun—a custom then universal among the backwoodsmen—and when about three miles from Waverly, he saw a man sitting on the ground, with his head resting against a tree. Williams took the man to be his cordially hated brother, and acting upon a murderous impulse, he raised his gun and discharged its contents into the head of the sleeper, killing him almost instantly. To Williams' utter consternation, he discovered that the man he had murdered was not his brother, but an inoffensive neighbor named Louis Sartain. Williams left his poor victim in the woods and went on his way to transact the business he had started out to look after. Sartain was missed from home, a search was instituted for him, and after a few days, his ghastly remains were found lying in the woods, with a bullet in his head.

"Sartain was buried, and then a few pioneer detectives, spurred on by the united sentiment of the settlers, began a vigorous endeavor to discover his murderer. Williams was suspected of being the guilty man. He was rather a hard character, of vindictive disposition, and quick to quarrel. Tracks were found about the spot where the murder occurred, which were similar in size to the shoes worn by Williams. The bullet recovered from Sartain's head was found

to be identical with those constantly used by Williams — made in the same mould, to all appearances.

"These were the strongest evidences of guilt that could be adduced against Williams, and there were many circumstances that tended to make the detectives doubt their trustworthiness. They knew that Williams had never had any trouble with Sartain, who was, in reality, a man with no known enemies. He was a good-natured, easy-going fellow, whom almost everybody liked. The detectives, who had watched Williams' actions very closely, could discover in him nothing that would tend to confirm their suspicions. He went about in a quiet, unconcerned, every-day sort of way; discussed the murder with his neighbors; wondered with a decent show of interest who could have committed the crime, and expressed himself in easily understood terms regarding the character of the punishment that should be visited upon the assassin, when he should be discovered. All this time, Williams was fully aware that public suspicion accused him of the murder. No one sought his arrest, because the evidence was lacking to prove his guilt.

"A month passed, and the belief became more firmly fixed than ever, in the public mind, that Williams was the murderer of Louis Sartain. For centuries past, there has existed in Ireland, and in portions of England and Scotland, as well, the superstitious belief that if a murderer places his hands upon the

body of his victim, the wounds of the person murdered will gape and bleed afresh. In the south of Ireland, the most implicit confidence is placed in this infallible murder test, as it pleases them to so believe it. This same belief found many adherents among the pioneers of the Scioto valley, who were quite liberally tinctured with Celtic blood. And after all other means of discovering the slayer of Louis Sartain had been exhausted, it was proposed, by some of the older people, to have Sartain's body resurrected, in order that a final supreme test might be made—a test which, it was fully believed, would fasten the responsibility of the black crime upon Williams.

"A public meeting was called, the project discussed, and the determination reached to take Sartains body from the grave, place it in a public place, summon every man in this section to attend the "trial by blood," and compel every person in attendance to place his hands upon the body.

"A committee was appointed to resurrect Sartain's remains under legal authority and remove them to the old stone Baptist church, near Sharonville, where they were exposed to public view, on a certain day, when all the country round was summoned to be in attendance. Poor Sartain! His corpse presented a horrifying sight to the great concourse of people that gathered at the church, in response to the constable's summons, or the promptings of curiosity, that was

wrought to a wonderful pitch. The murdered man's hair and beard had grown fully one-half an inch, and his body was fairly alive with slimy grave worms, that were feasting upon his flesh. The stench arising from the decaying body could not have been endured under less exciting circumstances. Every man, of course, felt it his duty to vindicate himself, inasmuch as all had been publicly and officially called upon to subject themselves to the test of touching the dead body; and all believed that they could do this safely, save Williams. They confidently expected to see the gangrenous wounds of Louis Sartain gush out a stream of accusing blood the moment Williams entered the room — or surely when he dared place his hands upon the foul-smelling body.

"John Shepherd, who was then constable, was Lord High Master of Ceremonies. He was a very officious fellow, with a smattering of education, and was known far and wide because of a wonderfully confusing infirmity of speech. He talked through his nose, and after the most outlandish manner possible. He stationed himself near the platform on which Sartain's body lay, and called upon each man in turn, by name, to step forward and go through the fantastic programme arranged for the occasion. Samuel Corwine, against whom there was, of course, not the faintest breath of suspicion, was the first man called, and this is the way Shepherd officially notified him:

"Sabued Cudwide! Sabued Cudwide! Cobe up

ad touch de dead body ob Louis Sartain, subbosed to be shot or murdered!"

Mr. Corwine quietly walked up to the body, examined it, placed his hands upon it and retired. The body didn't bleed.

"Uccle Tede Howa'd! Uccle Tede Howa'd!" shouted Constable Shepherd, who wanted Mr. Cornelius Howard to step forward.

"Cobe forrud, Uccle Tede, an' touch yo' han's to de murdered man's torps."

"Uccle Tede" was not a second Moses. He, too, failed to draw blood from Sartain's body.

"And one by one, in answer to their names, the men there gathered, filed in, touched the corpse and stepped aside—all but one man, Williams, who stood calmly just without the house and awaited his summons. His, by preconcertion, was the very last name called. Those who had successfully passed the dreadful ordeal crowded the room, reeking with the most frightful stench, waiting for the appearance of the one man, to entrap whom was the inspiring idea of that almost barbarous performance.

Williams walked into the room with a steady step. He was pale, but not nervous. He knew the prompting motive of that extraordinary trial. He knew that it was designed for his sole benefit. He knew that his neighbors believed him guilty of the murder. He knew that the majority of them firmly

believed that the worm-eaten body of Louis Sartain would accuse him of the unwitnessed killing in the woods. He knew that the moment was one of supreme consequence to him. He knew that his every movement and expression were watched by three hundred pairs of eyes, and that he must exert fairly superhuman control over himself. He knew that he was guilty, as silently charged, and he probably had a sickening fear that tell-tale streams of blood would really issue from the bullet-hole in Sartain's head. But in the face of it all, he walked up to the offensive-smelling corpse, examined it all over with an apparent show of interest, touched it as the others had done, and passed on out of the room. The corpse didn't bleed anew, and the "infallible" murder test was secretly voted a flat failure by scores of persons, who were not convinced of Williams' innocence, simply because "Louis Sartain's corpse failed to do its duty. It was too long in the grave," so some of the well-seasoned, superstitious heads decided.

Williams was never punished for the crime; but retribution, swift and terrible, came to him a short time after the trial. There was a great mill and distillery combined in operation at Richmond-Dale at that time, and it was there that Williams and Joe Mounts met one day, while both were drinking. Mounts was a hard character. The two men got into a quarrel, and Mounts struck Williams on the head

with a wooden roller, used about the mill in handling buhrs. A portion of Williams' skull was crushed in, but he was not killed outright. A quack doctor named Allison was sent for, to dress the wound. Allison couldn't get at the broken skull, to raise it up and restore it to its old position, so he took *a common half-inch auger* and bored a hole into the sunken piece of skull, in order that he could get a hold upon it and lift it back into place. Of course, Williams died. His injury was a fatal one, but even if it hadn't been Allison would have finished him.

Mounts was arrested, tried, convicted of manslaughter, and was sent to the penitentiary for nine years. Mounts was confined in the old penitentiary, and was given work upon the new prison building, then under process of erection. Every day's labor put in on this structure, by a convict, was counted as two days, and Mounts, by reason of this arrangement, secured his release long before he had served out the term of his sentence.

He returned to Waverly, and almost immediately thereafter he committed rape upon an eleven-year-old daughter of Mr. Aaron Seymour, an uncle of Mr. Aaron Seymour of near Bainbridge. For this crime he was sent back to the penitentiary for twenty-one years.

Some friends of Williams had Allison arrested for malpractice.

Among the evidence adduced to prove the charge

was the ghastly head of Williams, or rather the top of it, which had been *sawed off with a hand-saw* in order that the auger hole in the skull might be exhibited in Court. Allison was acquitted. Brutal and incompetent as he was, the sentiment of the people was in his favor, as it was conceded that he did a good thing for the community in finishing the deadly work essayed by Mounts with his little roller.

Besides, no other surgical instruments could be had, which circumstance will illustrate how few the chances were, in case of accident or disaster of any sort, in those early days of hardship and toil, not to speak of the want of common necessaries of life, leaving out comforts and luxuries.

CHAPTER XIII.

EXPENSIVE KNOWLEDGE — ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACT THAT THE DESIRE TO MAKE MONEY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION — THE POTENT INFLUENCE OF THIS FACT UPON THE FORTUNES OF THE ENTERPRISING MEN WHO OPERATED THE FIRST LINES OF BOATS UPON THE CANAL. A FAMOUS EQUINE CONVENTION AT CLEVELAND, AT WHICH WAS ASSEMBLED THE WONDERFUL FREAKS AND SORE-HEADS OF THE TOWING PATH STOCK COMPANY — THE PASSION FOR CARD-PLAYING IN "ALEX. OSBORN'S DAY," AND HOW A BAND OF INDIGNANT WOMEN PLAYED A PERFUMED HAND THAT TOOK THE LAST TRICK — A TEN THOUSAND DOLLAR TRADE MADE IN TEN MINUTES.

SHORTLY after the opening of the canal, and when Mr. Emmitt's hotel, boating, grain dealing and official business began to crowd him for time —it was in 1833— he sold out his store to Alexander Osborn. This man Osborn — who was a cousin of Samuel and Edward Edwards, then prominent merchants of Chillicothe — was a fairly shrewd, money-making fellow. He married a rather handsome young woman, a Miss Mary Adeline Doddridge.

Osborn kept liquor at the store, and always had a deck of cards convenient for those who wished to use them. He encouraged card playing to an extent

never before known in Waverly, and there were few men in that section who did not fall into the habit of "droppin' down to Alex's," o' nights, to take a hand in a friendly game. This sort of thing grew to be very annoying to the good wives at home. They didn't relish the idea of Alex. Osborn claiming so much of the time their husbands should spend at home, and a dozen or more of them took counsel together, to devise means for breaking up the nightly gatherings at the grocery.

Mr. Emmitt had working for him, in the capacity of hostler, a queer but honest-minded old fellow, who identified himself with the cause of the women folk, and offered them whatever assistance was in his power to render. They asked him for advice, and he gave it to them. He told them in his quiet way, that he thought he could "cure 'em," and arranged to have the ladies meet him at a convenient point, the following Saturday night, for the purpose of making a friendly call, in a body, at Osborn's.

The ladies were there, at the appointed hour, and so was the hostler. The latter came with a carefully concealed bundle under his arm, and heading the procession, he marched it down to Osborn's. It was about nine o'clock, and there was a large crowd of men within, nearly all of them engaged in card playing.

One of the ladies knocked at the door and

stepped aside. Osborn came to the door, opened it half-way, and peered out into the darkness. Just at that moment, the hostler stepped forward, with his package uncovered, and with a graceful swing, he deposited its contents—human excrement—all over the gentle and wily Alexander.

Osborn, with a cry of alarm, and a bound that almost brought his head into contact with the ceiling, made a dash for the rear end of the store. With frantic haste he drew a bucket of liquor and plunged his filth-covered face into it. The fumes of the whisky almost overcame Osborn, who continued his bath until he was cleansed. It is said that his skin came off with the dirt, as his whisky was as strong as lye. The card players, who learned that their wives were outside, in a body, sneaked away by a rear door, to their homes. That demonstration broke up the card-parties at Osborn's, and "progressive euchre" fell into lamented desuetude among the pioneers. Misfortune later overtook Osborn, and his business went to pieces. After he had failed, he was in Mr. Emmitt's employ for years, and for a long time was with Emmitt & Sons, when they were running their distillery near Chillicothe. One winter night he fell into the canal, at the Main Street crossing, and was almost drowned before being rescued by Mr. Floyd Emmitt. Osborn died from the effects of his bath.

In 1835, Mr. Emmitt sold his hotel property to Mr.

Philip Rosenfeld, and removed to a residence property he had purchased on North Street. Eleven years later — in 1846 — this property was destroyed by fire.

In 1836, Mr. Emmitt organized the Eagle Line of passenger and freight packets, to ply the canal between Portsmouth and Cleveland. He owned one-half the stock in this company, and Ranson & McNair of Cleveland, the other half. The company owned one hundred and thirty horses and twelve boats.

The horses were stationed at what was then regarded as proper intervals, between Portsmouth and Cleveland. In their endeavor to do a great deal of business, the proprietors of the Eagle Line often worked many of their horses forty-eight hours at a stretch. The result was, that they killed a great many of them by overwork, and reduced the others to an almost worthless condition. They operated this line for about two years, and during that time, their gross receipts from passenger traffic amounted to fourteen thousand dollars, and from freight twelve thousand dollars. When they balanced up their affairs, at the end of the first year, the three partners had to pay in six hundred dollars each to make good their losses.

The other boat lines, competitors of the Eagle Line, were: The Troy & Ohio Line, owned by Pease & Allen, which had an epuipment about equal to that of the Eagle; the Troy & Erie, owned by Standard,

Griffith & Co., and the Farmers' Line, operated by Chamberlain & Co.

They all lost money, owing to the same causes that operated against the Eagle line—trying to do a heavy business with a light equipment of horses. They all worked their horses to death, and their profits disappeared in replacing the animals whose endurance had been overtaxed. After running along in this way about a year, the competitive lines concluded to consolidate their teams, and to accomplish this they organized the Towing Path Company, and by throwing their live stock together they had control of about six hundred horses. The arrangement did not affect the ownership of boats—or floating stock—at all. It was designed merely as an economical arrangement for moving the boats over the line. But it didn't produce satisfactory results, either, as the actual cost of towing a boat was twenty-six cents a mile. No money could be made, in face of such an expense account, and in the fall, after the formation of the company, a dissolution of partnership was agreed upon. All of the animals belonging to the company were assembled at Cleveland, preparatory to a redistribution, and it can be honestly said that it was the most wonderful collection of old, broken-down, sore-headed horses ever gotten together in Ohio. There were probably five hundred animals in this grand round up of worn out nags, and they presented every form of disease, de-

formity and dilapidation that the horse is subject to. The lame, blind and halt were there, shoulder to shoulder with the sore-headed, sore-eyed, spavined and ring-boned chargers. The sore-backed plug fraternized with the nag suffering with fistula, and the horse through whose lonely and arching ribs the wind mournfully whistled, rubbed pates with the beast having a huge tumor pendant from its side, and corns on its feet. It was a most wonderful collection of equine freaks. Some members of the company added their canal boats to the general heap, and terms of distribution were agreed upon. The horses and boats were all numbered and valued, and every man drew by lot to the value of his stock in the company.

Mr. Emmitt secured, as his share of the wreckage, three horses of questionable usefulness, and a canal boat. With his share of the spoils Mr. Emmitt started for Waverly. The harness was lost off of one of the horses, and a few days after leaving Cleveland the boat was locked in the ice, where it was held for several days. Two of the horses died on the way home.

It was very plain to all interested, after the non-success of this experiment, that some better method of caring for and operating the towing stock had to be devised. The horses had to be worked fewer hours, and given more rest between tricks. It at first seemed impossible to do this without increasing the number

of horses and placing the stations closer together, which would entail a very heavy expense. But finally some one conceived the idea of erecting a stall on the boat, amidships, capable of accommodating three or four horses, and of carrying the horses "off trick" right on the boat, where they could be fed and rested up with the greatest possible convenience and economy. It was a happy scheme for the boatmen, and its great utility was promptly recognized. The expenses of boating were reduced fully two-thirds, and money-making was made possible on the canal. After the system of carrying the horses aboard the boat was inaugurated the cost of towing canal craft was reduced to seven cents per mile. Had this system been adopted at the start the proprietors of the early canal lines would have made fortunes instead of losing considerable money, as they did.

While Mr. Emmitt was connected with the Eagle line he had a contract for removing reservation Indians, and some came on nearly every boat.

"They were the wildest and craziest lot of savages I ever saw," said Mr. Emmitt, "and almost anything would serve them for an excuse to get up one of the hideous dances they seemed to delight in. Whenever by any chance we were compelled to stop for a time, they would promptly seize the opportunity to get up a dance, and on several occasions their wild excitement carried them beyond the bounds of reason. On one

occasion, just above Waverly, an old squaw became injured and died. There had been a break in the canal at Camp Creek, and the Indians were obliged to foot it from Waverly to Portsmouth, all the goods being transported in wagons. The Indians carried the body of the dead squaw with them, and at every stopping place would institute a "dance," with all the wild orgies connected with it, and have a hilarious time generally over the corpse. They kept this up for several days, until at last they were compelled to bury the defunct squaw, after having had their dances and carousals each day."

Of course Mr. Emmitt and his partners in the Eagle line promptly profited by the improved method of managing the towing stock for their boats, and prepared to make some money. One night Mr. Emmitt and John Row were talking together at Emmitt's old store when Row proposed to trade Mr. Emmitt a large amount of farming land and some lots in Waverly for his half interest in the Eagle line of boats. In less than ten minutes the two men had agreed upon the terms of a trade involving over ten thousand dollars worth of property.

CHAPTER XIV.

POTATO ROT SCARE, AND ITS EFFECT ON THE GRAIN MARKET. HOW "OLD HICKORY" WIPED OUT THE UNITED STATES BANK — THE EVILS OF "WILD CAT BANKS" AND SHIN-PLASTER CURRENCY — THE INCORPORATORS OF THE COLUMBUS AND PORTSMOUTH TURNPIKE AND HOW THE STATE CHIPPED IN TO HELP THEM OUT IN THEIR ENTERPRISE.

"I WELL remember," said Mr. Emmitt, "that the wheat crop of 1839 was a remarkable one; not only for extraordinary yield, but also on account of the lateness of the planting. The autumn of 1838 had been so dry that planting was not practicable till November and December. Indeed, Squire Barnes put in his seed in February and made a good crop. Prices were high too, the next season, as the potato rot was so general throughout Europe that it was thought our cereals would be required to make up for the deficiency in the potato crop. The disease however proved to be less serious than at first supposed, and those who shipped heavily at fifty cents for corn and one dollar for wheat, the ruling prices in this locality, lost heavily. I have ever since been very shy of a story about short crops, because there

are so many points of supply that even if there is an entire failure of crops in one locality, all the markets of the world rush in and the deficiency is soon made up.

"This season was also remarkable for the extraordinary and extravagant issue of irresponsible paper money. The withdrawal of the deposits from the old United States Bank, by President Andrew Jackson, entirely upset domestic exchange. The bank failing to get a charter from the United States Government went to Philadelphia, and obtained a charter from the State of Pennsylvania, under the name of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania; but it could not live without the support of the deposit of the national funds, and soon failed, carrying ruin to thousands who had invested their all in what represented one of the greatest monied institutions in the world, the bills being received in every market, at home and abroad.

"The wide spread calamity resulting from this failure was deplorable beyond what can be conceived of. Many families who had a small competency, invested their all in the stock of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania, under the impression that it was the same as the old institution known as the United States Bank. Some whose income from dividends formerly made by the old bank, justified them in a certain definite expenditure, retired to localities in Europe

where the expense of living was less than in this country, to educate their children and bring up a family, only to realize that a calamity had come upon them rendering them penniless. Many persons placed away the bank bills of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania in all the confidence that can be felt in gold or silver. Hundreds and thousands had gathered all they could accumulate for the purpose of making payments upon and entering public lands, and in various ways this failure was calamitous indeed.

"After the failure to recharter the United States Bank, the country was in a very deranged condition, and a law was framed of such a character that any parties who could procure a charter could form a bank. They would issue bank notes and soon the country became flooded with a currency, having nothing for security, but the individual makers of the note. Not infrequently, owing to the looseness of the law, many, who had nothing to represent a small fraction of what they issued, threw out upon the country an unlimited amount of bank bills, so that when these came back upon them they were obliged to fail. The citizens of the United States were so generally involved, that it is no injustice to say they were a nation of bankrupts. Every one was in distress and no one could pay. The ready facility to create a circulating medium had led to all manner of wild speculations,

and values were appreciated to an unnatural degree. The national deposits were made in these various chartered banks. Those chosen were termed pet banks, and thus the entire plan obtained the name of the pet bank system.

"The evils which befell the people were all laid upon the administration of Van Buren, which was blamed for an effort to establish a system of national finance, and in furtherance of this object the consolidated sub-treasury was created. This step brought upon Van Buren the enmity of the banks which had been the custodians of the national funds, and the people everywhere laid the cause of their distress at the door of the democratic party, which had been very largely in the majority.

"General Jackson was blamed far and wide for what were considered arbitrary measures against the old United States Bank, but unprejudiced history already admits that his view of the subject was sound statesmanship, and that none but a man of iron purpose could have carried his judgment to a final result. I believe it is now generally conceded that President Jackson's foresight was judicious in destroying a large monied institution, having the ability to refuse facilities to government in the way of loans, and thus the government might be paralyzed, unless it shaped its

policy with that of a board of directors who were in no sense a portion of the administration.

"The year of 1839 was productive of an incident in connection with the turnpike system, which, as I have since became very considerably indentified with, I may as well refer to.

"About the year of 1837 a law was enacted with the object of facilitating road building, and other enterprises which could be strictly termed public improvements, such as turnpikes, plank roads, hydraulic improvements, and so forth.

"This law provided that when such enterprises were undertaken, and the one-half stock subscribed by responsible parties, and furthermore ten per cent. of the presumed cost expended on actual construction, the state would subscribe for the remainder of the stock, and make an appropriation to meet the requirements for the improvements equal to one-half the cost. This gave rise to such active operations in the way of turnpikes, plank roads and other improvements, in portions of the state where the citizens were alive to the advantages to accrue from such undertakings, that the amounts invested by the state appalled the citizens. The repeal of the law was made an issue at election, and it became evident that the "plunder law" would be repealed during the session of the incoming legislature.

"A charter had been procured in 1828-9 for the

construction of the Portsmouth and Columbus turnpike. The incorporators of this turnpike were: Samuel Tracy, William Kendall, Ezra Osborn, John Peebles, Nathan K. Clough, John Noel, John I. Vanmeter, James B. Turner, William Blackstone, Robert Lucas, of Pike; James T. Worthington, David Crouse, Thomas J. McArthur, Thomas James, George Renick, Anthony Walke, Andrew Huston, G. W. Doan, George Crook, John Cochran, Joseph Ridgaway, Lincoln Goodale, Samuel Parsons, Robt. W. McCoy and Joel Buttles. The citizens on the route had evinced so little public spirit that almost no progress had been made on the southern portion to entitle the corporation to have the state subscribe the customary amount. This enterprise was divided into a northern and southern division, starting from Chillicothe. The northern portion had made no progress, so that it was necessary to raise seventy-five thousand dollars before the southern section could ask the state for subscription, and this could only be obtained by energetic action in time to secure that desirable result. By means of strong efforts, the counties of Ross and Pike subscribed twenty thousand dollars each, and the town of Portsmouth the same amount, Scioto county putting down eight thousand dollars as her subscription. The remainder was made up by the subscription of individuals, I subscribing one thousand dollars. So little progress had been made in the way of

work, distinctly applied to this turnpike, that the ten per cent. hardly evinced itself, but by hurrying on surveyors and purchasing some bridges already constructed on this southern portion the amount required was taken only ten weeks before the law was repealed.

"Such an old fogy spirit existed, in this locality, that nothing but the active energy of a comparative few, enabled the Portsmouth and Columbus Turnpike Company to avail itself of the advantages of the law before its repeal."

CHAPTER XV.

"TIPPECANOE AND TYLER, TOO" — HOW TOM EWING AND TOM CORWIN HELPED BUILD LOG CABINS AND DRANK HARD CIDER WITH THE BOYS, WHEN WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON WAS THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE, AND HOW WILLIAM ALLEN'S ORATORY SWELLED FORTH ON THE OTHER SIDE — THE WAY THE PATRIOTISM OF THE LADIES ASSERTED ITSELF IN THAT WILD PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1840.

AS I have said before, the entire blame of the unfortunate monetary condition of the country was laid to President Van Buren, and when it became evident that William Henry Harrison, of North Bend, was to be the man to succeed him, the people of Ohio were wild with enthusiasm in favor of the 'Sage of North Bend.' The excitement throughout the entire country was beyond anything of the kind known, in the way of a campaign, either before or since. Nothing could be said of a derisive nature but what the whigs took it up and made campaign capital out of it. Some party, in their desire to prejudice the whig candidate, sneeringly said that General Harrison knew just enough to live quietly in his log house, at North Bend, drinking his hard cider. From that time out, log cabins became the headquarters for the whigs from

one part of the country to the other, and in most instances a barrel of hard cider was on tap, free to all.

"I have frequently seen the late Judge Tom. Ewing and Tom. Corwin, and men of future great renown, busily engaged assisting in the construction of wigwams. Campaign songs of the most exciting character were sung in every procession or on every political occasion. Some of these songs were very personal against Van Buren, and many indicated facts in history, so truthful and derogatory, that the effect was wonderful. On the other hand, the democrats could hardly get hold of anything for the purpose of political thunder. The whigs extolled the bravery and prowess of their candidate, and the democrats took up the cry, 'who killed Tecumseh,' and as Richard M. Johnson, the candidate on that side for the Vice-Presidency, happened to be crippled in his arm, the stump speakers took up the idea and tried to make the people think that the Indian warrior was slain by Mr. Johnson. I have seen our late Governor William Allen, who was a powerful speaker, have Mr. Johnson, who had no powers of oratory, sit by him, and Mr. Allen would pour forth his eloquent discourse, as to the bravery and prowess of the slayer of Tecumseh, lifting up the crippled arm as evidence. But it was not very big political capital, and from the nomination of Harrison at Harrisburg, on the 12th of December, 1839,

it appeared evident that he would be the next choice of the people for President.

"On the 22d of February, 1840, the nomination was ratified at Columbus. Just previously there had been a freshet and a thaw sufficient to break up the ice in the canal. I procured two canal boats, and we started from Waverly, gathering up parties on the route, till, by the time we arrived at Columbus, the boats were crowded. The day proved one of continual rain, and the streets were in such a muddy condition you would have thought the enthusiasm would have been pretty badly washed out; but there was no abating the fever heat of excitement. People had come from all parts of the state, and the procession was enormous. One feature was a wagon with decorations, drawn by eight span of as handsome white horses as I ever saw, driven by Wm. Neil, at that time joint proprietor in the Ohio Stage Company, an organization which was a pride to the state, and probably as successful as any stage company in the whole country. Mr. Neil amassed large wealth, and built the Neil House, which he gave by deed to his children. They were minors, and when it burnt down this fact caused some delay before the present building could be constructed. It is to this day a hotel of excellent standing at Columbus. The trades were represented with the artisans actually at work. Almost every conceivable device which was thought likely to produce prejudice against the other

side was carried on the banners. I remember one in particular. The administration had been accused of hiring bloodhounds to hunt down the Seminole Indians, with whom a very unfortunate war had been carried on in Florida, and Van Buren was represented as setting them on, and all the while songs of the most exciting character were sung during the entire march. The democrats declared that we were singing the old man into the chair.

"On the return trip we met a small boat, decorated with a handsome flag, bearing one of the rallying mottoes of the campaign: "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." After we left on the up trip the ladies had become imbued with the spirit of enthusiasm which was spreading like a whirlwind throughout the land, and they made up their minds to give their husbands and brothers a surprise. A small boat was on the canal, but no one was left to manage it, and to start without a flag appeared almost an inconsistency. Mrs. Emmitt was very earnest, for, like myself, she had always been a great admirer of Henry Clay, and when we overcame the vexation that he was not nominated at Harrisburg, we felt a burning desire to defeat the party that had so successfully opposed him, and in the hope that by keeping it from power, his chances would be greatly increased for the next nomination, we entered into the excitement of electing Harrison with all the energy we could control. No bunting was to be had for a flag,

but Mrs. Emmitt remembered a pair of blue curtains put away for summer use, and the red and white stripes were sewed to this, and it made a really pretty flag. A traveling agent happened to be in town, and he had the skill to cut out the letters for the motto, and thus a flag was produced which did service for the entire campaign. This gentleman volunteered to steer the boat, and a boy was easily found to drive the horses, but no canal horses could be procured, and as this much progress had been made, the only way was for Mrs. Emmitt to hitch on our family horse and the traveler to furnish his. When we met the gay turn-out we thought it was a bridal party, for it was known that a marriage had come off below where we met, which was nine miles above Waverly. The little boat passed our entire fleet before it was found out what was up, when we halted and rushed aboard, jumping from the banks, till it seemed as if the boat would turn over. After a little it was determined to have the forty-seven ladies lead the way, and after a short delay for the boat to turn, it took its place in the van amidst the loud cheering and excitement which characterized that wild Presidential campaign of 1840. I have allowed myself to thus particularize this trip, because all who can remember those times will have called to mind scenes such as have never since been witnessed; and it was the same all over the country.

"President Harrison lived but a few weeks after he

was inaugurated, and thus John Tyler became President, but as his individual views were not in full sympathy with the whig party, his administration was very unpopular, and he retired with fewer friends than any one who has left the Presidential chair.

"After the election in the autumn of 1840 a period of expectant hope ensued. It was hoped that the new congress would give great relief, and that they would re-charter the United States Bank, and that a bankrupt law would be passed to enable all to relieve themselves of past involvements. It was hoped that the money basis which would be created by this bank, would be so sound that all would go on again, (everybody having paid their debts, in the eye of the law, by taking advantage of the bankrupt act,) and then money facilities were to be arranged through the newly chartered bank, which was looked upon as almost a certainty. But

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley;
An lea'e us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."

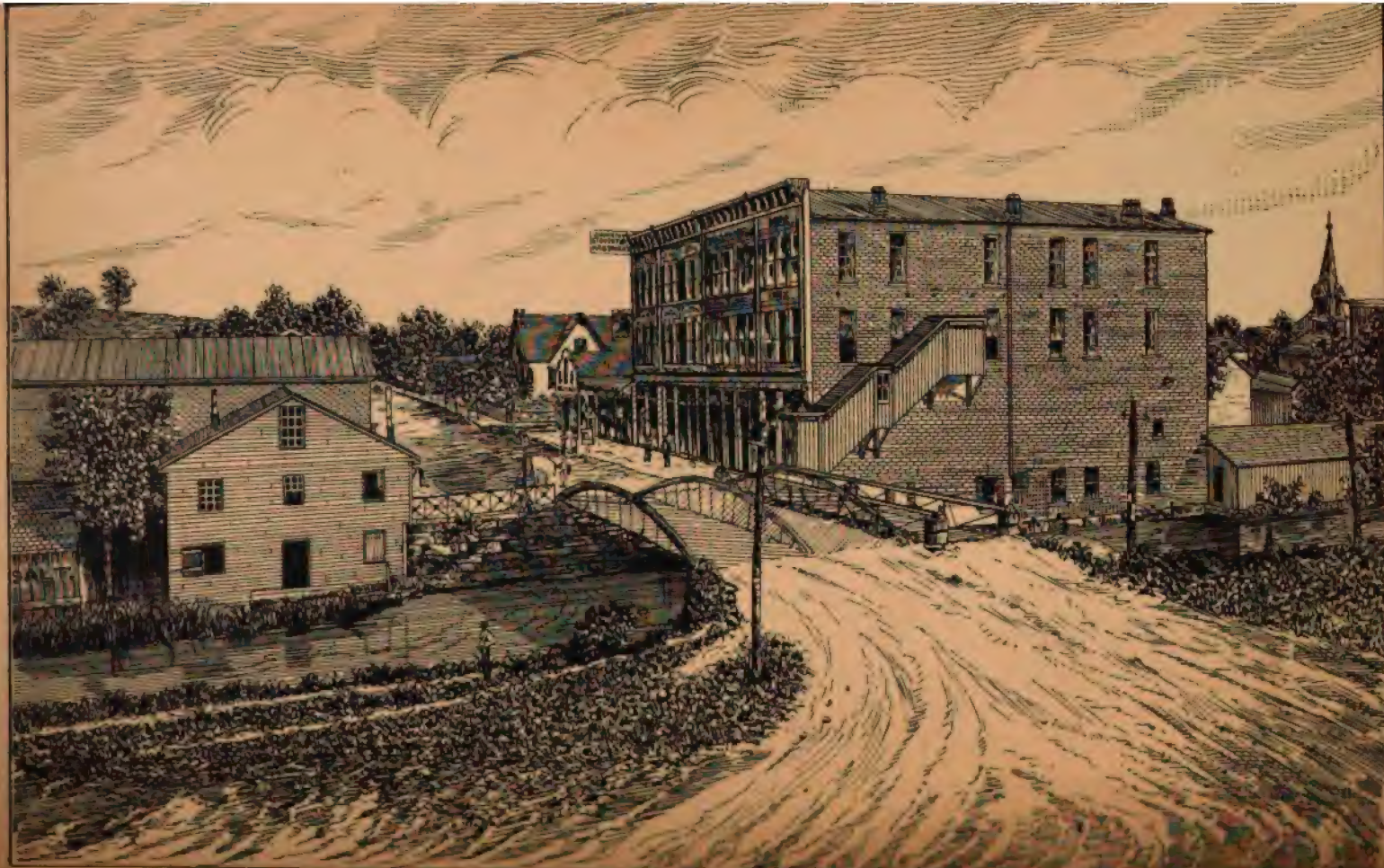
"The principal object aimed at by the election of Harrison was the re-charter of the United States Bank, and there is but little doubt that he would have signed the bill, but after his death the responsibility devolved upon Tyler, and he vetoed the bill which the whig congress hastened to pass. This may be said to have

been the immediate cause of breaking up the whig party, for all of Mr. Tyler's advisers resigned in a body, and he found it almost impossible to create a harmonious cabinet during his entire administration. He called upon various men, but jealousy and discord prevailed, so that the party which had been so successful, fell apart, and lost its strength. A few years afterwards some of the more sagacious leaders, perceiving that it was a hopeless organization, established the republican party, which drew to its ranks most of the whigs and some democrats, who were so imbued with free-soil notions that they could no longer work with a party which identified itself so closely with the slavery interest. At the same time many whigs merged themselves into the democratic party; some from the conviction which was rapidly gaining ground that the principles of Jackson, in regard to the bank, were sound, and others, from a selfish desire to be on what was evidently the stronger side.

"The bankrupt act became a law, and in all parts of the country a perfect rush took place to avail of its provisions, particularly when it became suspected that the next congress would be democratic, and that one of the first measures would be the repeal of the law. This proved to be the case. Stay laws, to prevent process against debtors, were passed in many states, and some states repudiated, and others deferred the payment of interest on their state bonds. Banks were

failing constantly, and the state issued scrip, as did also counties and corporations of all kinds. Individuals resorted to the issue of what were called shin-plasters, or promises to pay, and these passed current as far as the individual who made the issue was known, or a sure probability existed of obtaining in trade the value expressed. Without this resort everything would have been brought to the primitive mode of trading, which was only done by barter, or simply exchanging one commodity for another. I issued these pieces of paper only in fractional parts of a dollar, from six and a quarter cents up to fifty cents each, and took them in trade at the store, endorsing them with a certificate to redeem in money, only in sums of five dollars or more; and I arranged to have my shin-plasters redeemed at Chillicothe, so that few of these vouchers extended to such a considerable distance of circulation as mine did.

"After the legislature passed a law in 1842 making these issues illegal, and punishable with fine and imprisonment, I redeemed as rapidly as possible, but of the two thousand five hundred dollars I had issued three hundred and fifty dollars were never presented. In some towns where there was a more shifting population than what exists here, the proportion not offered for redemption was even greater."



OLD STORE, WHERE MR. EMMITT TRANSACTED MILLIONS OF DOLLARS WORTH OF

CHAPTER XVI.

FRENCH DUCK — THE DELICIOUS TID-BITS THAT DELIGHTED THE PALATES OF A PARTY OF OHIOANS, IN THE GLORIOUS DAYS OF "FORTY-FIVE," WHEN THE BRAINY MEN OF THE WEST WERE LARGELY INTERESTED IN THE ORLEANS TRADE — THE EFFECT OF THE POTATO FAMINE IN IRELAND UPON THE FORTUNES OF A FIRM THAT COULDN'T AFFORD TO LOSE TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS. JAMES EMMITT AND JAMES TOMLINSON AS A BUSINESS TEAM SEEKING NEW ALLIANCES, STRONG SUPPORT AND A BROADER FIELD.

IN 1837, Mr. Emmitt bought out John Row's dry goods store at Waverly and took Jacob Row into partnership with him, and they continued together until 1842. About the time of the trade, he entered into partnership with John Row, for the transaction of a commission business. Row conducted a house at Portsmouth, and lost four thousand dollars in a rather brief while. Mr. Emmitt made money at the Waverly end of the line.

In 1836, the Messrs. James and Francis Campbell of Chillicothe, John Row and John F. Armstrong, built a flour mill at Waverly. In 1839, Mr. Emmitt bought out Mr. Armstrong's interest, and then he and the Messrs. Campbell bought out Mr. Row's in-

terest in the mill. Two more run of stone were added to the four run already in place, and Mr. Emmitt was given entire charge of the property. The very first year, the mill lost its owners twenty-one thousand dollars — each having to pay in seven thousand dollars to make good deficiencies. They had to borrow ten thousand dollars, that year, to carry on their business. This loss very badly frightened Francis Campbell, and his two partners bought him out, to quiet his fears that the mill would eventually ruin him. The next year, James Campbell and James Emmitt, who then constituted the firm, made considerable money out of the mill.

"What occasioned the milling firm in which the Campbells of Chillicothe, John Row and yourself were partners, to lose so much money that first year of your joint enterprise?" was asked Mr. Emmitt.

"The potato famine in Ireland. And, as I have said, we lost twenty-one thousand dollars that year. Wheat had been selling at forty cents a bushel, when information reached this country that the entire potato crop of Ireland had been blighted — absolutely ruined, and that the Irish people were in imminent danger of starvation. Of course, it was figured out that America would have to feed the stricken people of that nation, and wheat promptly jumped up to over one dollar a bushel. We thought that some money could be made, even under the extraordinary

new state of affairs, and our partners, the Campbells of Chillicothe, bought up all the wheat they could get hold of. All the wheat raised by the farmers about Greenfield, Frankfort, and up the valley well toward Circleville, and in all directions surrounding Chillicothe for miles, was then wagoned to Chillicothe and sold. All that the Campbells bought was loaded on boats at that place and shipped to me at Waverly, and was worked up into flour at the mill, of which I had complete management. John Row took a very large consignment of flour to New Orleans, where he could get seven dollars a barrel for it. But he thought he could do better than that. New York was the great flour market then, and Row re-shipped his goods to that city, hoping to get the benefit of the big prices then ruling in the metropolis, from which point ship loads of goods were sent to Ireland. When Row reached New York, he found that his flour had become damp and sour during the voyage, and he could get little or nothing for it. He had to place it in the hands of commission merchants, and the flour was shipped in small lots to Nova Scotia and other outlying markets. Scarcely anything was realized on this expensive lot of goods."

Mr. Emmitt took ten thousand bushels of wheat to Buffalo, after this disaster, and made money on it. When the Irish famine scare settled down to a rock basis, the bottom fell out of the wheat and flour mar-

kets. Wheat dropped back to forty cents a bushel, and lost the Waverly milling firm thousands of dollars, as they still had on hand a large quantity of wheat that was purchased at something over a dollar a bushel, and considerable high priced flour as well.

While other men were being ruined in the New Orleans trade, the Messrs. John and George Wood of Chillicothe, were getting rich in the same traffic. They flat-boated flour to New Orleans, and sold large quantities of it to the planters, all along the river, consenting to wait for their pay for such goods as they sold, until the cotton, sugar, molasses, rice or tobacco crops came in. Even then they would not get cash for their bills, but would take goods to the amount of their accounts. With their cargoes from the south, they would come north and market them at a large profit. They had enough money to enable them to carry on a business of this kind, and it paid them immensely. They made great profits on the goods they sold to the planters on such easy terms, and did equally well with the goods they took in payment of the claims against their customers. There weren't many men, in this section of the country, at that far-off day, who had the means to carry on that sort of business.

The Campbells, when Mr. Emmitt bought into the mill, acquired an interest in the general store which Mr. Emmitt and Jacob Row were running. After James Campbell and Mr. Emmitt bought out the in-

terest of Francis Campbell in the mill, they ran along together until 1842, when Mr. Emmitt purchased Mr. Campbell's interest in both the mill and the store, giving him therefor five thousand dollars.

Until a short time before this purchase, Mr. Emmitt had kept up his shipments of corn to McConathy & Taylor, at Madison, Indiana, and other distillers along the river. In fact, he maintained his relations with his old friends at Madison until they failed. McConathy & Taylor had made great fortunes at distilling, milling, and speculating in the New Orleans trade. But misfortune finally overtook them. McConathy conceived the idea that there was a bonanza in packing summer pork. He was among the first to advocate an enterprise of this sort, and he put a fortune into building a great slaughter house and packing establishment, just across the river from Madison. They went into the business of packing summer pork on the same immense scale that they did everything else, and it broke them up. They took advantage of the bankrupt law.

After Mr. Emmitt purchased the Campbell interest in the mill and store, he entered into partnership with Mr. James Tomlinson, to carry on a general merchandizing business. Mr. Tomlinson was the father of John Tomlinson, Cashier of the Ross County National Bank, of Chillicothe.

"Tomlinson was as fine a man as I ever knew, and

as good a business partner as a man could possibly have," said Mr. Emmitt. "He was a splendid man, from every point of view—clear-headed, energetic and honest to the last degree. I never knew more comfortable years in my life than when he was my partner, for I knew that that branch of our business—the store—was going right. His son, John Tomlinson, of Chillicothe, is as near like his father as one human being can be like another.

"Mr. Tomlinson kept the books of the store, and I remember well the last entry he made in them. He was taken ill one night and came over to the store to get some medicine—for we kept a little of everything, you know. He charged this medicine to himself, on the books, and went home, never to return to the store. His death occurred about 1845.

After Mr. Tomlinson's death, Mr. Emmitt began to cast around for another partner. During his frequent visits to Madison, Indiana, and other trading points along the river, he had become familiar, in a general way, with the business of distilling, and the money-making opportunities it afforded. He had sold and shipped to McConathy & Taylor hundreds of thousands of bushels of corn, which was used at their distillery. He reasoned that if there was anything in the business, there was a splendid location for a distillery at Waverly, which was right in the heart of a great corn country, and where all needed

supplies could be had at the lowest figure. An abundance of water power, too, was easily obtainable, and the conditions were favorable, apparently, toward the establishing of a distillery at that point. What Mr. Emmitt most needed, to facilitate the consummation of his new plans, was a wealthy partner, and in looking over the field for a desirable man, he concluded that Christian Schultz of Maysville, Kentucky, was that personage. Christian Schultz, it will be remembered, is the German who used to pack salt, in saddle-bags, from Governor McArthur's old salt well, below Chillicothe, and sell it in Maysville, often getting as much as five dollars a bushel for it. He was a shrewd, industrious man, and had grown rich.

Mr. Emmitt concluded to seek him as a partner. Schultz had large business interests in the south, having gone into the New Orleans trade and succeeded.

He had an establishment at New Orleans, and was at that city when Mr. Emmitt concluded to make a business proposition to him. To see him, he had to make a trip to New Orleans, and on the 22d of February, 1845, he stepped on board a steamer at Cincinnati, southward bound. On that same boat, and all bound for New Orleans, were a number of merchants pretty extensively known throughout this section; Mr. Dixon Fullerton, who was then in the grocery and provision trade at Chillicothe, and who is now one

of the wealthiest men in that city; John Row, then in the commission and provision business at Portsmouth; Mr. William Martin, a merchant at Circleville, and Mr. Henry Holcomb, then merchandizing in Chillicothe. Their boat left Cincinnati at ten o'clock at night, the boat being serenaded by the barracks band as it started down the river.

The first night after their arrival at New Orleans, the party of friends went into the St. Charles Hotel for supper.

Among the other furnishings of the table was a "French duck," upon which the Ohioans bestowed many appreciative glances.

French duck appealed to their palates.

They had never feasted on French duck, but they knew they'd like it.

They liked everything French, and why shouldn't they like French duck?

"Waiter," directed Mr. Fullerton, "a small piece of French duck."

"French duck—yes sah!" replied the agile darkey, smiling a menial's smile.

Mr. Fullerton was promptly served with French duck.

He placed a small bit of the foreign delicacy in his mouth, as a feeler. Quick as a flash, a look came over his face, such as one only sees in the countenance of a man at table on ship-board, who realizes for the

first time that he isn't a bit hungry, and wants to get back to his state-room with all possible haste.

But, with a mighty effort, Mr. Fullerton swallowed the morsel of French duck and the lump in his throat, took a sip of coffee and said:

"Emmitt, take a little French duck. It is very fine, indeed."

"Like it, do you?" said Emmitt. "A little duck, waiter—French duck."

Mr. Emmitt was served, and his astonishment on taking the first taste of it was something remarkable.

Mr. Fullerton nudged him under the table, and said:

"It has a very rare flavor. Don't you think it has, Mr. Emmitt?"

"It has so," replied Emmitt. "I don't remember ever tasting anything that at all approaches it!"

"It is a real delicacy," continued Mr. Fullerton, "and I think you will like it too, Holcomb. Martin, have some duck—French duck—and you, too, Row. It is very fine—a delicate tid-bit that we don't get back in Ohio."

And so Holcomb and Row and Martin ordered French duck, and it was not long until there was a very sick crowd of Ohio epicures at that southern board.

"You see," said Mr. Emmitt, "the blame thing tasted as though it must be rotten. The very thought

of it almost causes my stomach to revolt. The French have an idea that game of any kind isn't fit to eat until it reaches a state bordering on decomposition—until the flesh has at least attained a greenish hue, and what seems to us a very rank odor. This was what made that French duck such a bitter dose to us Ohio men. Fullerton got his foot into it, but couldn't resist the temptation to divide the pill around among his friends. After that experience with French delicacies, we adhered strictly to a diet, concerning which we were fully informed."

While on that trip, Mr. Emmitt, one evening, strolled into what he supposed to be the St. Charles restaurant. He ate supper and strolled out again, without discovering that he had got into the wrong pew, and without paying for the meal. He supposed it would "go into the bill," and he didn't know of his mistake until Mr. Fullerton began to twit him, when it was too late to remedy the error.

The party left New Orleans for home on the 5th of March, Mr. Emmitt having effected a partnership arrangement with Schultz. They reached Memphis on the 8th of March, and there, for the first time, learned the result of the Presidential election, which had been held on the 6th of November, of the year preceding. The fight was between James K. Polk, democrat, and Henry Clay, whig. The contest was a very hot one, and hinged upon the result in New York, which Polk

carried by a very small majority—ranging only in the hundreds. There were no telegraph lines, then; no telephones, no lightning railroad expresses traversing the country to its utmost bounds, and it was not until the middle of March, following the election, that the people of the west knew who had been elected President—four months after the election had been held. Mr. Emmitt frequently saw the great Henry Clay at Portsmouth, and has personal recollections of Daniel Webster, William Henry Harrison and James Buchanan.

Mr. Emmitt's new partner, Schultz, came up with him from New Orleans as far as Maysville, and afterward came on to Waverly. Schultz also acquired a one-third interest in the store at Waverly. The work of building the distillery, to be operated by the same water power that ran the mill, was begun at once. Their engine was built by Anthony Harkness of Cincinnati, the man who built the first railroad locomotive, for practical use, in America. Their still was purchased from Robinson & Bros. of Cincinnati. Mr. Emmitt is still dealing with this firm, now known as the Bourbon Copper Company.

The distillery was rushed through, and was the first establishment of the kind in this part of the country. Emmitt & Schultz made their first "mash" on the 14th of July, 1845.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WICKED PARTNER, WHO WANTED TO EMBRACE THE HON. JAMES EMMITT IN ONE LONG, FOND, DEATH-PRODUCING SQUEEZE—THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MAN WITH AN ABUNDANCE OF ENERGY AND AMBITION, WHO HAD TO PAY A PRETTY HIGH PRICE FOR HIS EXPERIENCE AS A DISTILLER, WHICH IS ANOTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE FACT THAT IT GENERALLY PROVES DISTRESSING TO TACKLE A LARGE BUSINESS THAT YOU AREN'T WELL GROUNDED IN—JAMES DAVIS, THE EARLY CRŒSUS OF PIKE COUNTY—HOW HE CAME TO JAMES EMMITT'S RESCUE IN 1849—A BUSINESS SENSATION, AND WHAT GREW OUT OF IT.

WHEN Emmitt & Schultz started up their distillery at Waverly in 1845—and it was the first distillery of consequence in this section—their belief was strong that they were going to make a bushel of money.

It wasn't long until a strong suspicion seized them that they had made a mistake in their calculations. This suspicion grew as the months rolled by, and after awhile they were very sure that they hadn't figured just right. The story of their error was told in big, staring figures in their cash-book, where the larger amounts were always on the wrong side. The expenditures persisted in keeping ahead of the receipts—and

that meant that money was being gobbled up that wasn't produced by the business.

The trouble was, they didn't know anything about the distilling business, and like every other individual or firm that undertakes to run a large enterprise without being pretty thoroughly conversant with its details, they had to pay rather a high price for their experience. And there isn't any investment on earth that is so unsatisfactory, at the time, as a cash investment in experience.

The practical management of the concern devolved upon Mr. Emmitt, and he frankly confesses that at that time he wasn't sure just what the difference was between a pump and an engine.

Schultz had large business interests at Maysville, and devoted the bulk of his time and energy to caring for them. He was rich, and rather regarded his Waverly venture as a side issue. As a consequence, the task of managing the new and difficult business devolved almost wholly upon Mr. Emmitt.

In order to secure Schultz, for the money he advanced to establish the business, Mr. Emmitt had to pretty heavily mortgage all of his property, as well as the distillery, to that gentleman. As the business ran along, it frequently became necessary to borrow money on the firm's notes. Schultz would take these notes to Portsmouth or Maysville, to raise the money on them in bank, as he said. But afterward, through

Schultz's son, Mr. Emmitt learned that his partner had made a practice of advancing money on the notes himself. They bore a pretty stiff rate of interest, and Schultz figured that he might just as well have it as anybody.

Schultz was a real squeezer; a man of small mercy and elastic conscience, and during the four years that he was in business with Mr. Emmitt he lead him a dance. The paper of the firm, it seemed, was eternally falling due, and many were the distressing situations in which the manager of the distillery found himself, to meet these obligations. He frequently had to ride post haste to Portsmouth to borrow the money necessary to pay off a note falling due at Chillicothe; and a few days later, he might be galloping to Chillicothe, to secure the means to take up a matured piece of paper at Portsmouth. There were times when he kept the roads between those two points pretty hot. Never was a collector more prompt and urgent than Schultz, his partner.

The first hundred barrels of liquor made at the distillery were sold and shipped to a firm at Pittsburg at twenty cents a gallon. This is about the net figure that Mr. Emmitt to-day gets for the product of his distillery, after the government has been satisfied. There was no tax on liquor then—in 1845—save the common tax.

To further Mr. Emmitt's run of hard luck, his res-

idence property on North Street was burned down in 1846. The distillery ran along for four years, making no money. The mortgages given Schultz by Mr. Emmitt were past due, and Schultz began to show symptoms of a desire to gobble up his partner. In the fall of 1849, when the distillery was crushing about eight hundred bushels of corn a day, a careful summary of their business was made. It was found that the firm of Emmitt & Schultz was eighty thousand dollars in debt. Their assets—in property, machinery, hogs and cattle feeding on the slop of their distillery—fully covered their liabilities, and possibly exceeded them by a few thousand.

Mr. Emmitt felt that a crash was coming—that Schultz was preparing to give him a squeeze. He felt the situation to be a desperate one, and knew that Schultz had him in his power. The crisis came, in October, 1849, by Schultz, one day, making a proposition to Mr. Emmitt, to sell him his interest in their business for twenty thousand dollars, or to pay Mr. Emmitt that sum for his interest.

Mr. Emmitt couldn't buy, and he didn't want to sell. He had invested everything he had in the business; had put a world of energy into its management; had kept it going for four years in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, and had faith in the money-making possibilities of the concern. He didn't know what to do, and in his extremity, he at one time

concluded to sell, take whatever he could realize over his obligations, and risk his fortune in California. The gold fever was then running pretty high, and the temptation to abandon his old field at Waverly, fraught with so many vexations, was very great. He took out an insurance policy on his life for two thousand dollars, in order that his wife would not be left in want, should misfortune overtake him in the gold fields. This policy, which is in the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, is still running, and is now worth over six thousand dollars to Mr. Emmitt. It is the oldest policy now carried by that company. "It pushed me mighty hard, at times, to keep up the payments on that policy," said Mr. Emmitt, "but I managed to keep it running, and am glad of it. I expect the company is counting upon having to pay it, now, any day."

It was while he was in the throes of anxiety and indecision, that Mr. Emmitt bethought himself of a plan for saving himself and his business. James Davis, an old Virginian, and the then Crœsus of this section, lived on a farm a few miles above Waverly, toward Chillicothe. He was reputed to be worth half a million dollars, was as close as the bark on a tree, and attended strictly to his own business. That is how he grew rich — for he started in life just as poor as anybody well could.

Mr. Davis' aversion to identifying himself with

any one else's affairs was thoroughly known throughout the valley. He had never been in partnership with any one, and rarely, if ever, went on any one's note.

But Mr. Emmitt was courageous in his desperation, and he resolved upon what seemed to him, brave as he was, an almost hopeless undertaking. He determined to see Mr. Davis, tell him frankly the embarrassing situation in which his partner had placed him, and endeavor to interest him in his affairs to that extent that he would be willing to extend him financial relief.

So one day he rode up to see Mr. Davis. He found the wealthy old farmer in his yard, sitting astride of a locust fence post, which he was mortising.

"How are you, Emmitt? Tie your horse, and come in," the rich man said, between the blows of his mallet upon the chisel.

Mr. Emmitt dismounted and entered the yard. With considerable temerity, he told Mr. Davis how Schultz was about to squeeze him, how helpless he was to cope with his rich and merciless partner, and how, in his disgust, he had about determined to sell out all his possessions and go to California, as that seemed the most promising field for him.

"That won't do at all, Emmitt," said Mr. Davis, after patiently listening to the close of that gentleman's recital. "It won't do at all. You are young,

strong, active and enterprising, and are disposed to develop the business of our country, 'round about. You create markets for our surplus grain and cattle, and are getting to be very useful to the whole community—and I don't want you to go away."

"But that seems to be the only outlet, Mr. Davis," replied Mr. Emmitt. "Schultz has offered to either buy or sell. I can't buy, and of course, will have to sell."

"How much did you say you were in debt?" inquired Davis.

"A little over eighty thousand dollars."

"How about your property—will it cover your debts?"

"Yes, and a little more—maybe six thousand or seven thousand dollars more, if the property isn't sacrificed."

"What did Schultz say he would sell for?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," answered Mr. Emmitt, with just a little lump stealing into his throat.

Mr. Davis thought a moment, as he chiseled away at the post, and then said:

"You see Schultz, Emmitt, and get from him the best proposition to sell that you can, and then I will go down to Waverly and see what can be done."

And then he turned to the post again, and went

on with his mortising, as though he had dismissed the subject from his mind.

Mr. Emmitt was slightly dazed by his good fortune. When he tied his horse before Mr. Davis' house, his heart was faint indeed, but when he rode away, it was with a glad new strength that filled him with exultation. He had not only gotten James Davis to listen to his story, but had interested him even beyond his most extravagant hopes. With James Davis and his magnificent fortune at his back, James Emmitt saw his troubles fade away, and the future's sky was bright with promise.

He immediately sent word to Schultz, at Maysville, to come to Waverly; and when that gentleman arrived—and without giving him any intimation of his plans—he asked him what he would take for his interest in their business.

"Twenty thousand dollars," replied Schultz.

Mr. Emmitt had notified Mr. Davis of Schultz's arrival, and he was in Waverly. Mr. Emmitt found him and gave him Mr. Schultz's reply to his inquiry.

"Let us go down to the distillery and take a look at the property," said Davis, and down to the distillery he and Mr. Emmitt went.

Mr. Emmitt took him through the place, from

basement to loft, and showed him everything—machinery, stock on hand, cattle, hogs and a statement of book accounts, which he had prepared. They made a careful estimate of the property in sight, which footed up ninety thousand dollars.

Mr. Davis expressed his belief that the property was worth that amount, and together the two men walked back to Mr. Emmitt's store, where they met Schultz.

"Mr. Emmitt tells me," said Davis to Schultz, "that you have offered to take twenty thousand dollars for your interest in the distillery and its business."

"So I have," said Schultz, shortly.

"Well, Mr. Emmitt and myself will accept your offer, to that effect," quietly replied Mr. Davis.

Schultz's eyes opened wide, and he stared at Mr. Davis in amazement. Here was a state of affairs that he didn't comprehend at all, for such a thing as "old Jim Davis" going into partnership with any one, or backing any one—and particularly, any one in a business with a debt of eighty thousand dollars—was just as far from his comprehension as it was from that of the people of that section, generally. No one had ever dreamed of such a thing. But Mr. Schultz—who had hoped for an entirely different outcome of his proposition—accepted Mr. Davis' offer.

Mr. Davis and Mr. Emmitt at once formed a part-

nership for four years, and Mr. Davis advanced the money to pay Schultz his twenty thousand dollars.

The entrance of Davis into partnership with Emmitt created a genuine sensation, as nothing could have been more thoroughly unanticipated.

It was a wonderfully fortunate partnership for Mr. Emmitt—and for Mr. Davis as well—as will be seen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS, WHICH REPRESENTS THE NET PROFIT REALIZED IN FIVE YEARS UPON A BONANZA INVESTMENT—THE STORY OF WONDERFUL SUCCESS ACHIEVED BY A HAPPY BUT RATHER REMARKABLE PARTNERSHIP—TWO MEN WHO HAD IMPLICIT CONFIDENCE IN EACH OTHER, AND WHOSE BUSINESS RELATIONS WERE ALWAYS IN HARMONY WITH THE MAIN CHANCE—MONEY GETTING—A BIG DEAL IN MOLASSES, THAT BROUGHT ABOUT A ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR TRANSACTION—THE MONEY-MAKING POWER OF MONEY—THE BUSINESS RELATIONS OF JAMES EMMITT AND JAMES DAVIS.

PROSPERITY, ample and generous, seemed to promptly attend all of James Emmitt's business efforts as soon as he associated himself with James Davis.

It seemed to him that, with Davis' advent into his business affairs, the tide of adversity that had set in against him four years before, and that had kept growing stronger and more threatening, was almost magically turned into one of success.

The distillery, that had lost money for so long, and lost it with such persistent regularity, suddenly became a money-making property. The mill began to return gratifying profits, as well as the store, and every-

thing seemed to drop naturally into successful grooves. No man in this section stood higher in public estimation than James Davis. His vast wealth was a power; his integrity was known far and wide, and every one knew that the firm of Emmitt & Davis was amply equipped to transact a great volume of business on a safe basis. James Emmitt had won for himself, by reason of his extensive operations, quite a reputation as a business man of wonderful energy, courage, persistence and positive ability. The business community knew how he had been handicapped during his partnership with Schultz, and they had the most abundant confidence in his ability to make a winning fight in a business struggle where all the conditions were fair.

It was a matter of intense public surprise for James Davis to go to Mr. Emmitt's rescue at that critical period of his career. But when it became plain that Mr. Davis placed a very high estimate upon Mr. Emmitt's value to the business interests of the Scioto Valley; and that he proposed to back him, to an unlimited extent, with his ample fortune; and that he proposed to allow Mr. Emmitt to manage their immense interests, according to his own judgment; and that his bank account was always back of every contract, of whatever proportions, made by Mr. Emmitt, the confidence

that was placed in the firm of Emmitt & Davis was something charming to contemplate.

The agreement entered into by Mr. Davis and Mr. Emmitt was, that the business should pay ten per cent. interest upon all the money put into the concern by Davis. They had scarcely begun operations, when everything connected with their distilling business took an upward bound, and before they had worked up the stock that was on hand when Davis entered the concern, they had cleared forty thousand dollars.

Davis was a peculiar man in this: He invariably acted upon his own judgment, without consultation with or advice from anybody. And when he decided to do a thing, he was never squeamish about it—he never faltered in backing up his judgment. He went into the distilling business with the knowledge that he would largely have to shoulder a debt of eighty thousand dollars, and he was given a rough deal, right at the start. Obligations, for various amounts, were falling due every few days, and Mr. Emmitt, perforce, was compelled to call upon him for checks with rather uncomfortable frequency. They were always paid promptly and cheerfully. It mattered not how fast they came, nor in what amounts, his check was always ready. He had gone into the venture on his own judgment—and he never impeached his judgment.

Mr. Davis left the management of the entire bus-

iness to Mr. Emmitt, with whose plans he never interfered. He had every confidence in his partner. He carried his policy of non-interference so far that he would not even decide upon the advisability of making certain investments, which, for special reasons, had been referred to him. He would waive them all by saying:

"Now, Emmitt, you do whatever you think best."

Or maybe he would say — as he frequently did:

"I'll do whatever *you* say, Emmitt."

But he would decide nothing; nothing but that his shrewd, hard-working partner should have all the money he desired to use in their business. He could have furnished no better aid to success — not even that rare quantity, good advice.

A good illustration of Davis' non-interference is furnished by an incident that occurred in 1850. A very strong syndicate was formed, by men of abundant capital, with the view of getting up a corner on stock hogs. Their organization extended all over the country, their headquarters for Ohio being at Columbus. The syndicate sent out its agents everywhere, and was rapidly getting control of all the young hogs in the market.

They seemed to make a particularly clean sweep of Southern Ohio, and before the magnitude of their operations was discovered, they had secured about every stock hog in sight. This was a move that Em-

mitt & Davis could not stand, as they were always in need of stock hogs, to which to feed their distillery slops. Mr. Emmitt saw that they would have to do a little humping, and he finally got track of a nice bunch of young hogs that could be secured in Franklin County, some miles from Columbus. The hogs were held at a stiff price, and before deciding to buy them, Mr. Emmitt sent for Mr. Davis, to consult with him as to what he should do.

"We need the hogs, don't we, Emmitt?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "and it is becoming mighty hard to get them. These hogs I speak of are high priced, but that is owing to the effect of the syndicate's operations. I think we ought to buy them, though, for if we don't get them, we will not be able to to feed our slops to profit. What do you think we had better do?"

"Oh, whatever you think best, Emmitt. If you say buy the hogs, and want me to go up after them, all right. What shall I do?"

"I think you had better go up and buy them," was Emmitt's judgment.

And after obtaining all necessary information, he mounted his little gray mare, the next morning, and rode up into Franklin County to buy the stock hogs and drive them home. It was a miserable journey of sixty miles, over rough roads, and in very distress-

ing weather. He reached his destination, bought and paid for the hogs, and made all arrangements for starting them on the homeward road, the morning after the deal was completed. The hogs were quartered, that night, in an exposed field near the road. A heavy rain had fallen, and later on, a terrible sleet veneered all creation, outdoors, with a thick encasement of ice. The poor hogs caught the full fury of the storm, and when Mr. Davis went into the field at daylight, the next morning, he thought the majority of them were dead. This fear was strengthened as he walked along the outer lines of the huddled batch of hogs. He kicked hog after hog in the endeavor to get them to their feet, but many of them were stark dead.

With the animals that were in condition to drive, he started for Waverly. It was a terrible trip, but Davis, although an old man, never complained at the hardships of it. That was the sort of a man James Davis was.

The business of Emmitt & Davis ran along smoothly, making money all the time, until the contract existing between the partners expired. But even then there was no hitch, and everything ran along as usual, until Mr. Davis fell ill with pneumonia, on the 11th of December, 1853. He had been actively engaged in threshing oats in his barn, that day, and had taken a violent cold. His malady grew

very threatening, and in a few days after his prostration, he sent for Mr. Emmitt. Nathan Jones was the messenger who summoned Mr. Emmitt to his friend's bedside.

Emmitt immediately mounted his horse and rode up to Mr. Davis'. The day was very cold. When he entered the room he found Mr. Davis lying on the floor, upon a pallet, with his feet toward a blazing wood fire. He looked to be very ill.

"Come over, Emmitt, and sit down near me," said Mr. Davis, after greeting his partner. "I sent for you, because I feel that I can't live much longer, and I want to fix my business with you so that you can't be disturbed after I'm gone."

This was rather distressing talk for both of the direct, plain-spoken business men, but necessity compelled that an understanding be reached.

"How do you wish to arrange matters?" Emmitt finally asked.

"I guess we had better just extend the old contract—and for such a length of time as will make you absolutely safe."

This, of course, was the most agreeable decision possible to Mr. Emmitt, and he expressed his satisfaction with it.

"You had better send for a lawyer, Emmitt," the

sick man said, "and we can fix the thing up in proper shape."

"Who would you like to have draw up the papers?" Emmitt asked.

"I reckon Collings—James Collings, of Piketon—will do as well as anyone. Just have him come up."

And after some further talk, Mr. Emmitt hurried back to Waverly, and despatched a messenger to Piketon for Collings, the lawyer, who was then living at that place. He joined Collings at Waverly, and went with him to Mr. Davis'.

When they entered, Mr. Davis was found lying on the floor, in the same position in which Mr. Emmitt had left him. Davis told Collings that he wanted to renew his partnership contract with Emmitt, and in response to a question from the latter, he said:

"You may as well make the agreement for five years, by that time we will be out of debt, and then we'll wind our business up."

And then he said, turning to Collings:

"I want to renew my business contract with Mr. Emmitt. The thirty-five thousand dollars that the firm Emmitt & Davis owes me, and on which the firm is paying me ten per cent. interest, can be extended for five years, and the interest can be reduced to eight per cent. per year."

This was about all the instructions he gave Collings about the contract—but they were sufficient.

Then Mr. Davis began discussing the advisability

of making a will, and finally directed Collings to draw up the instrument. He had made little progress with this important instrument when his bodily distress compelled him to desist, and he told Collings to "stop writing until I can get up."

The lawyer and Mr. Emmitt went away, with the contract completed, but the will only started. It was finished at a later day. Mr. Davis lingered along until January, 1854, when he died, in his seventieth year—a rich and respected man, who had made every dollar he ever possessed honestly.

Mr. Davis' death was preceded by the most horrible suffering. He never recovered from the prostrating effects of acute pneumonia. His system was greatly shattered by the attack, and a pyæmic condition ensued, with the most terrible consequences. Blood poison began to corrupt his right leg, and when he died that member was decayed, from hip to toes, to an extreme degree.

The physicians, who had unsuccessfully attended him, collected a fee of one thousand dollars each from his estate. Had he lived, he would, in all likelihood, have satisfied them with fifty dollars apiece. He was not given to paying large fees for any sort of service.

According to the terms of his will, Mr. Davis' widow succeeded to the partnership with Emmitt. Within a year after Davis' death, the thirty-five thousand dollars due the Davis estate had been paid out of

the profits of the business, putting it entirely out of debt. This was a really great achievement—to repay within so short a time the immense sums of money Mr. Davis had put into the concern, with the interest thereon, mainly at ten per cent. And even after the last of the thirty-five thousand dollars had been repaid there was a surplus.

It was after Mr. Davis had been dead about eighteen months that Mr. Emmitt conceived the, at that time, rather novel idea that there could be considerable money made out of distilling molasses. And following up his judgment, he went down to Cincinnati and bought one thousand barrels of that commodity, and had it shipped to Waverly. Some of Mrs. Davis' relatives heard of this purchase, and Mr. Emmitt's intentions concerning it, and they hastened to her with the "alarming" intelligence. They feared that Mr. Emmitt was engaging in ruinous speculations. They impressed the old lady with their fears, and made her believe that it would be better for her to get out whole while she could.

A few days after this, Jacob Mace, who had married a niece of Mrs. Davis, came down to Waverly to see Mr. Emmitt. He found that gentleman at the distillery, and informed him that Mrs. Davis would like

to dispose of her interest in the property, and was desirous that he make her a proposition.

After a few moments' consideration, Mr. Emmitt turned to him and said:

"You can say to Mrs. Davis that I will give her one hundred thousand dollars for her interest in our business, and that I will pay her sixty thousand dollars of this sum down, and forty thousand dollars in one year from the date of her sale to me."

Said Mr. Mace:

"Can't you make it one hundred and ten thousand dollars, Mr. Emmitt?"

"No, I have made my best offer," was the reply.

Mr. Mace informed Mrs. Davis of Emmitt's really splendid offer. She accepted it, and so Mace informed Mr. Emmitt, a few days later. The purchase was made on these terms, and Mrs. Davis was given Emmitt's check for sixty thousand dollars, and his note for forty thousand dollars, for one year.

The investment made by Mr. Davis is what may be called a "rale good 'un." In five years a clear profit of one hundred thousand dollars was realized thereon, aside from a yearly interest of ten and eight per cent. paid upon all money he put directly into the business. And this vast profit was made, too, without any trouble or annoyance to him, further than putting up the money as required. The partnership between Mr. Emmitt and Mr. Davis was of the happiest nature.

Both men trusted each other implicitly, and there was never a jar between them. And so well was the rich man of the concern pleased with the management, integrity and business sagacity of his young partner, that even while death was shadowing his bed of pain, he was planning to so shape affairs that the successful career that was opening so splendidly before Mr. Emmitt would not be interfered with because of a lack of means.

James Davis was a notable character, and the manner in which he rose to wealth, and some of his characteristics, will be found of profitable interest.

CHAPTER XIX.

FIFTEEN MILLION DOLLARS — THE SIZE OF THE FORTUNE ACHIEVED BY A MAN WHO BEGAN LIFE WORKING FOR SIX DOLLARS A MONTH — HOW WEALTH AND HONORS COME TO THE MAN OF COURAGE, HONOR, HONESTY AND STRONG BUSINESS SENSE — THE WONDERFUL COMMERCIAL ACHIEVEMENTS OF DAVID DOWS, THE OLD-TIME BUSINESS FRIEND OF HON. JAMES EMMITT — A STRONG BOND OF FRIENDSHIP THAT HAS EXTENDED AND INCREASED THROUGH A PERIOD OF ALMOST FIFTY YEARS — AN EASTERN MONEY KING, WHOSE NAME IS HONORED IN THE WEST.

IN Harper's Magazine for July, 1886, appears an elaborate and highly interesting paper, "The New York Produce Exchange," by Richard Wheatly, and handsomely illustrated by the happy pencils of Gibson, Weldon and Woodward. Prominent among these superb illustrations, is the portrait of a fine-faced old gentleman, that will attract your immediate attention, and hold it until you have become familiar with the lines that give it so much character, and cause it to stand out as the strongest face in the gallery of distinguished men, of which it forms a part. It is the portrait of David Dows, one of New York's oldest, most successful and widely-known business

men — particularly through this western country. The lowest estimate placed upon his wealth is fifteen million dollars, and he is publicly credited with being worth twenty million dollars — every dollar of which was made within the lines of legitimate business. His is a fine old face, with gray, almost white, side-whiskers. A high, broad forehead, large, thoughtful eyes, a fine, firm mouth and an expression half stern, half kindly, give to David Dows' face a character exceedingly strong and pleasing. Long years of business care; transactions involving millions of dollars; the stress of financial panics; of commercial wars, and the wear and tear of a half-century of unceasing watchfulness of the markets of the world, have given that look of deep thoughtfulness to his face, that is one of its distinguishing characteristics.

This fine old man, who is to-day, as he has been for years past, one of the money kings of the east, is the warm personal and business friend of the Hon. James Emmitt. These two men have been intimately associated, in business affairs, for almost a half century.

Their dealings have amounted to millions of dollars, and have extended through periods fraught with all manner of trials and dangers, in a commercial sense; through periods when the credit of banks, business houses and individuals was tottering and falling on every hand; when there was no stability to

the national currency; when wild cat schemes of every sort were sprung, to entail ruin, far and wide; when no man could bank upon his neighbor's financial strength; through the revolutionizing period of the civil war; through the ever-changing business systems, and yet, during all this time, no disagreement, or trouble of any sort, has ever occurred between them. They have trusted each other, from first to last, in the most implicit way, and nothing has ever occurred to shake the close friendship that has existed between them for so long.

David Dows' portrait is given place in Harper's Magazine, because he was one of the founders of the truly magnificent New York Produce Exchange—probably the finest business palace in the world—and because he is one of the solid, energetic and honorable business men, who have contributed so handsomely to the prosperity of New York, and to the development of the business resources of the country.

The history of this man, now eminent in the world of business and finance, is full of interest to the people of this section, with whom he dealt so long, so largely and so honorably. Like Mr. Emmitt, he began life right at the foot of the hill. He was born not far from Schenectady, New York, at a small place called Charlton, in Saratoga County, in 1814. His father was a farmer of very ordinary means, and in common with the other children of his

father's large family, he worked for quite a while on the farm. His bent was toward commercial life and he found employment as a clerk at Amsterdam, and later at Albany. When about nineteen years old, he went to New York and entered his brother's store, in the capacity of porter, at six dollars a month. His brother, John Dows, formed a partnership with Ira B. Cary, under the firm name of Dows & Cary, and David Dows identified himself with their business — that of commission merchants. He was a singularly capable business man, and in 1837, was admitted to a partnership in the firm, which continued along without a change of name.

John Dows died in February, 1844, in his forty-sixth year, and David Dows and Ira B. Cary continued the business along, under the same name. Mr. Cary died in January, 1854, fifty-eight years old. David Dows then sent to California for his nephew, John D. Mairs, with whom he formed a partnership, under the style of David Dows & Co. Later, his brother, Ami Dows, who had been a member of the celebrated vigilance committee of California, that banished rank lawlessness from that state during the great gold excitement, was taken into the firm. Van Duzen, Mairs, another nephew, and Alexander E. Orr, a nephew by marriage, were admitted to a partnership in the house. Alexander Orr, whose portrait is also given in the July Harper's, made his mark in the world of business, and

became a power in eastern financial circles. Orr originated at Belfast, Ireland. Mr. Emmitt, in 1862, had a canal boat built at Urichsville, which he called the "Alexander E. Orr." He still owns and operates the boat. He has a photograph of it, lying at one of the wharves at Cleveland, in 1862. Cleveland wasn't much of a town, then.

The firm of David Dows & Co., which always stuck to a legitimate commission business, and ever avoided stocks and speculations, became known all over the country as the largest and most reliable commission house in New York City. The firm passed through many a terrible crisis, and sustained tremendous losses, but it triumphed in the end, and David Dows is today, as has been said, worth at least fifteen million dollars. He has gotten along to that period of life when he can afford to contemplate the fierce commercial struggles from a safe and pleasant viewpoint. He has rather withdrawn from the commission trade now—entrusting it to younger hands—and is paying a great deal of attention to railroads, and his varied financial interests. He built the Dows elevator at the foot of Pacific Street, Brooklyn, which is one of the largest grain elevators in this country. He has been a director of the Chicago and Northwestern; the Chicago, Minneapolis and Omaha; the Union Pacific, and the Delaware and Hudson Railroads; and he has been, for a number of years, Vice-President of the Chicago and

Rock Island Road. He was one of the organizers of the Corn Exchange Bank, in which he owns considerable stock, and he is also connected with several insurance and trust companies. His financial interests, in other words, are large and varied. He never, however, dabbles in stocks. If he buys securities of any sort he buys them outright and locks them up. He is not by temperament a speculator, and would not go into Wall Street and operate on a margin.

Like most men of great wealth, who have risen to opulence through their own exertions, he is a man of democratic tastes. He dresses very plainly, wears no jewelry, and at times does not even wear a watch chain. He has a princely residence at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street, and a fine stable with a number of horses, though he seldom uses them himself.

He did not marry until he was almost forty years of age, and for a number of years lived in a plain, three-story house in Irving Place. He regrets that cozy home to this day. Fifth Avenue has no particular attractions for a man of his temperament. He has seven children, mostly girls, and his domestic relations are very happy. He is not a society man in any sense, though by no means unsocial. He finds in his family all the society he requires. When his son David married he presented him with a house on Sixty-ninth Street which cost ninety-two thousand dollars, and to

Mrs. Cooksey, a daughter, he also presented a fine residence.

His summer residence is at Irvington. It cost him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It is not far from the palatial summer seats of Jay Gould and Cyrus W. Field, and is one of the most magnificent estates on the Hudson.

Mr. Emmitt began shipping goods to New York, by way of New Orleans, as early as 1835. His early consignments were mainly of flour and pork, which, for quite awhile, were sent to Suydam, Sage & Co., commission merchants. The firm did pretty well with his goods for some time, but their management of his consignments finally became so unsatisfactory that Mr. Emmitt concluded to go to New York and perfect agreeable arrangements with a new commission house, which would render him better service. He had, from time to time, consigned some goods to Dows & Cary—who had established a produce commission house in New York as early as 1838—and their returns were uniformly agreeable. He was much impressed with their way of doing business before he started for New York.

He made this first trip in 1843, going from Waverly to Portsmouth, by coach; from Portsmouth to Wheeling, by steamer; from Wheeling to Cumberland, by coach, and from Cumberland to Baltimore; from Baltimore to Philadelphia, and from Philadelphia to Amboy, by railway, and from Amboy to New York, by

boat. There were no railroads into New York then. At that time the Astor House was in the extreme upper end of New York, and Water and Broadway were the main thoroughfares. With Mr. Emmitt, on his first trip east, was the great Hon. Tom Benton, of Missouri, the giant champion of hard money, and one of the foremost figures and ablest orators in national politics at that day; John I. Vanmeter, Esq., the father of Judge J. M. Vanmeter of this city; Bob Montgomery and William Hall, of Portsmouth.

The coach reached Cumberland at midnight. It was bitter cold, and to their consternation, the coach party found the town, which was then the terminus of one of the first lines of railroad built in America, actually crowded with travelers. They went from house to house, calling up the owners, seeking lodging, but were everywhere denied, as in every home and public place, not only the beds, but the floors, were occupied by sleepers. After wandering about for almost two hours, in the stinging cold, Mr. Vanmeter, after making an able plea to a citizen in a night cap and long flannel shirt, in which he implored admittance "for God's sake," as well as for their own, the party was given permission to crowd in and rest on the floor until morning.

The next morning they took the train for Baltimore. That was Mr. Emmitt's first experience in

railway traveling, and, as he confesses, it frightened him almost to death.

After reaching New York, Mr. Emmitt made some close inquiries regarding the various commission houses, and from all that he could learn, he was satisfied that Dows & Cary were the men with whom he could most safely do business. He went around to them, and had a long talk with Mr. Cary. Satisfactory arrangements were perfected between the firm of Dows & Cary and James Emmitt, and the latter agreed to consign all of his shipments of flour, pork, lard, highwines and live hogs to the former. Dows & Cary agreed to allow Mr. Emmitt to draw on them, in advance of shipments, to the amount of one thousand dollars. This was to allow him, at all times, to have a fair working cash capital—for be it remembered, that one thousand dollars, in 1843, was quite a large sum of money, and it would purchase a great amount of goods. And from that time on, until a short while ago—a period of over forty years—Mr. Emmitt continued to do an uninterrupted business with the commission house of Dows & Cary. In a letter received a short time ago, by Mr. Emmitt, from his old and beloved friend, David Dows, he says: "You did a regular business with our firm for over forty years; and you can say that during all these many years there was never any mistrust or misunderstanding between

us. There are few, if any, similar instances of this kind in our country."

Ira B. Cary, of the famous firm of Dows & Cary, began life as a shingle maker, on the banks of the Mohawk River, in New York. He would camp out during the winter, shaving shingles, which he would raft to market in the spring. He finally worked into a little business in New York, and when Governor De-Witt Clinton began building his great New York and Erie Canal, Mr. Cary and John Dows found employment in aiding him in his great work. Both Dows and Cary were enthusiastic canal men, and were the first persons to operate canal boats on that water-way. From boating, they went into the commission business in New York, in 1838. In 1838, Mr. Cary came out to Ohio, and went all through the Ohio and Scioto Valleys, buying up grain, flour and stock, and working up a general business for his house. He secured many valuable customers on that trip.

In 1857, David Dows came out from New York to visit his friend, Mr. Emmitt. That was the first trip he ever made into this country, where his name was so familiar.

When Mr. Emmitt began shipping regularly to Dows & Cary, he sent them great quantities of goods—highwines, wheat, pork, lard, corn—everything in the way of produce and provisions. These goods, after the opening of the canal, were boated to Cleveland,

during the months from April to September, and from Cleveland the merchandise was taken in ships to New York. From October until April, consignments were sent down the Ohio River to New Orleans, and thence to New York by boat.

In 1850, Mr. Emmitt sent a cargo of whisky to California — being probably the first to make a venture of this nature. The goods had to go around by way of Cape Horn. The passage was a terribly stormy one, and the goods were a long time in reaching their destination. Nothing was heard from them for a year, but they finally got there, and their sale, a year later, returned the adventurous merchant a handsome profit.

After this, Mr. Emmitt had Dows & Cary manage all of his California consignments. Other distillers got to shipping goods to California, but owing to the fact that Emmitt & Davis' whiskies were always shipped in superior cooperage, they fared better on the long, rough voyage than any others, and for this reason commanded a better price. It was not an infrequent thing for distillers to lose a whole cargo of whisky because of the weakness of their barrels.

Dows & Cary were a strong firm, and they weathered all the financial storms, occurring from time to time, that swept so many firms out of existence. In 1846, owing to the great decline in flour, Dows & Cary suspended payment on all the paper they had accepted for customers who were in debt to the firm, and who

had not property in their hands to cover the drafts made. By this course they were enabled to carry their worthy customers along in good shape, and hardship only befell those who hadn't kept up their end of the string.

About the breaking out of the war, Dows & Cary had accepted paper, on their customers' accounts, to the amount of two million five hundred thousand dollars. Everything was in a rather chaotic state. Values were flitting up and down; stability had ceased to be an element in business; failures, large and small, were occurring all over the country, and the New York markets had all gone crazy. Many of the oldest and strongest houses in that city had to put up the shutters; but by draining all their resources, and by making a mighty struggle, Dows & Cary were enabled to meet all their acceptances, and to do it without sacrificing a dollar's worth of their customers' property, in their hands—among which was fourteen thousand barrels of Emmitt & Davis' whisky.

This great victory made the house of Dows & Cary famous, and after the smoke of the financial battle had cleared away, Dows & Cary could scarcely find clerks enough to handle the vast and overwhelming business that poured in upon them, particularly from the west. It seemed that everybody wanted to consign to them, and their business actually knew no limit. They practically had a monopoly of the flour, wheat, pork

and whisky market of New York. All the producers of this section, learning of Mr. Emmitt's successes, through Dows & Cary, and of the wonderful resources of that firm, promptly began shipping to them. It is owing to this fact that the name and achievements of David Dows are so well known through this western country. During this period of excitement, Mr. Emmitt made six hundred thousand dollars in eighteen months. He often counted his profits at two thousand dollars a day.

David Dows, during the war, rendered the government incalculable aid in assisting it to provision its armies. He was the middle man between the government and the speculators. Little flour was purchased; the "hard tack" bakeries made such purchases unnecessary. But the government would, at times, buy at New York alone some fifty thousand boxes of bacon and a hundred thousand barrels of pork, to be sent to the camps along the Potomac, the James, and in the Shenandoah Valley. At such times the government agents would go to David Dows and ask him to purchase the supplies for them. Everybody was eager to make money out of the government. The traders always advanced prices in an almost impudent fashion whenever they found that the army needed supplies, and it was for this reason that Mr. Dows' aid was sought. He often made enormous purchases without anyone suspecting whom they were for. At such

times he was supposed to be speculating on his own account. He saved the government, in this way, a very large sum of money.

And to this day there is the warmest friendship existing between David Dows and James Emmitt—sturdy, successful men, who have come up to wealth and prominence through the most disheartening struggles. The history of David Dows' life would make profitable reading for the young men of to-day.

Concerning David Dows, the New York millionaire, and one of the warmest friends Hon. James Emmitt has on earth, this characteristic story is told.

Almost all the leading business men and financiers of the day can tell interesting experiences of their commercial life, and so, undoubtedly, could David Dows; but his transactions have not been of the startling sort that sometimes amaze the trading world. He has the cautiousness of a thoroughly shrewd man, and attains his results without any flourish of trumpets.

One illustration of the fact, however, that he could be as bold as he was adroit, may be cited, and it will do for many others that might be given. In common with many other large dealers in grain and flour, he received for many years, as already stated, consignments of highwines. In fact, for some years, he had a practical monopoly of the business, so far as New York was concerned. He received in some years not far from four hundred thousand barrels. He once

formed an alliance with another large receiver, with a view of advancing the price. The venture seemed to promise well, but finally Mr. Dows found that his ally was violating an agreement not to sell except at a given price; that he was secretly selling, and was likely to leave "Uncle David"—as he was sometimes called—in the lurch. Mr. Dows went to the corner of the produce exchange, where the traders interested in the article were assembled, and openly began to sell at lower prices. Everybody was amazed, and a stir was occasioned when the word passed around, "Uncle David is selling." His ally took the alarm. He went to Mr. Dows, and said:

"Why, how is this, Mr. Dows? I thought we were not to sell without letting each other know."

"Well, you see, I am selling," was the laconic response.

Firmly convinced that it was now a race to see who could sell out the quickest, the man rushed into the market and sold right and left with such frantic haste that the price fell rapidly. Meanwhile, Mr. Dows, having started the market downward by the sale of only a few hundred barrels, and having frightened his double-dealing associate into selling, secretly set a number of brokers to work buying up all that was offered, and at the close of 'change it was found that he was complete master of the situation. He had bought largely at very low prices, and now controlled the en-

tire stock in the New York market. Then he advanced the price, and in the end it proved a very successful business campaign. He had, in Wall Street parlance, "shaken out" his business enemy; that is, he had frightened him into selling out his entire stock by artificially lowering the price at such a rapid rate that, so to speak, it took away the man's breath. While he deceived the crowd of traders by selling with studied display, his numerous brokers at a certain time completed the coup. Such tactics were then new to commercial circles, though they have become hackneyed since.

Geo. A. Emmitt, son of the Hon. James Emmitt, who is now superintending the Waverly Roller Process Mills and Distillery, was receiving and insurance clerk with David Dows & Co. during 1854 to 1856, in New York City, which, to some extent, accounts for the intimate terms existing between the Dows and the Emmitts. Young Emmitt generally delivered the Sunday mail to Mr. Dows at Irving Place, where he was always hospitably entertained. This spirit of confidence between them was followed by a joint-account wheat transaction, after George A. Emmitt commenced business at Chillicothe in the firm of Emmitt & Sons in 1857, resulting in profits to the amount of fifty thousand dollars the first year.

CHAPTER XX.

JIMMY GLADSTONE, THE FIRST COUSIN OF ENGLAND'S GREAT PREMIER, A PIONEER OF THE SCIOTO VALLEY — AN INTERESTING SCRAP OF HISTORY, CONCERNING THE EDUCATED, HIGH-BRED BACKWOODSMAN, WHO CAME TO AMERICA TO BETTER HIS FORTUNES – A TRAGEDY ATTENDANT UPON WAGONING SILVER OVER THE MOUNTAINS, BEFORE THE DAYS OF THE PICTURESQUE ROAD AGENT OR THE ADVENT OF EXPRESS COMPANIES – THE CROCHETS OF JIMMY McLEISH — MAKING CHANGE WITH DOG-LEG TOBACCO — A NOVEL HEAD PROTECTOR.

I WANTED to see Gladstone win his great fight in England; I was anxious about it, in fact—almost as much so as though it was a great political contest of our own," said the Hon. James Emmitt. "Every man wants to see a great public man triumph—or fail, as the case may be—for some particular reason. And aside from being in complete sympathy with the principles and glorious end for which Gladstone made his splendid fight, I particularly wanted to see him succeed for a reason quite aside from general considerations."

"What was this immediate concern for Gladstone's success?" was asked.

"Because, for a long period of years, I was the in-

timate friend and almost neighbor of the Premier's first cousin—James Gladstone—Jimmy Gladstone, I always called him, as did everyone else, in this section."

"The Premier's first cousin? How is that? Where did he come from and where did he live?"

"Now, young man, there's just four questions in one breath. Let's take 'em one at a time. Yes, sir, Jimmy Gladstone was the Right Honorable William Gladstone's first cousin, and like the Premier, was born in Liverpool, where he was also reared; and like his cousin William, he graduated at Christ Church, Oxford—and with honors, it is said."

"How did he come to emigrate to America?"

"I don't know. Intimate as I was with him, for so many years, I never asked him, and he never volunteered the information. But I always thought that his main reason in coming out here was to better his fortune—for he was by no means rich. Neither was his brother, who came out to this section with him. Their family had been a wealthy one, but had fallen into decay, I always thought, for James Gladstone was certainly a gentleman's son. He was a man of fine presence and excellent breeding, and his manners at home were really charming. To the world he was rather a brusque, cold, dignified man—'a thrifty Scotchman,' you would say, knowing him only indifferently. And that is what he was, to all intents

and purposes, a thrifty 'Scotchman.' Although an Englishman by birth, his Scotch ancestry was strongly betrayed in his accent."

"Was he married?"

"Oh, yes, and had one of the finest wives that ever blessed a man. She was a perfect helpmate, truly. They were strongly attached to each other, and were never long apart, at any time. They came to this country about 1820, and settled up near Farmersville, Ross County, putting up a hewn log house in a little valley not far from where ex-Commissioner David Shotts was raised.

"They brought considerable furniture, of a very modest sort, with them from England, and set up quite a comfortable home in the wilderness. Mr. Gladstone was fully twenty years older than myself, and he always impressed me as being a very superior man. This impression was largely due to his excellent education. He was well read, and I often marveled at the extent of his knowledge. There always seemed to be a certain air of reserve, even sadness, surrounding him, for which I could never account.

"To visit him at his rude but comfortable home in the woods, was certainly a real pleasure, for both himself and his good wife were very hospitable and pleasant. I remember riding over to see him one Sunday with Mrs. Emmitt, shortly after we were

married. We enjoyed a pleasant day, and when we were about to leave, Mrs. Gladstone gave Mrs. Emmitt a finely polished horn spoon, which she had brought over from England with her.

"Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone had no children, and their chief source of entertainment was the newspapers, which they regularly received from England. Having come to America to better their fortunes—as I thought—they neglected no effort conducive to that end. They were both untiring workers, and besides doing general farming, they raised apples, cherries and small fruits of almost all kinds, and Mrs. Gladstone sent a great deal of butter and eggs into Waverly, to sell. They always had something to dispose of, and I don't believe Jimmy Gladstone ever made an unprofitable trip to Waverly. Before leaving the neighborhood of Farmersville, they managed to accumulate something over eight thousand dollars.

"When they first moved into the country, Gladstone's brother was with them. He finally moved up on Pee-Pee, and being a good mill-wright, he built a grist mill near his home. He finally moved over to Zanesville. About 1856 or '57, Jimmy Gladstone moved away from Farmersville, to a farm he had purchased below Chillicothe in the vicinity of Lunbeck's mill. He lived there some years, and finally, at his brother's solicitation, he moved over to Zanesville, where he died about 1870. I don't know just when Mrs. Glad-

stone died, but old Jimmy left his property to his brother's children. I know this, because I settled with them for the money Mr. Gladstone had deposited with me. For years, he had made a regular practice of leaving most of his surplus money in my keeping, and when he died, I had considerable of his money in my hands. We had not had a settlement for years; and even when his brother's children notified me that Mr. Gladstone had bequeathed them his property, they did not want a final settlement only asking that I pay them the annual interest on the money. But I preferred to close the old gentleman's account up and gave them a check for the amount due them.

[illegible]

land, downed the Right Honorable William, for his brother 'Jimmy's' sake."

Old Jimmy McLeish was a queer character, who kept a general store at Sharonville, about 1835. He was a man of great religious pretension, and a prodigious swearer when angry, and he became angry on the slightest provocation.

He was afflicted with a reel foot, but when drunk—for Jimmy did get gloriously drunk—he could dance with the nimblest of the boys.

He was full of crochets, and used to do many outlandish things. His store was also his dwelling; his counter his couch. He conceived the idea that some one would shoot him while he was asleep, and to avoid being shot in the head, he invariably slept with his vagary-filled cranium in a ten-gallon iron kettle, placed upon the counter, with the bottom toward the window. In this head-protector he felt secure. Sharonville, then as now, was a pretty slow town. One day a canal boatman stepped into old McLeish's store and asked:

"Uncle Jimmy, have you any lard?"

"Yes, sir; lots of it."

"Is it for sale?"

"Why, you d—d snake-eating fool, of course it's for sale. What in h—l do you suppose I'm running the biggest store in Sharonville for?"

"Well, I want enough lard to grease the town with, and then I'll let the dogs lick the d—d place up."

The boatman got out of the door just in advance of a billet of wood.

During the early years of Uncle Jimmy McLeish's

business career the currency in general use ran this way: six and one-fourth cents, twelve and one-half cents, eighteen and three-fourth cents and twenty-five cents. Jimmy had much of his merchandise arranged in half-pound and pound packages, to be sold either at six and one-fourth or twelve and one-half cents per pound or half-pound, or by "the quarter's worth." His dog-leg tobacco was put up in pound packages, six twists to the pound, and sold at twelve and one-half cents per package.

When the currency was changed, and ten-cent pieces came into circulation, old Jimmy was greatly distressed. It upset his business system completely. Many of his customers got into the habit of coming in, calling for a pound of "dog-leg," throwing down a ten-cent piece, and walking out. Jimmy grew tired of this, and finally overhauled his stock, and so arranged his tobacco that when a fellow called for a pound, and threw down a dime in pay therefor, he could snatch out two twists of the weed. That is the way Uncle Jimmy "made change."

It was about the time that quaint Billy McLeish thought life was scarcely worth living—in 1835—that a tragedy occurred at Uniontown, Pennsylvania, that horrified this whole community, and particularly the business element of Chillicothe.

It was the custom of the old Bank of Chillicothe to carry a pretty large deposit in one of the banks of

Philadelphia, to meet the drafts made thereon by the merchants of this section; and to this bank it sent about all its surplus silver. This surplus often ran well up into the thousands, and when a "load" of it had been accumulated, it was wagoned over the mountains to Philadelphia.

In 1835 the bank had several thousands of dollars to send back to its eastern depository, and Billy Watt, of Chillicothe, was employed to take the cargo of money to Philadelphia. The silver was placed in kegs, loaded into a great conestoga wagon, and started for the country over the mountains, with Watt in charge, as guard, and a somewhat raw German as driver. Both Watt and the driver were well armed, and slept in the wagon every night.

Everything went well until Uniontown, Pennsylvania, was reached. There, Watt was seized with the fear that he had lost a keg of the silver entrusted to him. He had no invoice of the treasure he was carrying—that having been sent on by mail—and dreading the accusations that would be made against him at home, on account of the missing silver, he concluded to end his life.

When the German driver awoke in the morning he found Watt hanging from the rear end of the high conestoga wagon, a strong rope about his bruised and

blackened neck, and the agony of death pictured in his ghastly face.

The poor German was almost frightened to death. He was a stranger in an unfamiliar country, and the fact that he was the sole guardian of so much treasure, almost paralyzed him with fear. After rallying his senses, he had Watt's body properly cared for, and pushed on to Philadelphia, which he reached in safety with the silver.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN OLD CHESTNUT, BUT ONE FROM WHICH A LONG LINE OF CORRESPONDENTS HAVE FAILED TO EXTRACT THE CREAMY KERNEL — THE WONDERFUL AND PICTURESQUE LYING PERPETRATED BY THE BIOGRAPHERS OF A ROMANTIC AND SOLITARY CITIZEN — THE RECLUSE OF YOAKUM'S TRACE, WHO WAS NEVER DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE, WHO NEVER FLED A MOTHER-IN-LAW, AND WHO WAS NOT A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE, BUT WHO LIVED A HERMIT'S LIFE BECAUSE HE WAS STUCK ON HIS OWN SOCIETY, AND PREFERRED A BUCKSKIN SHIRT TO THE STIFF, GLARING GARMENT OF AN EFFETE CIVILIZATION — THE FLAT-FOOTED TRUTH ABOUT HEWITT, THE HERMIT.

THERE is no more venerable, long-haired, mouldy old chestnut in the literature of this section, than the story of Hewitt, the Hermit.

Every newspaper man who has developed in this vicinity in the last fifty years has taken a whirl at it.

Every correspondent, from east or west, who has chanced this way, as well as every correspondent resident in Southern Ohio, has "done" the story of the Hermit for his paper.

It is one of the stock romances of the Scioto Valley, and it has been paraded before the public eye in many a wonderful and grotesque garb.

It has been told to every traveler up and down the

valley in the last half century, and every narrator rather "tried" himself to make it real interesting to his eager listener.

Every new writer for the local press who has come up in the past quarter of a century, tackled poor old Hewitt, as a fit subject upon which to try his imaginative capability.

Thousands of people have driven along the pike, between Chillicothe and Waverly, to pass or inspect the cave that the solitary old man occupied for so many years; and while they lingered about the old man's former residence—which never had either a name or number on the door—they were regaled with stories, wild and wierd, of the ancient citizen's career. The story-teller, almost invariably, painted a picture agreeable to his own playful fancy.

As a result of these many good-natured rival influences, and the natural tendency of the American biographer to do a little picturesque lying, William Hewitt has been the most persistently misrepresented man who ever grew into public notoriety in Ohio.

Only a short time ago, a correspondent writing from Columbus to the Cincinnati Enquirer, undertook to tell the life-story of Hewitt the Hermit, and in doing so, rang in a number of new and strictly original changes. His most startling bit of information was that Hewitt was a murderer, having killed his wife, and probably all the members of his family,

back in Virginia, and then fled the country, to escape punishment. He buried himself in the woods, the remainder of his life, to avoid the hangman's rope. One cold, snowy morning, the correspondent said, a passer by found the poor, wretched man cold in death on the cold floor of his cold cave. It was all a very cold story, and contained just one accurate statement. That was, that there was a hermit named Hewitt, who, in the long, long ago, occupied a cave somewhere in the vicinity of the Dividing Ridge, about ten miles below Chillicothe.

Now, as a matter of fact, there was nothing either particularly romantic or startling in the career of this unromantic, solitary citizen, Hewitt.

But while this is true, the story of his strange, solitary life is full of common, every-day human interest. There is just one man living to-day who can relate a truthful history of the "Hermit of Yoakum's Trace," and that man is the Hon. James Emmitt.

Mr. Emmitt knew Hewitt long, intimately and well. He was probably the old man's most trusted friend, and during the nine years that they saw much of each other, a species of confidence sprang up between them, that was not unmixed with admiration on Hewitt's part for the man who was gradually growing from a teamster's estate, to be a man of

wealth and influence. This is Mr. Emmitt's story of Hewitt's life:

Hewitt was a Virginian, having originated somewhere in the vicinity of Staunton. As a boy, he was a shy, lonely youth, but with a certain well-marked element of stubbornness, or common bull-headedness, in his make up. He was never a playful boy, hilarious youth or giddy man. He was always a rather exclusive citizen, and rather stuck on his own society. He carried this exclusiveness to that point that, after he went into retirement, he didn't even take a dog along, to keep him company. But he did take a great, long rifle, a formidable hunting knife and a small ax with a long handle—by courtesy, in this case, called a tomahawk—and upon these essential weapons, he lavished the affection that he should have given some good, loving woman. Hewitt was a rare chump as far as womankind was concerned. He seemed utterly devoid of all personal interest in or care for the gentler sex, the refined salt of the earth; and, so far as he was concerned, the Lord needn't have robbed Adam of his seventh rib, for the purpose of obtaining the framework for Eve; and Adam might have been spared going through life with a pain in his side, and wearing a porous plaster, on this account.

Just after Hewitt had verged into manhood, his father died, and as is customary to this day, a row oc-

curred over the division of the old gentleman's property, which was quite considerable. Some of the children were disposed to exhibit their swinishness, and tried to gobble the old man's estate, to the exclusion of the interests of less aggressive members of the family. The performances of this little knot of family banditti utterly disgusted Hewitt, and one day —and the chronicler doesn't say whether it was in June or December—William Hewitt disappeared. No one knew whither he had gone, and there is no record to show that anyone cared, in particular. His scheming relatives doubtless thought that William was a very clever young man, to get out of their way so gently and yet so thoroughly.

William Hewitt, Mr. Emmitt afterward learned from his own lips, tramped from Virginia into the wilderness of the new west. When he left home, it was with the full intention of never returning; and with the further well-defined purpose of spending the remainder of his life in his own company, he having satisfied himself that he was the only honest, unselfish man he knew.

He finally reached the rugged, unexplored region of what is now Jackson County, Ohio, where he found game of all kinds wonderfully abundant—particularly deer. The country abounded in fine salt licks, which were frequented by hundreds, even thousands, of the graceful animals whose hams have al-

ways held a high place in the estimation of men, whose appetites were yet unfettered by dyspepsia. The hills of that country were as abundantly supplied with caves as its woods were with deer, and Hewitt concluded that he had stumbled into the back lot of Paradise. He took possession of a comfortable cave, and lived there for no one knows how many years, but probably at least a quarter of a century. He left home in a huff about 1790, when he was nearly twenty-six years old.

The country in which Hewitt had settled, and where he had for so long been living on the fat of the land, at last began to fill up. The discovery of salt in Jackson County drew a great many people into that region, early in the present century, and with the advent of the trader and settler, game began to grow less abundant.

It often occurred that Hewitt would meet a pioneer as frequently as once a month, and this constant contact with his fellowmen worried him considerably. He conceived the idea that strangers were crowding his domain, and probably oppressed with the idea that he might be asked to be god-father for some backwoodsman's baby, or maybe elected squire or territorial governor, he concluded to move further into the wilderness. Another reason had considerable weight in bringing him to this determination. The game was

being driven ahead of the pioneers, and he found it expedient to follow the game.

So one fine morning, when the dew was on the paw-paw blossoms, he gathered his few traps together, abandoned his brown-stone cave, and rambled up toward what is now Ross County. Almost at the base of the Dividing Ridge's gentle slope to the southward, he found a cave in a lowly hillside that met his fancy. This cave was nothing more than a great ledge of rock, projecting out eight or ten feet over a shelving bank, and forming a one-sided room of fair dimensions. The rock ceiling was so low, however, that at no point could a man of ordinary stature stand erect. But the place evidently suited Hewitt to a dot, and he concluded to make it his permanent home. He enclosed the cave's open front with a loosely laid up wall of rock, gathered from the abundance of building material at hand. At one end of the cave he erected a heavy oaken door, which he had hewn out with his little tomahawk. This door was swung on very clumsy wooden hinges, and was fastened by driving a peg through its outer board, and into a crevice in the rocky wall. This door swung into the cave. He soon carpeted the flat-rock floor of his cave with a bountiful supply of deer skins, tanned with the hair on, and you may be assured they made a delightful and comfortable carpet. At one end of the cave was a fire-place, with a hole in the roof for a chimney. The ventilation of the cave was not such

as would commend it to the favor of Professor Dowd, and about meal time it would have been a bad place for a consumptive or asthmatic citizen to loaf. It must have been a very smoky den.

The only other ordinary furnishings of the cave were a number of venison hams, a skillet, and a few of the most ordinary cooking utensils. You would have strained your eyes in vain to have discovered on the walls, or in crack or crevice, the picture of "the girl he left behind him," or any other evidence of sentimentalism. He never had a girl to leave behind him. He didn't know any more about womankind than he did about the theory of evolution or a sure cure for corns.

When Hewitt first came into this section, and took possession of his cave, he was a splendid specimen of a man. He was six feet two inches in height, broad and deep-chested, and as straight as a nickle-tipped lightning rod. He weighed something over two hundred pounds, and was as strong and active as a gladiator.

Clad from head to foot in buckskin — moccasins, leggins, hunting shirt, belt and hat—and always armed with gun, tomahawk and knife, Hewitt, the Hermit, was a very picturesque citizen to suddenly meet in the woods.

When he took possession of his cave, be it remembered, there were very few people in this section, and

the only road traversing this country from north to south, was known as Yoakum's Trace. It was merely a wagon trail, and passed Hewitt's Cave at a point about one hundred yards distant from the present curve-beautified turnpike. When the travelers up and down Yoakum's Trace first became aware of the fact that there was a sort of a buckskin-clad Robinson Crusoe skulking about the woods, armed to the teeth, they were much alarmed; and their alarm was heightened, when it became evident that the recluse of Dividing Ridge didn't seek their company. But this fear gradually diminished as they became more familiar with his appearance and manners, and managed to strike up an acquaintance with him. There was this peculiarity about Hewitt. While he never sought any man's company, he never acted the fool about meeting prople, when a meeting was unavoidable. He would never do the sneak act, but when brought into contact with his fellow men, he always bore himself with striking native dignity; rather with the air of a man who felt himself to be a trifle superior to the ordinary run of citizens. He was proud of his solitary life, proud of his entire freedom from the shackles of civilization. And being proud of these things, he was essentially an intensely selfish man, and probably as lazy as he was selfish.

Mr. Emmitt first came to know Hewitt about 1825, when he was wagoning for Hugo Cook between

Portsmouth and Chillicothe, and points north. Mr. Emmitt always drove a six-horse team. The ascent of the Dividing Ridge, in those days of frightful roads, was always a difficult matter. One day when just starting to make the ascent, Hewitt suddenly made his appearance, spoke to Mr. Emmitt and followed his great wagon up the hill, "chocking" the wheels with rocks, whenever the horses were stopped for a few moment's rest. This was a service Mr. Emmitt appreciated very much, and in a reciprocal spirit, he tendered Hewitt his flask of Monongahela water.

The Hermit liked four-fingers of good liquor as well as any man who ever lived, and he took the proffered refreshment with thanks and a relish. He accompanied Mr. Emmitt to the summit of the ridge, and before parting company, he presented the teamster with some choice bits of venison ham.

Very frequently, after this, Hewitt repeated this kindness—assisting Mr. Emmitt in ascending the ridge; and as frequently as he did so, he smiled over the contents of Mr. Emmitt's pocket flask, and favored the wagoner with tid-bits of venison. In this way a pretty strong friendship sprang up between the two men, which lasted until Hewitt's death.

Hewitt was never communicative, and rarely volunteered any information about himself or his people. But he was always a courteous, considerate man, and a sensible talker. He was an expert shot, and rarely

wasted a charge of powder. He was a pretty close student of woodcraft and the habits of the game of the forest. When he wanted a wild turkey, he would go into a neighborhood frequented by them, imitate their call, and soon bring a flock of them within gun range. Then he would select the bird he wanted, and a few moments later would have it over his shoulder, taking it back to the cave, or wherever he chanced to be camping. During the summer season, or as long as the bark would peel from the trees, it was his custom to close up his cave and roam about the country, at pleasure, living off the game of the forest, and sleeping wherever nightfall found him. He would make a bed of moss and grass, and cover himself, when he cared for covering, with sheets of bark from the trees.

He secured his ammunition—of which he was exceedingly careful—by selling venison hams to the wagoners, or at Chillicothe.

One day in 1832, Mr. Emmitt, while at the Madeira Hotel in this city, was accosted by a gentleman, who introduced himself, and said that he was from Virginia. He came to Ohio, he said, to look up a man named William Hewitt, who years before, had disappeared from his Virginia home, and had been lost to the knowledge of his friends, until a few months before. The stranger had had Mr. Emmitt

pointed out to him as a man who could tell him all about Hewitt.

Mr. Emmitt heard the story of Hewitt's flight from home — related above — and then preferred to accompany the stranger to Hewitt's cave, where a conference could be had with the Hermit. The two men rode down to the cave, knocked, and were bidden to enter. They found Hewitt comfortably seated on his fur carpeted floor. He did not get up to receive his visitors, but in a friendly way, made them welcome. He did not at first recognize the stranger, but when told who he was, he said:

"How are you, Bill," as though it had only been yesterday that they had met.

The stranger sought Hewitt to acquaint him with the condition of his property back in Virginia, and how it had been abused by those who then had unlawful possession of it. Hewitt heard him through, with but little show of interest, and when urged by the stranger to return and reclaim his property, he answered, with some vehemence: "Never mind, I'm going back some of these days, and then I'll give 'em hell." He didn't seem to care anything about the value of his property, but showed that he was filled with bitterness toward those on whose account he had renounced civilization and home.

The stranger went back to Virginia, a dissatisfied and rather disgusted man.

Hewitt, as he grew old, became very careless in his

personal habits, and for two years preceding his death, never changed his buckskin garments. He had grown fat and lazy, and made no exertion that was not a necessity. And as he grew old, he became more sociable. One day, in the winter of 1834, he stopped at the house of a widow woman named Lockard, with whom he ate a hearty dinner.

After dinner, he was taken violently ill with a chill. Mr. Emmitt, who was then one of the poor commissioners of Pike County, was notified of Hewitt's illness, and he had the old man removed to a frame building in Waverly, that stood on the site now occupied by Blaser's drug store. Dr. Blackstone was summoned and gave the man the needed medical attention. The Hermit was stricken with pneumonia.

His person was in an absolutely filthy condition. The dirty buckskin garments were cut from his person, and he was given a thorough bath — the first he had had for three years, or longer. He was newly and comfortably clothed by Mr. Emmitt, was provided with a male nurse, and made as comfortable as possible. The ladies of Waverly were very kind to him, and daily brought him many delicacies. He began to improve, and one night, about a week after he was taken ill, his nurse, a man named Cole, left him alone and went up to Downing's Hotel, to spend the night. When he returned in the morning, Hewitt was dead.

Dr. Blackstone held a post mortem examination,

and found the Hermit's left lung to be in a state of the most frightful decay. It was a mass of putrid matter.

"There was a queer incident connected with the history of the Hermit's bones, that should not be lost," said Mr. Emmitt.

"Hewitt was buried in the old graveyard at Waverly, about one square southeast of the Court House. But he was not allowed to remain long in his grave. He was resurrected by Dr. William Blackstone, and carved up in artistic shape. A portion of Hewitt's skeleton—the entire skull, and the bones composing the chest, ribs and backbone—was mounted by Dr. Blackstone.

"We have a stone-mason now living in Waverly, and in my employ, named Edward Vester. He came here in 1852, and that very year, was employed to place a cellar under the house of Dr. William Blackstone. When making the excavation for this purpose, Vester, to his intense horror, came upon a mass of well-preserved human bones, about three feet below the surface. He carefully gathered together every piece of this horrid find, and reburied the bones at another point beside the foundation wall of the house, putting them in a grave three feet deep. This was in 1852. In 1883—thirty-one years later—I had occasion to build an outside cellar-way to a residence adjoining

the Blackstone house, and employed Vester to do the work for me.

"While making the excavation for the cellar entrance, Vester again came upon a lot of human bones, which proved to be the same ones, those of Hewitt, the Hermit, which he had reburied thirty-two years before. He had forgotten all about the location of the bones, and no one was quite so startled as he, when they were unearthed for the second time. But it was odd, wasn't it, that this man, Vester, after a lapse of thirty-one years, should again 'discover' the remains of the Hermit of Yoakum's Trace? Up to 1852, when Vester first found these bones, it was not positively known that Dr. Blackstone had resurrected and dissected Hewitt, although the suspicion that he had done both, was very generally believed. We lived near neighbors to Blackstone at the time of Hewitt's death, and in common with others in that locality, were sure we could detect a very disagreeable odor emanating from the Doctor's rear office. The suspicion that this odor arose from the kettle in which the Doctor was boiling the flesh from Hewitt's bones, met with great public favor. But this was the strongest evidence we had against the Doctor, until Vester unearthed the Hermit's bones, in 1852. You know the rest of the story. When the bones were again brought to light our papers dilated on the find, and a few days

later, I received this letter from Dr. Thomas Blackstone, of Circleville:

CIRCLEVILLE, OHIO, March 2, 1883.

Dear Sir:—To-day I received a very interesting article in the Pike County Republican concerning Hewitt, the Hermit. A while before the death of my uncle, Dr. William Blackstone, of Athens, he presented me with a part of a skeleton, consisting of the entire skull and the bones comprising the chest, the ribs and the back bones. He never would tell me where he got them, but he said he prepared them himself; and I, after reading the article above mentioned, feel perfectly certain that I now have in my office, in a good state of preservation, most of the bones of Hewitt, the Hermit.

Respectfully,
T. BLACKSTONE.

Concluding that the proper thing to do, under the circumstances, was to unite the old man's bones, after their half century's separation, I boxed them up and shipped them to Dr. Blackstone at Circleville, in whose possession they now are."

"Just one more question about Hewitt—was he honest?"

"Perfectly so. I never knew him to do the least dishonest act. His opportunities to commit depredations, or play the road agent, were very good, had he been so inclined. But he never molested anyone, nor did he attempt, in any way, to live off of the settlers in the valley. He made his living entirely with his gun. Hewitt, however, was just as jealous of his own rights as he was careful of the rights of others and the only act of violence, or threatened violence,

that I ever knew him to be guilty of, grew out of a trespass upon him. This incident occurred when I was wagoning between Portsmouth and Chillicothe.

"The regular wagoners, in those days, were annoyed by a lot of 'pirates' or 'gougers,' who would hop in at irregular intervals, to capture a portion of the transportation trade. Among the most troublesome of these fellows, was a young man named Peaks, who was what, in this day, would be called a smart aleck, or a chump. He was inclined to be funny—something of a practical joker. One day, in passing along Yoakum's Trace, the old road leading past Hewitt's cave, Peaks ran down to see the Hermit, but found the cave unoccupied, and the old man nowhere in sight. He thought this a magnificent opportunity to play a joke on the Hermit, and taking down the old man's skillet, committed therein a bestial nuisance.

"Now it so happened that all this time, old Hewitt was on the hill above the cave, gun in hand, watching Peaks' actions as best he could. When the wagoner came out of the cave, laughing, the Hermit knew that he had been up to some mischief, and as soon as he could do so unobserved, he slipped down to his home to see what Peaks had done.

"After taking a peep in the cave, and giving vent to a volley of good, strong language, he started in pursuit of the wagoner. Overtaking Peaks, he covered him with his long old gun, and told him that if

he didn't make reparation for the insult inflicted upon him, he would blow his brains out. Peaks was overcome with terror, and offered to do anything required to appease the old man's wrath. Hewitt placed the damage done his feelings and his property at five dollars—a big sum of money in those days—and Peaks, glad to escape with his life, promptly paid it. This was the only desperate act that I ever knew Hewitt to be guilty of, and it was justifiable. Really, Peaks got off too easily. He should at least have had a good sound threshing for his disgusting attempt at a joke."

The Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike was built past the mouth of Hewitt's cave, in 1840, and in 1842, Mr. Felix Renick, the first President of the company, had a respectable freestone monument erected on the shelving rock, forming the roof of the cave, to mark the grewsome home that Hewitt occupied from 1820 to 1834.

The erection of this monument was a wise, money-making scheme, and has paid for itself an hundred times over. Thousands of people have driven up or down that pike—and paid their toll both ways—in order to see the monument, and the cave where the old Hermit lived, slept on a bed of finest deerskin, ate his choice venison, and laughed at the cares of a struggling, feverish world. He always ate his paw-paws in peace.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SLAVERY DAYS, WHEN IT WASN'T SAFE TO SANCTION THE SEDITIOUS DOCTRINE OF ABOLITION — THE HOWLING RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE HON. GEORGE THOMPSON OF ENGLAND, BY A PIKE COUNTY MOB, AND THE ARTISTIC MANNER IN WHICH THE ENGLISH ORATOR WAS DECORATED WHILE FLYING FROM WAVERLY ON HIS BOB TAILED NAG — A REMINISCENCE OF THE STIRRING DAYS OF LONG AGO.

I RECENTLY read with exceeding interest an account of the meeting held by the free soil party at Chillicothe, during the campaign of 1848, when General Zachary Taylor was a candidate for President on the whig ticket, Hon. Lewis Cass on the democratic and ex-President Martin Van Buren on the free soil ticket. It was at that meeting, you remember, that the free soilers, who then only numbered thirty-four in Ross County, secured the great abolitionist, Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, to make an address, for the enlightenment of the adherents of slavery. That meeting almost resulted in a mob.

"But bitter as was the feeling at Chillicothe against those who dared to advocate the doctrine of abolition, at that early day, it was almost feeble as compared with the intense bitterness manifested in

Pike County, against the few abolitionists who were numbered within its bounds.

"The 'seditious doctrine' of abolition was first openly and vigorously broached in Pike County about 1836, and my word for it, it created a storm. As early as 1830, there were two or three abolitionists in our county, and by 1836, their number had increased to possibly six. These men—we call them brave men now, although we thought them little better than limbs of Old Nick in 1836—were Dr. Wm. Blackstone, John Carrolus, Thomas Howard, George Corn and the two James brothers

"Dr. Blackstone was one of the most intense men I ever knew. It mattered not in what direction his opinion or prejudices inclined, he was an extremest—a fanatic. He was bitter on all subjects that interested him, and never bridled the intensity of his feelings. In fact, he was so bitter that the time came when he could no longer live in this community, and his removal therefrom occurred in this way:

"Blackstone came to Waverly from Richmond-Dale, where he had been merchandising. At that place, he bought a store from one of the founders of that town, an old Quaker named Moffitt, on which he made only a partial payment. After operating it for awhile, so the story goes, he had occasion to go to New York to buy goods. He only got as far as Buffalo, I believe, when he started on his return home, a

ruined man, he claiming to have lost all his money in the lake. Before starting for the east, he had begun the erection of a house at Waverly, and after his misfortune on the lake, he came back and removed from Richmond-Dale to our place, taking the precaution to turn over his new property in Waverly to his brother Thomas. Old Moffitt afterward compromised with Blackstone, for whatever he could get, on the latter's indebtedness to him. I don't remember just what the figure was, but I do remember that that transaction didn't do the doctor's credit any particular good. A carpenter named Siegler built Blackstone's house at Waverly, and for his services, the doctor gave him his note, "*payable when convenient.*" An odd form of obligation, wasn't it? I think Siegler, or Siegler's heirs, have that note yet.

"Blackstone was a rank abolitionist, and what we called at that day, a vicious, determined fanatic. He was in a country where there were any number of people just as fanatical in opposition to the doctrine of abolition as he was intense in his advocacy of it—although we didn't think so then. We thought our opposition was justifiable indignation against the preaching of such vile heresy. Blackstone and his five followers, in 1836, had arrayed against them the combined, determined, outspoken sentiment of this whole community, and this whole section as well.

"There was an educated Englishman, George

Thompson, Esq., traveling through Ohio, making abolition addresses, in 1836, and Dr. Blackstone determined to have him at Waverly, to make a public oration against the curse of slavery. Thompson was reputed to be a wonderful talker and an exceedingly hard hitter. As you may imagine, when Blackstone announced that he was going to send for Thompson, a storm of indignation promptly manifested itself.

"Blackstone was warned to reconsider his determination; warned not to send for Thompson; warned that if Thompson came he would not be allowed to make a public speech, and warned that it would not add any to Dr. Wm. Blackstone's happiness, for him to slap public sentiment in the face.

"But warnings and threats only intensified the doctor's bitterness, and strengthened his determination to have Thompson come to Waverly and enlighten us as to the iniquity of the national crime we were sustaining in upholding slavery, and as to the depth of the sea of sin in which we persisted in submerging ourselves.

"He wrote for Thompson to come to Waverly, and in due time he received a reply from the lecturer, naming the date on which he would address 'your brethren in the wilderness.'

"The day preceding the date of the lecture, Thompson arrived, and was immediately taken to the home of Dr Blackstone, where he was given a warm

welcome by the few abolitionists of the town. Dr. Blackstone was jubilant, the night of Thompson's arrival, and he proclaimed, with a recklessness that was rather amazing to those who knew the temper of our people, that the Honorable George Thompson of England would make a public address, on the morrow, in favor of the abolition of slavery; that he would make his address, even though confronted by an armed and threatening host; that he would make it if it cost him his life, and that he would make it if he—Blackstone—had to stand in blood knee deep to protect the lecturer.

"Quill Jordan was the recognized leader of the forces in opposition to Blackstone and the doctrine of which he was the local champion, and he proceeded at once to make it hot for the doctor and his talented English friend and co-laborers.

"That very night the lecturer's horse was taken from the stable, his mane clipped, and the hair shaved completely from his tail and body. I am not sure that his ears were not clipped. Then his buggy was run out of the shed by a crowd of 'loyal citizens,' and by the expenditure of much exertion, was elevated to a house-top, after being thoroughly coated with the most obnoxious and odorous of paints. Carrolus attempted to rescue the buggy, but he was treated to a like dose of 'paint.'

"Of course, the people at Blackstone's house were

fully aware that these little diversions were in progress, but they did not dare interpose any opposition to their consummation. Their safety was in keeping as quiet as possible just about that time.

"Early the next morning, a crowd of our men went up to Blackstone's, and calling the doctor out, told him that Thompson could not lecture there that day.

"Quill Jordan was our spokesman, and with quite an impressive flourish, he said:

"'I tell you, Blackstone, the unanimous sentiment of the people is agin this thing. You've imported an Englishman into Pike County to teach seditious doctrine. You've brought here a bloody Britisher to attack an institution upheld by the voice of the loyal people, and I tell you, Blackstone, the loyal people ain't a going to stand it. Do you expect us to stand here and listen to a traitorous Englishman telling us what is right and what is wrong? Do you think we're going to let an English fanatic lead us around by the nose and give us good advice, and tell us just what an iniquitous, miserable lot of scalawags we are? Do you think an Englishman is the proper person to preach righteousness to Pike County men? Did you ever know of an Englishman talking for the good of Americans? Don't you know that that viper, Thompson, is a rascal employed by the British government, to come over here and undermine our sacred institu-

tions? To teach seditious doctrines, sow the seed of public discord, and stir up strife among our people? You ought to have sense enough to know, Blackstone, that that snake's mission here is one of mischief. And if you don't know it, doctor, we're here to tell you that that man isn't here to preach for our good. And we are here to tell you that that man can't make a speech here to-day. We are fully determined on that.'

"Jordan was surprised at his own eloquence, and delighted to see that he was working Blackstone up to a fine pitch of frenzy. Looking around and seeing that the crowd had doubled in size, and encouraging smiles and words were being showered upon him from all sides, he went on in a voice surcharged with indignation, and pitched to the highest possible degree.

"'You understand what I tell you, doctor? That man Thompson can't speak here to-day. And what's more, he can't speak here any other day. He is a traitor and here for a traitor's purpose; and the sooner he gets out of this community, the better it will be for Dr. William Blackstone and the Honorable George Thompson, of England.

"A great cheer arose at this declaration. The idea of 'giving the run' to somebody struck the humor of the crowd with prodigious favor. The crowd by this time had grown to threatening proportions. It almost amounted to a mob, and was just in that frame

of mind, that a very slight matter would have induced a scene of, to say the least, great activity. It was very apparent that the feeling against Thompson was growing to dangerous proportions, and growing very rapidly, too. Blackstone attempted to make some utterance—a protest, probably—but the mob interrupted him with cries of,

"Fee, fie, fo, fum! We smell the blood of an Englishman!
We smell the blood of an Englishman!"

"These yells were followed by hisses, and cries to Jordan, of 'Go on! Go on!' And Jordan, thus spurred, went on.

"'The best thing you can do for your nigger-loving friend, Blackstone, is to get him out of the country, just as soon as it is possible to jump the border. We've curried his horse nicely for him, and he'll find his nag's appearance much improved.

"At this bit of humor the crowd broke into fresh cheers, and repeated its cries of 'Fee, fie, fo, fum.'

"Blackstone, who had come out before his house, facing the mob, was just furious. He snorted and tore about and vehemently declared that Thompson would speak, if he had to wade in blood knee deep to protect him.

"Then the crowd began taunting him with cries of 'we never lost our money in the lake, did we, Doc?'

"At this point there was a diversion. Old Squire Barnes, father of James Q., William T. and T. N.

Barnes, hearing that there was a mob surrounding Blackstone's house, came down to the edge of the great, noisy, surging crowd, and acting in his official capacity, attempted to read the riot act to the assembled citizens. As soon as the crowd became aware of what the old Squire was up to, he was picked up bodily, loaded into an old gig, and trotted down the street by a half dozen of the boys, and pursued by the derisive shouts of the mob.

"'If that man attempts to make a speech here today,' went on Jordan, shaking his clenched fist at Blackstone, 'we'll pull down the last log in the house over your head. If you think you can defy the sentiment of this community, just let that traitorous Englishman attempt to make a speech. I say attempt, because he'll never finish it. Now, we give Thompson just fifteen minutes to get outside of the city limits, and five hours to leave the county.'

"This doctrine met the mob's enthusiastic approval which clinched it with a rousing cheer.

"Blackstone again faced the crowd and attempted to make himself heard, but the mob would not listen to him, and drowned his utterances with hisses, hoots and yells of derision. The doctor saw what he thought to be a threatening movement on the part of the crowd, toward his house, and suddenly dodged within the portals of his door. Inside, a hurried consultation was held with Thompson, and a moment

later, the doctor and his friend were seen streaking out through the back yard toward Blackstone's stable. There Thompson's horse was bridled and without waiting to saddle his shaved, maneless, bob-tailed nag, he mounted him barebacked, and went clattering down the alley at full gallop, and out into the nearest street, leading toward the road to Piketon.

"Now the leader of the mob, Jordan, had anticipated this very sort of action on Thompson's part and had taken the precaution to see that he did not get out of the town without a fitting, loud-smelling, farewell salute. He had men stationed on all roads leading out of Waverly, with an ample supply of rotten eggs, and with the most imperative instructions to let the Hon. George Thompson, of England, know just how rotten a Pike County egg could get. The man guarding the road to Piketon was well chosen. He was both a vigilant and valiant sentinel. As Thompson approached him, he opened out upon the Englishman with a volley of eggs, which rivaled in delivery and precision the discharges from a gatling gun. When Thompson was beyond the range of this man, he had much the appearance of a mass of scrambled eggs. But he managed to get out of the county safely, and so far as I know, he never again entered the borders of Pike.

"This conduct of the mob so enraged Blackstone that he swore he would no longer live in 'such a

d—d intolerant community,' and shortly afterward moved to Athens. This demonstration on the part of the citizens practically settled the open advocacy of abolition doctrine in Pike County for many years. I don't believe there was a county in Ohio, where the anti-abolition sentiment was stronger than in Pike County. You can't imagine, at this day, how intense this feeling was. I can remember the time when it was not safe for a man to even whisper abolition sentiments in Pike County. And looking back now over this long stretch of years, and remembering as I can, what an insignificant figure this abolition agitation cut at the time of which I speak; and remembering how almost unanimously that movement was opposed by the people of this section, it is absolutely wonderful to contemplate the revolution that has grown out of the thankless, bitterly opposed work of the few earnest men who inaugurated the fight for the abolition of slavery. It is a revolution that has extended its beneficial results to the uttermost bounds of the earth; a revolution that has affected and enlarged all human thought.

"But strange as it may seem, the bitter anti-negro feeling, that reached its climax in the expulsion of Thompson, the lecturer, has never been eradicated in this community, and to-day there is not a negro resident within the corporate limits of Waverly; and what is more, a negro has never been allowed to live

in Waverly. The fact that a negro cannot live here seems to be so thoroughly understood that no one of that race longer attempts to take up a residence here. Negro house servants are not even tolerated, and a negro barber would not be allowed to do business here for a day. Even negro hackmen from surrounding cities who are called here on business are not allowed to linger around any longer than is absolutely necessary, and indeed, they have no inclination to linger. They know the temper of our people.

"This peculiarity is all the more remarkable, when it is known that many of the hills surrounding Waverly are fairly infested with negroes. This is particularly true of Jackson Township, near Sharonville. The majority of the population of that township, I believe, are negroes."

CHAPTER XXIII.

RACE HATRED — HOW IT HAD ITS ORIGIN IN PIKE COUNTY, IN THE DAYS "BEFO' DE WAH," WHEN IT WAS CONSIDERED THE PROPER CAPER TO STONE A NEGRO ON SIGHT, BURN HIS WHEAT OR HAY OR BOMBARD HIS CABIN — THE WAR OF THE BURKES AND DOWNINGS AGAINST THE COLORED RACE, AND HOW THE HATREDS BORN IN 1835 HAVE BEEN KEPT ALIVE TO THE PRESENT DAY.

IN order that the public may not conceive a wrong impression as to the origin of the intense anti-negro feeling that has existed in Waverly, almost from its founding to the present day, it might be just as well to make plain how the feeling was first engendered. The one thing that distinguishes Waverly, over every other city or town in Ohio, having a population of two thousand, is the fact that she does not harbor a single negro within her borders. I don't know that this circumstance will add anything to the glory of the town, in the public mind, but it is a fact—and a fact that is known over a surprisingly wide territory. While in Columbus a short time ago, at the Neil House, I told the barber who was serving me, that there was a good opening for a barber of his

race at Waverly, as he would have no colored competition, and jokingly, I invited him to come down.

"'To Waverly? A cullud babah at Waverly!' said the young man, in an amazed way. 'Oh, no, sah, you don't get me down to Waverly. Dat ain't no place fo' cullud people. Dey tell me dat dey kill my people down at Waverly, or tar-an'-fedder 'em, or ride 'em out of town on a rail. No, sah, Colum'us is good enough fo' me.' Now, you couldn't have hired that man to have even visited Waverly, so fully convinced was he that he would receive violent treatment at the hands of our people.

"This antipathy to the negro at Waverly dates back to the earliest settlement of the town. When Waverly was still in its swaddling clothes, there was a 'yellow nigger' named Love, living on the outskirts of the town. He was a low-minded, impudent, vicious fellow, with the cheek of a mule. He was very insulting, and made enemies on every hand. His conduct finally became so objectionable, that a lot of the better class of citizens got together one night, made a descent upon his cabin, drove him out, and stoned him a long way in his flight toward Sharonville. He never dared to come back. Our first acquaintance with negroes about Waverly, was with rather rough, objectionable members of that race, and many things occurred to intensify the prejudice which many of our people always held against the negroes.

Dr. William. Blackstone was a strong exception to the general rule. He was a friend of the negro, their champion, and the prejudiced whites accused the doctor of 'encouraging the d—d niggers to be impudent and sassy to us.' Opposed to Blackstone was a strong family of Burkes, and a number of the Downings, who thought that the only correct way to treat a negro was to kill him. This was their doctrine, and they proclaimed it, with much bravado, on all occasions. There was a splendid fellow, a darkey, named Dennis Hill, who settled at Piketon and established a tanning business, who was almost harassed to death by the negro-haters. He finally left this section and went to Michigan, where he grew rich.

"A lot of Virginia negroes settled up on Pee-Pee Creek, in the neighborhood of the Burkes and the Downings. Some of them prospered nicely, and this enraged their white neighbors. Tim Downing, who died in Missouri about a year ago and who was a second cousin of Bisha Downing, was the leader of the gang that made almost constant war on these negroes. Downing's crowd got to burning the hay and wheat of the colored farmers, harassing their stock, interfering in their private business, and doing everything possible to make life absolutely miserable to the colored people. They concentrated the brunt of their hatred against the most prosperous of these colored farmers, whose name I cannot recall. One

night they organized a big raid into the colored settlement, with the avowed purpose of 'clearing out the whole nest of d—d niggers.' They went fully armed, and didn't propose to stop short of doing a little killing and burning, if necessary to accomplish their purpose. One of the first cabins they surrounded, was that of the especially hated colored man, spoken of. Protecting themselves behind the trees about the cabin, they opened fire upon it, hoping to drive the negro out. But the darkey—an honest, peaceable fellow—wasn't to be easily frightened. He, too, had a gun, and taking a safe position near one of the windows of his cabin, he blazed away into the darkness, in the direction from which the shots had come. A wild cry of pain followed his shot, and he knew that he had struck one of the attacking party, and so he had. The bullet from his gun plumped into the right leg of Tim Downing's brother, cutting an artery. Downing fell but was picked up and carried to the home of Bill Burke, who was one of the choice spirits of the attacking party, and a white man who thought hell the only fit place for a negro.

"Downing's blood, flowing from his fatal wound, stained the ground between the darkey's cabin and Burke's home, a distance of two miles, and made it an easy matter to locate the place at which he had been wounded. The crowd abandoned the attack, after Downing's fall, and followed him to Burke's

house. There Downing bled to death. A coroner's jury, of which I was a member, was empanneled and returned a verdict to the effect that Downing had come to his death from the effects of a gunshot wound —but the jury refrained from saying who had discharged the gun. The gang of whites to which Downing belonged, surrounded the house in which the jury was in session, and threatened it with all sorts of vengeance, if it did not return a verdict, expressing the belief that Downing had been murdered by the negro. But their threats didn't procure the desired verdict. They afterward had the negro arrested and tried for murder, but he was acquitted.

Some days after the fatal raid, Tim Downing armed himself and went to the negro's cabin. He lay in wait there until the darkey's son, a nice young fellow, came out of the cabin. He opened fire on him, and one of the bullets struck him in the head, fracturing his skull, and allowing a portion of his brain to ooze out. When the young man fell, Downing broke and ran. The wounded negro lingered quite a long while, suffering most frightfully, but finally recovered. No one was ever punished for this crime. After these two tragedies, the negro moved away.

"Tim Downing had a brother, Taylor, living up near Sharonville, and this man concluded that he had to have 'an eye for an eye,' to avenge his brother's death. One morning, just after his brother's death, he

was going through the woods at Sharonville with his gun on his shoulder, and came upon a negro chopping rails. He told the darkey to make his peace with God, as he was going to kill him right there.

"The darkey knew that Downing meant what he said, and quick as a squirrel's jump, he made a dash at Downing with his ax, striking him full on the side of the face, and shattering his jaw in the most frightful fashion. Downing lived, but he was horribly marked for life. The negro was arrested and tried, but was acquitted. This only enraged the white gang more, and they made life in this neighborhood entirely too hot for the negro. It was under such circumstances as these that the bitter anti-negro feeling at Waverly had its origin.

"After this, the feeling against the negro was fostered and extended so effectually that even moderate-thinking people on any other subject, came to believe that they couldn't stand the presence of a negro in Waverly. Long before the war, an eccentric old bachelor came here from Virginia, bringing with him forty negroes whom he had just freed from slavery. He located in the hills near Pee-Pee, about eight miles from Waverly. He built their cabins and provided for them while preparations were being made to farm—and long afterward. As a matter of fact, they just lived off of the old man, and finally 'ate him up,' financially."

CHAPTER XXIV.

AS COOL AS OLD BARNUM—THE NERVE OF A MAN WHO COULD SLEEP DURING AN EIGHTY THOUSAND DOLLAR FIRE, AND FIGURE ON THE COST OF REBUILDING AN ESTABLISHMENT WHICH WAS YET WRAPPED IN CONSUMING FLAMES—THE VICTORY THAT WROTE THE DEATH WARRANT OF PIKETON, AND THE DISASTER THAT FOLLOWED UPON ITS HEELS, IN THE PALMY DAYS OF THE OLD DISTILLERY, WHEN TRADE WAS RUSHING AND MONEY WAS PLENTY IN CHILLICOTHE—MAKING TWO THOUSAND DOLLARS A DAY—THE LAW THAT INVITED THE GREAT WHISKY STEAL, ETC.

CHILLICOTHE has probably never known busier days, than during the high-tide period in the history of Emmitt's big distillery, a short distance below Chillicothe; and she has certainly never known a time when money was easier, and in a freer circulation, than when James Emmitt, or Emmitt & Co., were running their distillery to its full limit, night and day.

Those were flush times—a period of ceaseless activity. When the old distillery was mashing twelve hundred bushels of grain a day, and when its proprietors could count their daily profits at two thousand dollars, trade in Chillicothe moved with a rush through every channel.

Then, early and late, all roads leading to the dis-

tillery were alive with wagons hauling grain to feed the ravenous maw that it took such vast quantities of cereals to satisfy; hauling coal to feed the great furnaces, and cooperage in which to store the products of the still. The Station Road was then the great artery through which passed the bustling current of trade between this city and the distillery, and it was a common thing to see it fairly black with wagons going to or returning from "Emmitt's."

A small army of men was there employed; the farmers had an eager market for their corn and grain; the wagoners were all busy, and the canal was alive with grain-laden boats, nearly all bound for the same destination. But all is changed there now. Active life has departed from the place, and the hand of decay has fastened itself upon buildings, machinery and the entire equipment, that from 1860 to 1865 made vast fortunes for its owners.

There has been a distillery at that point from the earliest settlement of this valley. About 1820 a man named Young ran a small still there. It was this citizen who rigged up a tread-mill pump, which he operated by dog-power.

Young was followed by Cox & Eckert, who put up a small distillery, which they kept enlarging until they had a capacity for crushing two hundred bushels of grain a day.

A man named Climpson bought out Cox & Eckert,

and ran the distillery until 1856, when Mr. Emmitt purchased Climpson's entire plant for five thousand dollars. He at once took hold of the property and began to make things hum, and this without interfering with the success of his distillery, mill and other enterprises at Waverly. Highwines were the exclusive manufacture of this distillery, and this liquor was rectified through charcoal. At that time, Mr. Emmitt was able to get but two and one-half gallons of liquor from a bushel of grain; to-day, under the vastly improved methods of distilleries, he can get a return of more than four gallons of highwines from the same amount of grain.

Mr. Emmitt ran the distillery for two years, in much the same shape that he found it when it came into his hands. Then he began a series of improvements that were continued until he had one of the largest, best equipped and most productive distilleries in the country. It was complete in every detail, and when it was brought up to a daily capacity of one thousand, two hundred bushels of grain, it was a model institution of its kind. With the other improvements made to this property, a fine flour mill was erected, where a vast deal of grain was ground.

While Mr. Emmitt was bringing his distillery up to a capacity of one thousand, two hundred bushels a day, he was making every preparation for doing an enormous business. The Station Road, owing to the

immense amount of hauling done over it, became so badly cut up that it was almost impossible to travel it with a loaded wagon, in the winter time. To remedy this trouble, Mr. Emmitt hauled hundreds of loads of stone from his quarries at Waverly, and with this material, macadamized the road clear to the distillery. Immense quantities of coal were used, and in order to get over the winter months in safety — or during the time the canal was liable to be frozen up — this product was bought in one hundred thousand bushel lots, and stored at the distillery. It was Mr. Emmitt who inaugurated here the practice of unloading boats by elevating the corn, grain and coal by steam power.

Realizing the vital importance of obtaining an outlet to the markets of the world, Mr. Emmitt was one of the early and active advocates of a railroad through Chillicothe, and gave twenty thousand dollars of his means to aid in building the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad. He has never realized anything directly on this investment, but it was twenty thousand dollars admirably expended, and has made him a bushel of money indirectly.

While he was crushing twelve hundred bushels of grain a day at his Chillicothe distillery, his establishment at Waverly was consuming almost a like quantity. To provide grain for both distilleries and the two mills was an enormous task, but he organized his

forces in a successful way, and kept all the wheels turning at full speed.

Grain was wagoned to both distilleries from every point, and great quantities of corn were delivered at the distillery wharves, in boats. Any one who had any grain to sell knew where he could get a ready market for it. But the distilleries could not depend upon a voluntary market, and his forces scoured the country in every direction for corn. He had a boat constructed that would carry twelve horses, and another that would carry a large family of people. These two boats were kept moving up and down the canal, to furnish assistance, wherever needed, in moving a lot of corn to the boats. He put another large boat on the river, rigged up so that a ferry could be established at any point along that stream, and corn moved across to points convenient to the canal. Then this corn would be wagoned to and loaded upon the canal boats. It was a common thing for Mr. Emmitt to buy a farmer's crop of corn right in the cribs in the field, and furnish his own teams and wagons to get it to the boats. It is easy to see that it took both organization and money, as well as courage to carry on a business of this magnitude.

While the distillery at Chillicothe was being run up to its capacity, its daily output was about four thousand gallons of highwines a day. This whisky was worth from twelve to fifteen cents a gallon, and

corn from fifteen to twenty cents a bushel. The bulk of the liquor manufactured was sent to Baltimore, Pittsburg and Cincinnati. Another feature of the business was, that at this time, Mr. Emmitt was feeding five thousand hogs at the distillery, right along, on the slop incident to the manufacture of whisky. The daily product of slop was about four thousand gallons, and of this, great quantities were sold in Chillicothe. There were men regularly engaged in the slop-selling business, and one or two Germans made a great deal of money in that traffic.

When his Waverly business grew to proportions beyond his power to personally care for it, James Emmitt let his brothers, David and George, each have a one-fourth interest in the distillery at that point. David attended to the greater part of the outside work —managing the stock and the boating of corn, etc. George looked after the details of running the distillery, while Mr. Emmitt himself looked after the finances, and had general supervision of the whole business.

At Chillicothe, he made a somewhat similar arrangement, letting his brother Robert and son Joseph each into a one-fourth interest in the concern. Robert looked after the outside business, and Joseph after the internal work at the distillery. Robert Emmitt got to drinking, and unfitted himself to look after his important branch of the business, and Mr. Emmitt

bought out his interest in the concern, giving him therefor fourteen thousand dollars. About the same time, he relieved his son Joe of his business relations with the distillery, paying him six thousand dollars, and putting him on a fine farm up in Clinton County, near Sabina. After making these changes, he transferred a one-third interest in the distillery to his son George, and a one-sixth interest to his next eldest son, Floyd. The new firm put renewed vigor and enterprise into the business, and inaugurated a period of activity about that establishment that has become a part of the business history of the city. They simply made things hum—and when the distillery was "humming" money was plenty in Chillicothe.

The gloomy signs of impending civil war began to darken the national sky, but prior to the great conflict inaugurated in 1861, Mr. Emmitt had instituted a little war of his own, and a war that was fought with all the vigor and bitterness of a more bloody conflict. This was the "County Seat War of Pike County," resulting from Mr. Emmitt's bold attempt to have the county seat removed from Piketon to Waverly. This contest, which proved to be a memorable one, replete with stirring incidents, extended over a year, and resulted in a triumph for Mr. Emmitt.

After a year of incessant fighting, speech-making and electioneering, and with the shouts of victory still ringing in his ears, James Emmitt retired, to get what

he hoped would be a good, sound night's sleep—a luxury that he had not enjoyed for a year.

Along toward midnight there was a wild pounding on his front door, and a man shouted, "Get up, Emmitt! Your distillery at Chillicothe is on fire!"

The tired man sprang to the door, and learned the full import of the messenger's terrible story.

"It's too late to save it now. I can do nothing to stop the flames," said he, turning on his heel and walking back to his bed-room. He again retired, and soundly slept while eighty thousand dollars' worth of valuable property was being burned, within an hour's ride of his home. He had made up his mind that the property would be a total loss, because he knew the immense amount of inflammable material the hungry flames would have to feed upon.

The fire occurred on a Saturday night. Before the force had left the distillery everything had been carefully cleaned up, and all the fires about the establishment put out. The engine's fires were thoroughly deadened. About eleven o'clock that night the watchman discovered a small fire on top of the boiler shed, near the stack. With a single bucket of water he could have extinguished this trifling blaze. But there was no ladder convenient, and without a ladder the fire could not be reached. The flames burned through the roof, and fired an immense cob pile. Then they

got into the shaft, and soon spread all through the building.

The alarm soon reached Chillicothe, for the heavens were lurid for miles around. Hundreds of people rushed to the fire, on foot and in such conveyances as could be speedily gotten out, and the illy equipped fire department turned out promptly, to render such aid as was resident in their strong, willing arms and hand engines, and a hook-and-ladder service.

The great warehouse was broken into, and seven hundred barrels of whisky rolled out and thrown into the canal before the flames drove the rescuers from the building and consumed the three thousand, five hundred or four thousand barrels of whisky that they were unable to get at. Fifty thousand bushels of corn served as fuel to the flames that destroyed the main distillery building, the mill, malt house, and other buildings and their valuable contents. The five thousand hogs in the pens escaped uninjured, and the flames did not reach the great coal pile.

The canal was full of barreled whisky from the distillery to Three Locks.

Mr. Emmitt got up early Sunday morning and started for the distillery. When he reached the Renick place, on the pike, he saw, every now and then, beautiful spiral flames shooting heavenward. Every such exhibition cost him a barrel of whisky, for the

flames were the burning spirits of an exploded barrel of that liquor.

When Mr. Emmitt reached the distillery there was an immense crowd gathered about the burning buildings. He was standing on the outer edge of the crowd, looking at the wreck and ruin on every hand. But he was not there to waste his words in vain regrets. There was the spirit of calculation in his eye.

The late Judge John L. Green saw him standing there, and going up to him, said:

"Emmitt, this is an awful loss. What are you going to do about it?"

"Going to rebuild. I will have this distillery running again in sixty days."

And he did. The walls were so hot for a week that the workmen couldn't touch them, but they finally got to work cleaning up the wreck, and then the work of rebuilding was started. Mr. Emmitt erected a saw mill on the ground, logs were hauled in from every direction, and the timbers for the carpenters were hustled out with wonderful rapidity. Everybody who wanted work was employed, and soon the walls began to go into the air again. All the engines had to be built anew, and the intricate internal work of the distillery all arranged, but true to his declaration, Emmitt's distillery was again crushing grain in sixty days. But, as has been said, that fire cost eighty thousand dollars. Mr. Emmitt expresses himself as

being satisfied that it was an incendiary fire, and is of the opinion that the match was put to his property by some of the enemies he made by his successful county seat war.

Shortly after the advent of civil war, a violent change came over the business of distilling whisky—a change, too, that had a most wonderful effect upon the fortunes of Emmitt & Co. The government, feeling the urgent need of increased revenues to support its armies and carry forward the war, concluded that the heft of the burden could be thrown upon the luxuries of life. Liquor was regarded as one of the luxuries that could carry a pretty stiff load, and a tax of twenty cents a gallon was levied on all goods manufactured after the act creating the tax went into effect. Whisky was then selling at fifteen cents a gallon. Of course, the tax was promptly added to the selling price of the liquor, and whisky sprang to thirty-five cents a gallon. Shortly after this, the tax was jumped up to sixty cents on the gallon, and then to seventy cents. Even then the government was not satisfied, and it finally became mooted that congress was going to increase the tax on whisky to two dollars a gallon. This, of course, alarmed the liquor men, for it looked as though a tax of that sort would be death to their business. The big distillers and commission men east, began to cast around in Washington legislative circles, to learn just what probability there was of such a tax

law being enacted. The information gathered by these men left no doubt in their minds that the government was determined to raise the tax on liquor to two dollars a gallon. This understanding of the case was given to every distiller in America, and at first it created consternation in their ranks. Then they began to rally to devise a scheme by which they could save themselves from ruin at the cost of the government. A winning measure was at last adopted, and the liquor men in the east, backed by the money of the distillers of the west, set to work to see what could be accomplished at Washington. The result of their labors was manifest when a bill was introduced in congress providing that the tax on liquor be increased to two dollars per gallon, and stipulating that the law creating this tax should go into effect sixty days after the passage of the bill.

The rat in the malt tub was of such elephantine proportions that it was soon discovered, and a vigorous howl set up, demanding that the "sixty-day" clause be stricken out, and that the law go into effect *immediately* after its passage.

But the liquor dealers were equal to the emergency. Their "Managing Committee" at Washington issued a call for "voluntary contributions" from all distillers, the size of the contribution to be regulated by the manufacturing capacity of the distiller. A call of this nature was made upon James Emmitt, to "assist

in defraying the expenses of our committee at Washington." Mr. Emmitt instructed his commission merchant in New York City, Mr. David Dows, to keep up his end of the string, and do for him "whatever the others did." Mr. Dows, acting on this authority, and being conversant with what the others were doing, made a little calculation as to what portion of the expense Mr. Emmitt should bear, according to his capacity, and paid over to the committee about ten thousand dollars—the exact figure Mr. Emmitt never knew, as he didn't care to inquire closely into that particular item. The matter, as between himself and Dows, was closed up in one of their regular settlements.

A vast amount of money was raised in this way, and turned over to the committee at Washington. This committee must have been living pretty high, for they used up every dollar of the hundreds of thousands of dollars placed in its hands—and strangely enough, congress passed the law just the way the liquor dealers wanted it passed.

A more unfortunate law was never enacted. It was productive of more evil, of more stealing, of more widespread corruption of individuals and of oath-bound government officials, of high and low degree; of tradesmen and tradesmen's employes, than any measure ever enacted by congress. The methods by which the government was swindled out of millions of dollars in revenue, because of the passage of this act, will be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXV.

A NATIONAL ERROR, THAT RESULTED IN THE WIDESPREAD CORRUPTION OF GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS AND INDIVIDUALS; THAT INVITED THE FORMATION OF THE GREATEST AND GREEDIEST WHISKY RINGS THE WORLD EVER KNEW, AND THAT DEPRIVED THE GOVERNMENT OF MILLIONS OF NEEDED REVENUE—A PERIOD DURING WHICH OFFICIALS, DEALERS AND MANUFACTURERS KEPT IAGO'S MOTTO, 'PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE,' PASTED IN THEIR HATS—WHEN THE SMUGGLER'S WAGONS KEPT THE ROADS HOT AT THE MIDNIGHT HOUR; WHEN THE SILENT SIPHON GOT IN ITS LITTLE WORK, AND WHEN WHISKY MEN COUNTED THEIR DAILY PROFITS BY THOUSANDS.

THE government never made a more wretched or costly mistake, in its civil affairs, than when it passed the law levying a tax of two dollars per gallon on all whisky manufactured after a certain date," said the Hon. James Emmitt, continuing his narrative. "When congress adopted that measure, the nation needed money, and needed it badly. The expenses of the war were enormous, and the public mind was pretty well agreed that the liquor traffic should be taxed to the highest possible degree, in order that the revenues from that source might go a good way toward meeting the nation's demand for money. Liquor was

a luxury, and a proper commodity on which to saddle a heavy tax, but congress o'erleaped its aim, when it raised the tax thereon to two dollars a gallon. That law lost the government millions of dollars in revenue. The tax was too great, and as history shows, it had a disastrous effect upon not only the morals of the manufacturers and dealers, but upon the honor, fidelity and morality of government officials, of both high and low degree. It made the temptation to defraud the government so great that the government was defrauded on almost every hand, and in the most flagrant manner. It was defrauded out of vast sums of money that would have gone into its treasury, had not the government itself placed a premium upon treachery, conspiracy and swindling. The men who framed and passed that law didn't know much about humanity. The generality of mankind has a pretty keen love for gold, and when the government creates a condition of affairs, under which men can make greater profits by being dishonest than honest; when it almost drives men out of honest lines of trade, and forces them into crooked ways, you will always find men who will be dishonest, and who will be 'fo'ced' from the straight and narrow path."

The part the liquor interests of the country took in influencing the framing of this law, has been explained. Their influence could be detected in the clause providing that it should not go into effect until

sixty days after its passage. It was that clause that cost the liquor dealers' committee so much money. But it was worth to them all that it cost. When it became generally understood that this law would go through congress, with this clause intact, every distillery in the country sprang into renewed activity; and when the law was finally passed, in the desired shape, every distillery in America, large and small, ran up to its full capacity. Emmitt's distillery, just below Chillicothe, never knew an hour's rest, night or day, during the sixty days' grace allowed before the new tax law would take effect. Its average daily grind was one thousand, five hundred bushels, and every bushel of grain averaged almost three gallons of highwines during that memorable run, a return of about four thousand, five hundred gallons a day. Just prior to and during these sixty days, over three hundred thousand gallons of liquor was barreled in this distillery. None of this whisky so manufactured, was subject to anything but the then current tax — seventy cents on the gallon. The day that the new law went into effect, every gallon of the whisky was worth about two dollars and fifteen cents or two dollars and twenty cents. Before the new law took effect it was worth eighty-five or ninety cents a gallon. During this period, when the distillery's wheels were never quiet night or day, Mr. Emmitt could safely count his profits in this establishment alone, at two

thousand dollars a day. His distillery at Waverly was making him almost an equal sum of money.

The activity of Emmitt's distillery during that period of excitement in whisky circles was emulated by every other distiller in the country—everyone was working to make as much whisky as possible under the seventy cent tax law, in order that he might have an immense stock of cheaply manufactured goods to dispose of under the two dollar law. When this law did go into effect a deadly blight fell over the energy of distillers everywhere. The stream of corn-laden wagons ceased to crowd the roads leading to Emmitt's; the smoke ceased to pour in a constant volume from the great stack at the distillery; the whirr of the wheels was stilled; the fierce fires died out beneath the boilers, and their great sides were no longer strained by hissing steam. Who wanted to manufacture whisky at two dollars a gallon when he had thousands of barrels of liquor in the warehouse made under the seventy cent law? Hundreds of thousands of barrels of whisky had been made during the great run anticipating the law, and the distillers, who had outwitted the government, didn't propose to mash any more grain until the stock on hand, the "visible supply," had materially decreased. This was the first great blow between the eyes the government received at the hands of the corn and barley crushers. But it was not the last, for the abuses, the conspiracies and

swindling schemes that followed the enactment of this law, cost the country's treasury more money than did even this first smart move of the distillers. It is a notable fact that, during all those days of terrible temptation, when some of the most exalted men in the nation bartered their honor, and treacherously administered their public trust, for the sake of golden gain, James Emmitt's name was never smirched by complicity in the schemes that robbed the government of its due. For over forty years he had constant relations with the government, as a distiller, and yet, during that time, he never ran counter to the country's revenue laws, and never had any personal trouble with the government.

Mr. Emmitt had taken his sons, George A. and Floyd R. Emmitt, into partnership with him, under conditions heretofore stated, in 1862, and the firm continued along as Emmitt & Co. until 1864, when Mr. Emmitt entrusted his entire interest in the business to the two sons named, having concluded to take a much needed rest. Shortly after making this arrangement, which relieved him, temporarily, of a great deal of care, Mr. Emmitt, with his helpful wife, and two of their children, started for Europe, on a pleasure trip, now memorable for many reasons.

George and Floyd Emmitt continued to run the distillery for one year, after this. Then George transferred his interest to Floyd and went to New York to

engage in business, taking with him about two hundred thousand dollars in cash.

Floyd formed a partnership with his brother James, with whom he continued in business one year. Then James retired, and his brother, David Emmitt, became Floyd's partner. This was in 1866. Together, they ran the distillery until 1868, when they became involved with the government. As has been said, after the enactment of the two dollar law, all manner of schemes were devised for swindling the government out of the revenues rightly due it. The revenue laws, in those days, were grossly imperfect—wonderfully different from the iron-clad, time lock, rigid laws of to-day, when the product of distilleries must be accounted for as accurately as the gold coined at the Philadelphia mint. The revenue officials themselves were, in most instances, as lax as the laws, and it was not an extremely difficult matter to defraud the revenue department of the government. The temptation was very great. Whisky could not be honestly made and sold, under the new law, at less than two dollars and fifteen cents a gallon, and yet, in 1867, the highest price that a distiller could get for his liquor, in the open market, was one dollar and eighty-five cents. And thousands of barrels of it was sold at this figure. Now, how could any distiller live, who paid a tax of two dollars a gallon on his whisky—say nothing about the cost of manufacture—and then sold it at one dol-

lar and eighty-five cents a gallon? At one time, the Emmitt Brothers had four thousand barrels of whisky in their warehouse, on which they had paid two dollars a gallon tax. Had they been forced to sell this liquor, they would have lost fully eighty thousand dollars.

If a distiller smuggled a barrel of whisky, or ten barrels, out of his distillery, and sold it for one dollar and eighty-five cents, or even for one dollar and fifty cents or one dollar, he was making money "hand over fist." Even at a dollar, the sale would bring him fifty dollars. That whisky was being sold below the amount of the tax was evidence that there was lots of it being smuggled. The government seemed to be unable to check the swindling, through the proper channels—its revenue officers and detectives—and it finally offered a moiety to informers, giving them one-half of all that was made off of distillers, upon information rendered by them. Informing is dirty work, and the informer is essentially a skunk, in eight cases out of ten—a man prompted to virtuous action solely upon the prospect of gain. It was through the kindly offices of an informer that the Emmitt Brothers got into trouble. The revenue department was informed that they were defrauding the government by removing whisky from their distillery without having paid the tax thereon. The government sent its detectives but nothing could be discovered, and they went away. Then information was given that a quantity

of whisky had been discovered hidden in a stack of fodder below Chillicothe. The government pounced down upon that stack of fodder, but there was no whisky there. Then the government was told that the cellar of the brick building across from the distillery, now used as a pest house, was filled with barrels of whisky. Another detective expedition was sent out, and with the utmost secrecy, preparations were made for a raid on that brick building. The raid was made, but nothing was found in the cellar but an old soap kettle, the ordinary amount of dampness and an abundance of cobwebs. Even the stairway, leading to the cellar, was spanned with cobwebs, and presented a thoroughly unused appearance. Another force of detectives was brought on to capture a lot of smuggled whisky said to be contained in a canal boat, lying between Chillicothe and the distillery. The boat was raided, but it contained no whisky. Then the government was told that the Emmitts were drawing liquor from the cisterns, after they had been closed and sealed by the government's gaugers. The detectives and officers, with greatest secrecy, came and examined the gauger's seals on the cisterns, and watched the distillery, night after night. They saw nothing suspicious. Then they re-examined the cisterns. They were in just the condition in which the government's officer had left them. They were tested, and were found to be dry. No positive evidence could be gotten against

them, but on the strength of the informer's stories the distillery was placed under the government's ban, and the Emmitt Brothers were brought up for trial in the United States Court for this district. They had three trials, which dragged through two years, but nothing was ever proven against them, and they were never convicted. It was alleged that they had been smuggling whisky from the distillery during a certain period of seven months. It was shown in open court, by the government's own books, that the Emmitt Brothers had paid the government, during those months, one hundred and seventeen thousand dollars taxes. Then the books of the distillery were gone through, for those months. By the most hair-splitting estimate made of the amount of grain consumed, and the amount of liquor obtained therefrom, it was found that the government had been paid the full tax, two dollars a gallon, on all the whisky that had been made. These were hard facts to get around, and the government didn't get around them. But still the revenue officers weren't satisfied, and although three exhaustive trials had failed to justify a conviction, the government would not dismiss the case. The distillery was idle during these two years, and at every trial an army of witnesses had to be brought to Cincinnati and maintained. It was an expensive bit of litigation, and to bring it to an end was the great consideration — as much so to Mr. James Emmitt as any one else. Hon.

Columbus Delano, of Mt. Vernon, was then United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and with him, Mr. Emmitt succeeded in compromising the case, and having it dismissed from court, by paying the government forty thousand dollars. But that little trouble ended the career of the distillery. It has never turned a wheel since. This long fight of the Emmitt Brothers, however, taught many a distiller, that

> "'Tis wisdom to beware,
> And better shun the bait than struggle in the snare."

But many of them failed to heed this bit of wisdom, to their cost. They found the "struggle in the snare" a bitter one.

The crookedness that prevailed, among all classes of persons and officials connected with the liquor traffic, was so widespread as to be appalling. It has become a matter of history, for men high in the nation's confidence—notably those who organized and operated the gigantic St. Louis Whisky Ring—were caught robbing the government in the basest way in order to enrich themselves. The systems of robbery were very numerous, and were not confined to one section or state. All whisky producing and dealing parts of the country were affected by the epidemic of corruption. Numerous as were these devices to defraud the nation's treasury, a majority of them, to be successful, necessitated the connivance of certain of the revenue officers of the district in which

the frauds were committed. It was owing to the fact that so many officials were profiting by these bold stealings, that comparatively so few distillers and dealers were caught and convicted.

It was impossible for the government, in very many instances, to obtain from its officials, even the information which the simple duties of their office made it incumbent upon them to possess. And there were many instances developed, which conclusively showed that the smuggling or law-beating distillers were kept constantly and fully informed of every movement of the government, that concerned such distillers. If information had been filed against a distiller, charging him with crooked work, the trusted revenue officer would promptly acquaint his "divying" friend as to the nature of the charge; and if a raid was to be made, the distiller was informed of it in time to shape things up. There were plenty of wide-awake revenue officers who were stone-blind to the crooked work of the distillers over whom they were to keep watch. There were detectives who didn't detect; gaugers who could never tell just how much liquor there was in a barrel, and never knew when the quiet siphon had stolen half of a guaged barrel's contents and transferred it to a barrel that was to be smuggled away to some dealer, who never knew that a barrel or five barrels of whisky had been kindly put in his cellar or storehouse by a friendly distiller.

There were watchmen who never saw barrel after barrel of whisky drawn from the officially-locked cisterns and rolled out of distilleries at midnight, on which not a cent of tax had ever been paid; they never saw this whisky loaded into express wagons and rushed off to secure quarters; there were policemen in the cities who never thought to see what these express wagons, hurrying through the streets after midnight, contained; who never thought of following suspicious dodgers up dark alleys, and took no note of the queer performances attendant upon the unloading of these wagons. That all these things occurred has been abundantly proven during the trials of distillers for smuggling goods, and of dealers for receiving such goods.

The government finally saw its error, and reduced the tax to ninety cents on the gallon — which is the tax-rate in force to-day. Then it set to work and perfected its revenue laws and purified its revenue service.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PIKETON'S PARALYZER, WHO LOOMS UP CONSPICUOUSLY IN THE ROUNDLY DAMNED PERSON OF THE HON. JAMES EMMITT. A TOWN PURSUED FROM ITS BIRTH BY A STRANGE FATALITY, DISAPPOINTED IN ITS EVERY HOPE, AND FINALLY ROBBED OF ITS ONLY SAVING FEATURE, THE COUNTY SEAT, BY AN AGGRESSIVE MAN BENT ON BOOMING WAVERLY—A MEMORABLE WAR, BESIDE WHICH, IN PIKE COUNTY, THE REBELLION SANK INTO INSIGNIFICANCE. POLITICS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS, BEFORE COLONEL HIGGINS BECAME AN "ORGANIZER."

PROBABLY the greatest achievement in the eventful life of the Hon. James Emmitt, was the successful result of his effort to secure the removal of the county seat of Pike County from Piketon to Waverly.

It was a bold, audacious undertaking, that was antagonistic to every natural condition of affairs; an enterprise surrounded by every probability of failure; one that was, perforce, combatted by the self-interest of the population of the greater part of the county; one that had no strong recommendation to public favor; one that was publicly regarded as an effort to build up a town in that then out-of-the-way pocket of the county, at the expense of an older and more favorably located place; an enterprise that was mainly inspired by the

hope of individual gain, rather than for the public good; an enterprise against which the settled order of things rebelled, and one that seemed absolutely foolhardy to undertake.

At the inception of this memorable fight—now a matter of state history—everybody and everything was against the removal of the county seat to Waverly, but James Emmitt and the little handful of men in and about Waverly, whose interests were large enough to prompt them to take an interest in the scheme.

After the advent of the turnpike through Waverly, the opening of the canal and the establishment of Emmitt's mill and distillery, and the gradual broadening of Mr. Emmitt's business in every direction, it became evident that if Waverly was ever to become a town, it must become the capital of the county. Piketon then enjoyed that distinction, and the business advantages that always contribute to the success of a county seat. The drift of things was all toward Piketon; even the streams converging toward the river in the vicinity of that town. Mr. Emmitt knew that there would be but one good town in Little Pike. He knew that if Piketon grew, Waverly, only five miles distant, could know but little increase in size. He knew that the removal of the capital of the county to Waverly would make the town and his own fortune, and so he resolved to capture the capital. There is no more interesting chapter in the local history of this

section than the manner in which he effected this "capture." Pike County never knew such wild excitement as that which prevailed during the great county seat war. The excitement attendant upon the civil war was not a marker to the intense feeling that ran riot over Little Pike when James Emmitt was "personally conducting" the bitterly-fought capital campaign. It was a life-and-death fight for Piketon, and she knew it, and no scheme of man was ever more bitterly, vigorously or vehemently opposed than was this enterprise of James Emmitt's.

The story is full of interest.

Previous to the erection of Pike County, about 1815, the people in the neighborhood of what is now Piketon, Waverly, Sharonville and the country tributary to those towns, transacted their legal business at Chillicothe, in the main. In order to accommodate those people and their neighbors, a bill was passed by the legislature, lopping off enough land from Ross, Highland, Adams, Scioto and Jackson Counties, to establish Pike County, and Piketon was laid out in 1815, and made the county seat. The town was surveyed and platted by Peter Dunnon, a Virginian, and a good surveyor—as surveyors went in those days.

Dunnon married a Miss McNeill, who was a sister to "Old Johnny McNeill," one of the pioneer settlers up about Frankfort. Dunnon finally fell into bad lines, and was ruined by drink. An amusing incident

is related of Dunnon, in connection with his intemperance. In the old days, the racing meetings at Chillicothe were held on a course in the eastern part of the town, just below what is now known as "Boulgertown." Ben Masters was then keeping hotel in the frame building that occupied the site of the late Emmitt House. During the races, it was his custom to keep a booth on or near the grounds. On one of these occasions, Dunnon came up to Master's booth, called for a half-pint of whisky, and threw down a half-dollar to pay for it. The liquor was worth but "ninepence," and Masters couldn't make the change, as business hadn't been very brisk.

"N-n-ee-e-v-ver m-m-i-n-d, B-b-b-en," said Dunnon, who stuttered fearfully, "I-i-'ll j-j-u-u-s- - - -t t-t-a-ake i- - - -i-i-t o-o-ou-t."

"All right, Peter," said Masters, relieved. "That will be an accommodation."

"D-d-o-n-t m-m-en-n-tion i-i-t," said Dunnon, moving away.

He was back in an hour for another half-pint, which he took "on account." In a short while he was thirsty again, and secured another supply of liquor.

"I-i-'l j-j-u-s-t k-k-k-e-e-p o-o-n, B-b-e-n-n-y, t-t-i-l-l I g-g-e-t e-e-v-e-n," Dunnon would say, after every visit.

Masters kept no record of how much the old surveyor drank that day, but he swore that he came

back a dozen times for whisky, and kept up drinking off of him for a week afterward, to "get even" on that half-dollar.

Masters was a jolly landlord, a great mimic, and a man of infinite jest. He had Dunnon's stuttering peculiarities "down fine," and related many a rollicking story at the old man's expense. He used to regale travelers stopping at his hotel with many funny stories illustrative of the peculiarities of politics in "the good old days." It doesn't matter how new a country may be, the present population will always talk about "the good old days." Here is one of the stories that that good old landlord, of sixty years ago, used to tell:

There were two old fellows living down about Waverly, named Seymour and Headley. Seymour was one of the ancestors of Aaron Seymour, Esq., of Bainbridge. Headley was a tanner, and both he and Seymour stuttered most outrageously. In 1820, these men met one day at a grocery and sat down at a table to enjoy their half-pint of good old whisky. After keeping the vessel containing the liquor passing back and forth between them at a pretty lively rate for some time, Seymour said:

"H-h-ead-d-ley, I h-h-ha-v-e c-c-onc-c-l-uded t-t-t-o r-r-un f-f-o-o-o-r A-a-ud-i-tor t-t-his f-f-a-ll."

"T-t-hat's r-r-r-i-ght, S-s-eymour," said Headley, "I-i-m d-d-d-a-a-mned g-g-lad o-o-of i-i-it; I-i-m g-g-oin'

t-to r-r-run t-t-o-oo, f-f-f-o--or C-c-co-m-m-issioner. L-l-et's h-h-a-a-ve a-a-nother h-h-a-a-lf-p-p-int."

And then they started the vessel to going again. This conversation occurred, it will be remembered. in the good old days before cliques and court house rings in Pike County; before the days of packed conventions and wire-pulling and high-handed scheming, and before Colonel Higgins' soul was troubled with doubts as to whether or not a candidate would "o-o-r-ganize."

After nominating themselves, and downing another half-pint, Headley said:

"S-s-e-ymour, w-w-ill y-you t-t-t-e-ll B-b-ill W-w-ood t-t-h-a-at I-i-m a-a c-can-d-d-idate?"

Seymour promised that he would, and then requested:

"H-h-ead-l-ley, w-w-i-ll y-you t-t-e-ll C-c-o-lton t-t-h-at I-i-'m a c-c-a-a-n-di-date?"

Headley said that he would do as much for Seymour as Seymour would do for him, and so it was agreed that both of these important voters should be informed of their respective candidacies, as requested.

About a week later they met at the same grocery, seated themselves at the same table and gave the same old order for a "half-pint." The half-pint always preceded a business conference.

Seymour then asked Headley if he had told Colton that he was a candidate. Headley said that he

had, and reported further, that Colton had said that Seymour would "run first rate."

"D-d-i-d y-y-ou t-t-ell B-b-ill W-w-ood t-t-h-at I w-was a-a c-c-an-d-d-idate, S-s-eymour?"

"Y-y-e-es."

"W-w-e-e-ll, w-w-h-a-a-t d-d-i-d h-he s-s-a-a-a-y?"

"B-b-i-i--ll s-s-a-aid y-you'd r-r-un l-l-ike h-h-e--ll, i-if n-no one r-r-uns a-a-gainst y-y-ou."

The half-pint was finished in silence, and Headley and Seymour didn't speak until after the election.

The court house was not built at Piketon until about 1817, and prior to its completion, court was held in a stone building just across the river from Piketon, owned by John Chenowith. The court house built at Piketon, which is still standing, was of brick.

The first jail was of hewn logs, and built with a double wall — two complete log buildings, in fact, one enclosing the other. The inner wall was driven full of hand-forged spikes, to prevent prisoners boring or cutting their way out. It was a good, strong jail for those "good old days."

Among the earliest settlers in and about Piketon were Jonathan Clark, Charley Cissna, Major Daniels, Joseph J. Martin — who was for years Lord High Everything of Pike County — the Brambles, Moores, Browns, Sargents, Praters Nolans, Guthries and the Lucases. Most of these families first came into "the

prairie" about 1797, but the Lucas brothers came later.

Robert Lucas, one of these pioneers, afterward became one of the leading men of Ohio. He was one of the heroes of the war of 1812, a man of fine presence and a thorough "military man." His first wife was a Miss Brown, of Portsmouth, and his second, a Miss Sumner, who lived near Blennerhassett's Island. Robert Lucas' brother founded the town of Lucasville. About 1820, Robert Lucas was conducting a general store at Piketon, which he afterward sold to Duke Swearingen. In 1829, Lucas was elected to the legislature from Pike County, and, being a leader of his party, was made speaker of the house. He was afterward sent to the state senate, and in 1832, was elected governor. His antagonist for the governorship was General Duncan McArthur, of Chillicothe, whom Lucas defeated by just one vote. Every democratic voter in Ohio claimed to have cast that decisive vote, and every man had a clinching little story to tell as to just how he came to cast it. Afterward, Governor Lucas was appointed Territorial Governor of Iowa, by President Van Buren. He died in Iowa.

A black mystery to this day enshrouds the fate of Duke Swearingen, who succeeded Gov. Lucas in his mercantile business at Piketon.

About 1823, Swearingen started for New Orleans with a flat-boat load of flour and meat. After he

passed out of the Ohio into the Mississippi, he was never again heard of. He had left his store at Piketon in charge of his little brother Andy, and a clerk. When the time had passed when he was due at home, his friends at Piketon became uneasy about him. Weeks and months passed, and no word was received from him. A search was made for him up and down the river, and at New Orleans, and he was advertised for, but Duke Swearingen was never again heard from. His friends were forced to the conclusion that he was murdered while tramping back to Ohio, following the river, and robbed of the proceeds of his cargo of goods; or else that he died of yellow fever at New Orleans, and was hustled off to an unmarked grave. Shortly after Swearingen's disappearance, another merchant of Piketon — Mr. Willard — forever disappeared after the manner identical with the circumstances surrounding Swearingen, becoming lost to the knowledge of his friends.

The Edwards brothers, F. L. and Edward, kept a store at Piketon, about the same time — 1823. The Edwards' afterward removed to Chillicothe and conducted a large business there, at the corner now occupied by the Ross County Bank. Frederick Edwards was one of the first men assassinated in Ross County.

A strange fatality has overhung Piketon, from its earliest day. It was a town of as fair promise as any of the earlier settlements in southern Ohio, but it

has just missed everything good but the county seat, and that was taken from her. When the course of the great Ohio and Erie Canal was first laid out, it passed down on the other side of the river and through Piketon. When the survey was completed, the people of that town were jubilant, for they believed that the future success of their town was assured. It so chanced that Hon. Robert Lucas was in the legislature at this time—speaker of the house. Mr. Lucas owned large tracts of land about the present town of Jasper, that he was anxious to see increase in value; and so it happened that after awhile the people of Piketon were startled by the information that another survey was being made, with the view of running the canal down on the Waverly and Jasper side of the river, completely cutting them off. The hand of Robert Lucas was plainly discernible in this new deal and his influence was great enough to secure the location of the canal through his Jasper lands. This was a blow between the eyes for Piketon; a most fortunate circumstance for Waverly. The canal gave Waverly water power for her mills, an advantage that was of great importance to any town, in the days before steam power was introduced. Waverly promptly felt the impetus that this advantage gave her, and began to exhibit a vigorous growth.

About 1850, a project was gotten up to build a railroad from Columbus to Portsmouth, down the Val-

ley, which was to pass through Piketon. Every county along the line voted one hundred thousand dollars or more to this railroad, but Pike, and there the road was refused an appropriation by the people at the polls. Pike's refusal to do anything was the result of the work of the Waverly people, who didn't want Piketon to get a road, to carry away the trade they were building up. The project was thus defeated, although a part of the road, from Portsmouth to Jackson, was built. This piece of road is now the C., W. & B.'s "Portsmouth Branch." This was another blow at Piketon's prosperity — one more link in her chain of calamity.

When the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad was projected, it was to run from Cincinnati to Hillsboro, thence on down to Chillicothe and on to Marietta. The road was built to Hillsboro, but for some reason, best known to the managers of the road and the schemers who were hand-in-glove with them, the line stopped right there, and the road shot off at a tangent and struck out for Chillicothe from Blanchester. This left Hillsboro stuck out at one end of a railroad's arm, without direct connection with anybody or anything.

Mr. Mat. Trimble, the brother of Dr. Cary A. Trimble, was the soul of the scheme for getting Hillsboro into connection with the world, and he was enraged at this treachery of the Marietta and Cincinnati people toward that city. So to get even with

Hillsboro's enemies, he set to work to organize a company to build a road — an air line — from Hillsboro to a point on the river near Gallipolis. This company was organized, the line surveyed and work commenced at both ends of the road.

The roadway was built, culverts and abutments for bridges put in, immense levees built, a great tunnel through the hills near Jasper started, the heaviest kind of stone work was done wherever required, ties were bought and laid along the road, iron was imported from England, and everything was getting into nice shape, when the company bursted, after sinking two million dollars.

The road was a very expensive one, as the engineers wouldn't get out of the way for anything. If a house was in the way they bought it. "Brown's Mill," Pike County, was purchased and razed to the ground. If a hill was encountered, they cut right through it, rather than go around it. This sort of "air line" work ate up capital rapidly, and ruined the company, and Piketon's chance for a railroad.

Mr. Trimble always charged that the Marietta and Cincinnati people had corrupted his engineers and got them to run such a line as it would be impossible for them to build with their capital. It was to the interest of the Marietta and Cincinnati road that Trimble's road should not be completed. If Piketon had gotten

this railroad, the fate of Waverly would have been sealed. But she didn't get it.

Waverly had always boasted that she would capture the county seat, and "down" Piketon. The towns were always jealous of each other, and as early as 1836 the county seat question became a political issue. In 1836 the democrats nominated James McLeish, of Waverly, for the legislature. The people of Piketon took alarm at this, and set to work vigorously to beat him. Some of the leading whigs — Dr. Blackstone, John Row, and others — came up to Chillicothe and had a lot of circulars printed, with a cut thereon, showing a man with a house on a wheelbarrow, and labeled, "Jimmy McLeish moving the court house from Piketon to Waverly." That circular settled the political aspirations of Jimmy McLeish. His defeat so enraged him that he left Waverly and removed to Sharonville.

From that time on, the "county seat question" grew in prominence. But it was not until 1859 that Mr. Emmitt inaugurated the great "war" that resulted in Waverly capturing the desired plum. Just how he achieved success in this undertaking; how sentiment was changed; how petitions were secured; how the legislature was worked; how Piketon's lobby was outwitted; how the county was scoured with speakers and band wagons and armed men — will be related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT COST FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS, BUT IT WAS WORTH EVERY CENT OF THE PURCHASE PRICE, AND MORE—THE MEMORABLE FIGHT IN PIKE COUNTY, THAT ROBBED PIKETON OF THE COUNTY SEAT, AND GAVE THE PRIZE TO WAVERLY. A LONG AND BITTER STRUGGLE, CARRIED TO A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE BY THE AID OF PROMISES, PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND A BAND WAGON—THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTHRON, WHO FOUND REVENGE FOR SOCIAL OSTRACISM IN THWARTING, FOR EIGHT YEARS, THE BUILDING OF OHIO'S STATE HOUSE. THE MIDNIGHT ACCOUCHEMENT OF A LEGISLATOR'S WIFE, IN A CLOSED CARRIAGE, ON THE STREETS OF COLUMBUS, AND THE REMARKABLE EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED IT.

IT was in 1859 that Hon. James Emmitt concluded that Piketon had had the county seat of Pike County long enough, and that the time was ripe for capturing the capital for Waverly—Piketon's ambitious rival.

To the disinterested observer of that day, it was difficult to see what claim to the county seat Waverly could advance.

Waverly had a smaller population than her neighbor, and the country round about was but sparsely settled. The center of the county's population was about Piketon, which was the better town, with the

advantage of convenient location for the majority of the people of the county. There were scores of farmers who had never seen Waverly, stuck away across the river, in a pocket of the county. All the surface and natural advantages were with Piketon.

But Emmitt wanted the county seat — and wanted it badly. He knew that the salvation of Waverly, and the material enhancement of his property, depended upon it.

Of course, before any headway could be made toward securing the desired legislation, the legislature, Mr. Emmitt knew, would have to be satisfied that a majority of the people of the county wanted the capital removed from Piketon to Waverly.

The proper way to start the ball was to get up a petition, signed by a majority of the voters and taxpayers of the county, praying that the county seat be removed to Waverly.

This seemed an impossible task, because it was an undisguised fact that the majority of the people wanted the county seat to remain right where it was. A great many valid objections were urged against a change, two of them being that Waverly was miserably located for a county seat; that it was almost impossible for people on the other side of the river to reach the town, because the river was not bridged, and there were no decent roads leading to Waverly; and that it would be a vast and needless expense to abandon the public

buildings at Piketon and build others at Waverly, simply to profit "Jim Emmitt."

Mr. Emmitt recognized the strength of these objections, and when he was ready to start out with his petition he caused the widest circulation to be given to the fact that he would obligate himself to build at Waverly, at his own expense, the public buildings necessary to accommodate the business of the county; that he would build a turnpike from Waverly to Piketon, and that he would build a substantial bridge across the river, on the line with this turnpike. This square proposition rather took the wind out of Piketon's sails, and then the cry was set up that, "Emmitt won't do what he promises. He wants the county seat, and then he will let us whistle for a turnpike and bridge, and the county will have to put up public buildings at its own expense."

To kill the effect of this hue and cry, and to demonstrate that he not only meant to do what he promised, but that he was certain of the *necessity* for having to fulfill his obligations, he very soon began measures to build the pike, the court house and the bridge.

The circus began when Mr. Emmitt got his petition in circulation. Signers were sought with an eagerness and obtained in numbers that startled the Piketonians beyond measure, and it was not long until they had a strongly worded remonstrance in circulation, seeking signers. The merry war went on with tremendous

vigor until the convening of the legislature, when Mr. Emmitt had introduced, a bill, through Hon. Shedrick Shaw, the member from Pike County, granting the people of that county the privilege of determining by ballot where they wanted their county seat located.

Mr. Emmitt went to Columbus in January, 1859, to personally oversee the fight growing out of his bill providing for the removal of the county seat to Waverly. The bill, after being presented by Shaw, was read for the first time and referred to the proper committee. Then the active fighting commenced. Mr. Emmitt, as one of the friends of the bill, was summoned before the committee, to submit such evidence as he might be able to marshal, favoring the purpose of the bill, and to advance such arguments as would tend to strengthen this documentary evidence. His emissaries had scoured the county from end to end. Not a house or cabin had been overlooked, and no inducement had been withheld that would convert a voter or tax-payer to support the removal scheme. If a farmer, "a Piketon man," had corn to sell, and corn was worth thirty cents, Mr. Emmitt would bind himself to pay thirty-five cents for it, "in case the county seat is removed to Waverly." If an anti-Waverly man wanted to buy a horse from Emmitt, it would be sold with the proviso that if the county seat was removed to Waverly, the animal would be sold for fifty dollars. Wherever it was possible, self-interest was

appealed to, and converts were made on every hand. The aggressive Emmitt even invaded Piketon's sacred precincts, and secured many a signer to his petition. The result was, that when he submitted his petition to the legislative committee, the signers thereof outnumbered those on Piketon's bitter remonstrance. The two papers contained an aggregate of two thousand, six hundred names.

It was of vital importance that the committee report favorably upon the passage of the bill, and nothing was neglected by Mr. Emmitt to put his case—Waverly's case—before it in a strong light. Mr. Alex. Sands, to-day recognized as one of the slick ones who facilitate legislation from the lobby, was in Columbus, then, a young man. He had just come up to the capital from Athens, and hadn't yet gotten his lines well out when Mr. Emmitt captured him, to do some lobbying for his bill. This was about the first active experience this now astute and widely known politician had in "influencing" state legislation, and it must be said of him that, young and raw as he then was, he did some *very* effective work.

Col. Tom. Higgins, now of Waverly, then a young man, was also in Columbus, as correspondent for one of the daily papers of either Toledo or Cleveland. He was a very likely young politician, a capital talker,

courteous, persuasive and sly, and Mr. Emmitt was prompt to recognize his worth in this emergency.

The Colonel—although he wasn't a colonel then—got in some artistic and ingenuous work, with mouth and pen, for Emmitt's bill.

The Hon. James Newman's father was in the legislature at the time, and in him Mr. Emmitt found a friend, as he did in the brilliant but dissolute Cockerill, of West Union, and Dr. Scott, of Warren.

John A. Cockerill, the son of "the best parliamentarian in the house, even when he's drunk," was then a clerk in the house. To-day, he is known far and wide as one of the finest newspaper men in America. It was he who brought the Cincinnati Enquirer out of the mud, years ago; who handsomely aided in making a great and successful daily out of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, and who is now the brilliant lieutenant of Joseph Pulitzer, of the New York World.

The first time Mr. Emmitt saw the elder Cockerill, he was standing before the Neil House, one bitter January morning, very drunk, and fanning himself vigorously with his silk hat.

The Hon. John Hughes, of Highland, was also in the legislature at that time, and as Mr. Emmitt had known him when he—Hughes—was driving oxen near Waverly, working on the canal, he found a friend in him. Some years afterward—the last year that Mr. Emmitt himself was in the legislature—Hughes

got to drinking very hard. Cockerill could and would get drunk three and four times a day. He was certainly a remarkable man in this respect. Mr. Emmitt soon discovered the weakness of many of the legislators, and there was always a cask of good brandy on draught in his room, free for all who chose to enjoy it. It is entirely unnecessary to say that his room was a very popular resort with the law-makers.

Piketon, during this critical period, was not idle—or, at least, she thought she was not. She had her representative and lobbyist on the ground in the person of Mr. Bill Reed, of Piketon. But unfortunately for the town, Mr. Reed had a weakness. He was passionately fond of a glass of good liquor—or of several glasses—and Mr. Emmitt knew it. The result was, that Bill Reed was made a good fellow of, and he had just all the liquor he wanted. As a consequence, he was almost invariably in a condition to be put to bed very early in the day, and Mr. Emmitt, his lobbyists and friends, had the legislative committee to themselves.

Piketon's remonstrance was not very strong, and Mr. Emmitt's claims so bold, that the committee finally concluded to give both factions the privilege of returning home and strengthening their papers—or, at least, to get a fuller expression of opinion on paper as to the choice of the people. Then there was a scramble for names. Piketon, at first, had refused to

take women tax-payers or negro signers to their paper, but when the second dash was made, they were eager to get anybody. A great many persons signed both papers, some as often as two or three times each — Mr. Emmitt generally managing to so fix it that he would get the last signature, however. The result of this second fight was, that the petition and remonstrance contained over four thousand names.

To complicate matters, little Jasper, championed by General Wells S. Jones, came in with a numerously signed petition praying that she be given the county seat. It was then that Mr. Emmitt saw it was necessary to "whipsaw" Jasper. He went to a merchant of that place, named Truesdale, and suggested a combination against Piketon, to effect which Jasper would get up a petition, with four hundred signers, asking that Waverly be made the county seat, and that Waverly would get up a similar petition, praying that Jasper be made the capital of the county. These petitions were to be used against Piketon, as necessity prompted. It was anything to beat Piketon.

These petitions were gathered up, and everything made ready for their use.

Shortly afterward, Mr. Emmitt met General Jones on the streets of Columbus.

"Hello, Jones," said Mr. Emmitt, "you're not looking well; what's the matter?"

"Well," said Gen. Jones, "I'm tired of this thing,

and have about decided to quit the whole business, and go home. I've been here now for over a week, paying my own expenses, and getting no support from my own friends, and not doing any good."

"Well, now," said Mr. Emmitt, "if things are in that shape with you, and you are going to give up the fight, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will pay all your expenses while here, if you will withdraw your petition."

"I don't know that that will hurt our interest any," said Gen. Jones, "and I guess I might just as well take you up."

So it was arranged that Gen. Jones should withdraw his Jasper petition, on the condition of Mr. Emmitt reimbursing him for his expenses while at Columbus.

This gave Mr. Emmitt a chance to work in the four hundred names secured by Truesdale, squarely in favor of Waverly, thus breaking Piketon's back before the committee.

One day, when matters were approaching a crisis, ten or twelve of the influential men of Piketon came up to appear before the committee in their town's behalf. It so chanced that these men were of a curious, industrious turn, with a well-marked aversion to wasting any time. In consequence of this, it was arranged that Mr. Bill Reed should take them on a sight-seeing tour to the penitentiary, and while they were staring

at the convicts, counting their stripes and moralizing on the condition of the unfortunates, as it is the custom of estimable men to do, the legislative committee got together and took a vote, resulting in favor of reporting Mr. Emmitt's bill back for passage. This was a triumph, and when the gentlemen from Piketon got back from the penitentiary, and realized that their golden opportunity had been frittered away, they kicked themselves in several places.

In the meanwhile, Alex. Sands and Col. Higgins had been untiring in their wrestles with the statesmen, and the days just preceding the taking of the vote in the house were especially important ones. The night preceding the day, the gentle Alex. had noses pretty accurately counted, and they fell short of a majority favoring the bill. In this critical hour, it was concluded a graceful and gracious thing to do, to make some of the judicial statesmen a little present, and it was left to Mr. Sands to say what the amount of this present should be.

Standing in the lobby that night, Sands would point out various desirable men to Mr. Emmitt, saying:

"That man is worth about fifty dollars. There is Hon. —— ——. He won't tumble for less than one hundred dollars. That duffer to the left of the speaker

can be put down at twenty-five dollars—but they'll average about fifty dollars."

Then there was an adjournment of the lobby, and the next morning Mr. Sands was an early caller at the house postoffice, where he mailed quite a nice bunch of letters, addressed to honorable members. Every letter contained a prize, ranging from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars. There were no blanks. When the favored members got their mail, and saw how good old Kris Kingle had been to them, and how unexpectedly he had filled their sock—why, how *could* they help voting for "a bill providing for the removal of the county seat of Pike County to Waverly," and so it came about that in the spring of 1859 the bill passed the house.

It could have been rushed through the senate that session, but Mr. Emmitt was convinced that it would be better to let the matter go over, after its first reading, for another year, for the reason that if the proposition was submitted to the test of a popular vote that fall, it would have been well nigh impossible to have secured a majority vote. The people had not yet been sufficiently educated to the "removal" idea. And so the bill was kept in the hands of the senate committee until the next session, when it was passed, by a majority of a single vote.

In the meanwhile, however, Mr. Emmitt had gone right along with his promised public improvements.

This evidence of the faith that was in him, that he was going to succeed, made a great impression on the public mind.

The question of moving the county seat was to be submitted to the people in the fall of 1860, and after the senate had sanctioned the bill, the hilarious fun commenced. Mr. Emmitt knew the size of the fight he had on his hands; knew that public sentiment had to be converted to his favor, and he set about to do it. He employed good speakers — among them Col. Higgins — and with a full band and a band wagon, he visited every town, settlement, cross road, grocery, school house, church and public gathering in the county. He announced "county seat" meetings everywhere, and with his band and cohorts, got up a really wild excitement. He set a pace that it was impossible for Piketon to follow. He, with his followers, was out early and late, and for over a year, he never knew a respectable night's sleep. He never quit, for the reason that it would have been fatal to have allowed the excitement and wonderment at his course to die down.

Piketon had out her speakers, and it was a frequent thing for the two rival factions to meet and clash on the public roads at midnight, returning home from their respective meetings. The people were fairly wild, being pulled and hauled, cajoled, exhorted — and "induced" from every quarter. Self-interest,

town pride, neighborhood jealousy and personal hatred were all lugged into this bitter campaign. The feeling was so strong against Mr. Emmitt that, should he leave his horses stand, unprotected, in the neighborhood of Piketon for half an hour, their tails and manes would be cut, and the harness rendered unfit for use. The Emmitt brigade was finally forced to go about the country, fully armed, for self-protection, and on numerous occasions, serious trouble was imminent between the two factions — notably on one occasion when Colonel Higgins was rocked by the Piketonians, while attempting to make a speech at Piketon. Mr. Emmitt did some pretty high-handed things. He would invade the building where the Piketonians were to hold a meeting, rally the crowd with his band, have his speeches made, and then pull out, carrying away a large part of the assemblage, which couldn't resist "following the band wagon."

When election day finally came, there was a majority vote of three hundred and nine in favor of removing the county seat to Waverly.

Piketon claimed that the election was carried by fraud, and gave notice to contest. They employed Van Trump, the great lawyer who was then at the head of the Fairfield County bar, to conduct their case, and Mr. Emmitt retained the late Judge John L. Green. Selden S. Cooke, of Chillicothe, was appointed the commissioner to take depositions in the matter, all

over the county, holding court in township after township. The first session of this commissioner's court was held at Piketon. Van Trump bent his energies to show that the elections had been corrupted with money and promises, and he succeeded in getting some testimony to this effect; but when Mr. Emmitt, note book in hand, would take up his position before these witnesses, when the turn of the defense came around, they would take back all they had previously sworn to. Van Trump appealed to the commissioner to forbid Mr. Emmitt the privileges of the court room, as he "magnetized" the witnesses. The witnesses finally got to demanding their fee in advance of being sworn — at Mr. Emmitt's instigation — and this rather blocked Piketon's game. After three hundred pages of depositions had been taken, the contest was abandoned in disgust.

The county offices were moved up to Waverly at the earliest possible date, and of course the public's officers followed. An angrier or more dejected procession was never seen. Judge Plyley, at the proper time, made a speech, publicly declaring Waverly to be the county seat of Pike County, and making a record of that fact on the journals of the court.

Piketon, of course, had interposed every possible objection to Emmitt carrying out his promised improvements. She tried to prevent him from bridging the river, on the ground that it was a navigable

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF WAVERLY, 1877.

stream, and to bolster up its claim, had built and operated a little steamboat, that made one trip up to Chillicothe, during high water. Afterward, she undertook to head him off by building a bridge across the river, at Jasper, but never completed the structure. Mr. Emmitt afterward used much of the lumber in this bridge in re-building his bridge, which was burned by Morgan, during his famous raid.

The county seat war cost Mr. Emmitt fully forty thousand dollars, and men come to him to this day, asking favors on the ground that "I helped you move the county seat. I voted with you"—and this election was held twenty-eight years ago. Piketon now has a population of possibly five hundred, while Waverly has over two thousand, and a heavy surrounding population. The loss of the county seat was Piketon's death and Waverly's salvation.

Waverly became at once the center of traffic for the county, and sprang into a period of prosperity until then unknown, and from which her fortunes have continued to advance until now she is a beautiful and thriving city, with large mills and factories, fine stores and with great business interests steadily expanding in every direction. Situated in the midst of a country that for fertility and a high state of cultivation cannot be excelled, and that is settled by a community of as intelligent and prosperous a people as can be found anywhere. And Mr. Emmitt's

fortunes have kept side by side with the steadily advancing prosperity of his town. He is and has been connected with probably more successful branches of business than any other man in this part of the country. These extended enterprises have rendered necessary the services of many men, and one industry has created another, until he has now in his employ a small army of men, engaged in carrying on successfully the many enterprises of which his is the guiding and controlling brain. Among the many men who were connected with him in business for a long time, is Mr. Joseph Myers, for many years, until a few years since, a partner with Mr. Emmitt in the merchandise business. It was in 1843, when Mr. Myers was a boy of but thirteen years, that Mr. Emmitt first fell in with him at Portsmouth. He liked the little fellow and brought him home to Waverly and gave him employment, giving him his board and clothing for the first year, and afterwards fifty dollars a year, wages, gradually increasing the amount, which never exceeded three hundred dollars a year. When Mr. Myers was in his nineteenth year, he was sent to New York and entrusted with the important commission of making purchases for the store. By 1853 the little german boy had proven himself so useful and trustworthy, that he was taken into a partnership, which was only dissolved a few years since. Mr. Myers by steady perseverance, and unfailing attention to busi-

ness has acquired that almost certain reward of industry and shrewdness, a handsome fortune. He is one of a large number of men who can date the commencement of their fortunes with the day in which they became identified in business with the interests of the Hon. James Emmitt.

Here is a remarkably interesting historical incident, that a chance question caused Mr. Emmitt to relate. It is an incident with which few persons now living have acquaintance. It is a strange illustration of the silent power that a woman can exert to thwart the dearest aims of the most brilliant and zealous men.

The old state house at Columbus, built by the four original proprietors of that city — Kerr, McLaughlin, Johnston and Starling — and completed in 1814, had grown too small and antiquated for the people of Ohio, even as early as 1830, and the matter of building a new capitol was agitated. The old building, which stood on the north-west corner of High and State Streets — was two stories in height, seventy-five by fifty feet in dimensions, and was of brick and free stone. The brick was manufactured largely from clay taken from a large ancient mound that stood at the crossing of High and Mound Streets, and the stone it contained was wagoned, through mud and mire, from a quarry fourteen miles east of the city.

The result of much agitation on the subject of providing the state with a more imposing capitol was,

that the legislature, in January, 1838, passed an act providing for the erection of a new state house at Columbus. W. A. Adams of Muskingum County; W. B. Van Hook of Butler and Joseph Ridgeway, jr., of Franklin, were appointed a board of commissioners to take charge of the building of the new edifice, and these commissioners lost no time in contracting with William L. Sullivant to furnish limestone for the building at the rate of fifty cents a perch of twenty-five cubic feet. That year over two thousand cubic feet of stone was delivered, which convicts from the penitentiary were employed to dress.

It was estimated that the cost of the building, by employing the labor of two hundred convicts in its construction, could be kept within one-half million dollars. These calculations were frightfully inaccurate, as the state house has actually cost over a million and a half of dollars.

Premiums were offered by the commissioners, for plans for the new structure, and out of over sixty designs received, the three best among them were chosen; and from these three, a modified plan was evolved, upon which the present capitol building was erected. The corner stone of the building was formally laid on the Fourth of July, 1839, by Governor Morrow. The commissioners were eager to push forward their work, and at the next session of the legislature, in the winter of 1839–40, they asked for an

appropriation of thirty thousand dollars, with which to purchase brick and other materials for the interior walls of the basement story.

It is at this point that the woman enters the case.

At that time, Pike County was represented in the legislature by the Hon. Legrand Byington, who was serving his first term. He was a keen-witted, energetic, ambitious man, and cut quite a figure in state politics while he was at the capitol. At the same time, Licking County was represented by the Hon. G. B. Flood, a man of considerable force of character and influence.

Flood had married a beautiful southern girl, upon whose social record, it was hinted, there was a stain. The story was whispered about that, a few years before coming north, she had married a southerner, who shortly afterward was sent to the state prison of Mississippi, for in some way coming in conflict with the laws of the government; and that his wife, as soon after her husband's disgrace as possible, procured a divorce from him, left Mississippi, came north, and met and married Flood.

She was a woman moulded to be a social queen. Her graces of mind equaled those of her superb person. Educated in Europe, her natural grace enjoyed a perfection of polish that won for her the envy of the ladies reigning in the social realm of the then gay capital. Despite the ugly inuendoes early loosed, af-

fecting Mrs. Flood's social position, she won her way to popularity, first by charming the legislators with whom she came in contact, and later, by breaking down, by force of her own winning grace and brilliancy, all opposition among her own sex, to her entrance into the most exclusive social circles of the city.

No receptions were more largely attended by lawmakers than those given by the beautiful wife of the member from Licking County; and no woman of her day exerted a more powerful influence upon state legislation than did Mrs. Flood.

But one night, an untoward event occurred, that not only ruined her social standing, but which also practically killed, for a period of eight years, the project of building the new state house.

Mr. and Mrs. Flood, on the night referred to—early in 1840—attended, together, the old Palace Theater, which was then the fashionable place of amusement. After the performance, Mr. and Mrs. Flood took their own carriage for home. While on the way thither, a child was born to Mrs. Flood, who was, perforce, accouched by her husband.

Every effort was made to suppress a knowledge of this unfortunate occurrence. But through the indiscretion of a physician, the circumstances under which the child was born, reached the public ear, and the ladies of the capitol, in a spirit of holy horror, declared that the bar was forever lowered between themselves

and Mrs. Flood; that society must rigidly taboo her.

Mrs. Flood soon learned that the ban of exclusion had been issued against her. All the vindictiveness of her passionate being was enkindled, and she gave herself over to nursing her child—and schemes for revenge upon her feminine judges.

She resolved to inflict some heavy punishment upon the city and people who had heaped ignominy upon her. And this is how she did it.

Columbus, under the agreement made by the state with the original proprietors of the city, was only legally entitled to the capitol of the state until 1840—the very year of Mrs. Flood's public disgrace. There were other growing cities in the State, equally as important as Columbus, that thought they were entitled to the capitol, and began to make a fight for what they believed to be their rights. Mrs. Flood, through her husband and Byington, of Pike, who was a staunch friend of Flood, did everything possible to encourage the vigor of this distracting warfare, which grew to great proportions.

Opposition was made to granting the thirty thousand dollars asked for by the commissioners, or to issuing bonds to complete the state house, as was also asked.

Just when this fight was waxing warmest, charges were preferred in the legislature against the Hon. Wm. B. Lloyd, of Cuyahoga, for misconduct. An investi-

gation was had, and Lloyd was censured by an open vote of the general assembly. Lloyd was a popular man, and had a strong following in Columbus. A few days after the vote of censure was had, a remonstrance, signed by sixty-three of the most prominent young men in the city, and expressing unshaken confidence in Mr. Lloyd's integrity, and dissatisfaction with the action of the legislature, appeared in the Columbus Journal.

This protest on the part of Lloyd's friends, angered beyond measure the members of the legislature who had assented to the passage of the vote of censure. They regarded it as an insulting and presumptuous thing for the young men of Columbus to do.

Now had come the happy moment for which Mrs. Flood, eager for vengeance, had watched with unflagging zeal. That night, she instructed her husband and Byington in a winning manœuvre, and the next day, while the law-makers were still smarting under Loyd's lash, the Hon. G. B. Flood introduced in the legislature a measure *repealing the bill to erect a state house at Columbus, and it carried.*

The triumph of that hour compensated the beautiful and vindictive southron for all the sufferings of her ostracism. It was a triumph in which she reveled for seven years, during which time Columbus' sister cities waged a desperate warfare against her, in the hope of robbing her of the state house, the future building of

which was, of course, a certainty. A new act, authorizing the erection of a state house, was passed in 1846, but work was not fairly resumed until 1848, and the building was not completed until the fall of 1861 — over thirteen years.

And it was "all on account of the baby."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THAT VISIT TO EUROPE, DURING WHICH HON. JAMES EMMITT VIEWED TO SATIETY THE MAGNIFICENT PROPORTIONS OF THE ELEPHANT, IMPORTED A GERMAN VINTNER WHO GAVE HIM THE GUN, AND BOUGHT ALL THE STATUARY, BEAUTIFUL PICTURES AND ART TREASURES HE WANTED TO—THE PLEASURES OF TRAVEL, WHEN ONE HAS A LETTER OF CREDIT FOR TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN HIS VEST POCKET, BACKED BY A LITTLE RESERVE FUND OF TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS—A NICE SEA VOYAGE, DURING WHICH MR. EMMITT SIGHED FOR A BERTH ON A CORAL STRAND—THE SAVIOUR OF GENERAL MARMADUKE'S LIFE—THE BIRTH OF A PASSION FOR ART.

AFTER his triumph in the county seat war, and after his vast business successes during the exciting period of high taxation on whisky, Hon. James Emmitt concluded he wanted a little rest and recreation, and an opportunity to spend a portion of the immense wealth he had accumulated. So he concluded to go to Europe. There was another cause, too, that prompted him to determine upon this trip—a threatened failure of health. He became subject to an alarming pressure about the temples, that rendered thought or application to business both distressing and dangerous. His physicians warned him that he

had better give his head a rest, and he heeded their warning. He had transferred his interest in the Chillicothe distillery to his sons, Floyd R. and George A. Emmitt; had put his business at Waverly under the management of his half-brother, George D. Emmitt, and had shaped things up generally in the most satisfactory way possible, prior to starting for the continent, on the 20th of August, 1865.

The party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt and their two sons, David M. and Henry C. Emmitt, then very young men. There was no railroad down the valley in those days, and the party drove to Circleville in a carriage, where they took passage on the Zanesville road — now the Muskingum Valley branch of the Pan Handle system — for New York. The mercury stood ninety in the shade when they left Circleville, but when they reached Pittsburg they were suffering with cold, and had to put on their winter garments. At New York they were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Emmitt, who were then living in magnificent style in the metropolis. George Emmitt was then the owner of one of the finest turnouts that appeared on Broadway.

The Emmitt party, on the 6th of September of that year, took passage on the steamer Persia, then one of the finest boats in the Cunard Line service. The Persia accommodated two hundred and fifty first-class passengers. Her keel was three hundred feet

long, and she drew twenty-five feet of water and carried seventeen thousand tons of coal. Forty hands were engaged in feeding the great furnaces.

Before leaving New York, Mr. Emmitt made ample financial preparations for his long journey. He deposited two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in gold and United States bonds with his old-time friend, David Dows, with whose commission house he had done a large business for so many years. There he secured a letter of credit on the Bank of England for twenty-five thousand dollars, with a reserve fund of a quarter of a million dollars to draw on, in case the need for doing so presented itself. The ordinary traveler will admit that twenty-five thousand dollars is a pretty snug expense fund to carry about one's person—a sum calculated to make a tourist feel "pretty comfortable, thank you."

Just prior to sailing for Europe, David Dows told James Emmitt that he was the only man who had made vast sums of money during the war period who, to his knowledge, had held on to his wealth.

The Persia, on the 6th of September, went out with the tide as far as Sandy Hook, where it waited until eleven o'clock for the mail, and then steamed away for Queenstown.

The "first day out" was one that Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt will remember all their lives. The ship was thronged with people, and everyone was in the best

of spirits. There was laughter, merriment and good-fellowship everywhere.

The dinner table, that first day, was a revelation to all those who had no acquaintance with the sumptuousness with which guests are cared for aboard ship. That dinner was a feast—a royal feast, too—and everyone enjoyed it. So did they the luncheon, and the splendid supper. There was nothing lacking—not even a prodigal abundance of the most costly wines. There was nothing mean about the Cunard people. They knew what they were doing—that they could afford to extravagantly feast their passengers the first day, for after that they would have a mighty small family to entertain at table. The first night was pleasantly passed, and nearly every one enjoyed breakfast the next morning. But a perfect cyclone of sea sickness struck that merry party that second morning, and when dinner was served, but six passengers sat down to enjoy it--and they didn't enjoy it very heartily. The rest of the merry throng were in their state rooms, sick—sick to a degree that they had never before known a human being could attain and live.

Mrs. Emmitt had been confident, all along, that she would not be sick, and had lost no opportunity to jokingly assert her superior endurance, in this respect, over Mr. Emmitt, who had a mortal dread of being ill. Mrs. Emmitt was stricken first, and was so chagrined

that she hid away from her husband for almost a half day, that he might not see her distress.

Mr. Emmitt was walking along the deck that second morning, with his hat at a careless angle, enjoying the crisp sea breeze, the prospect away out to where the sky had married the sea, and a quid of rich Virginia tobacco. The ship gave a lurch, and Mr. Emmitt whirled about to save himself from a fall.

That movement was fatal, and with a wild spring, he made for the guard rail, over which he hung amidship, as sick as a fish and as limp as a bolster.

Oh, the agony of that hour! It was terrible. Emmitt seemed to think that the Jonah act had been rung in on him in reverse — that it was he who had to give up the whale. Every inch of his body, every nerve and fiber was involved in that struggle to turn himself inside out. His eyes seemed starting from their sockets, and when he saw a whale spouting in the distance, he wished it would come and swallow him.

"Between acts" he saw the fishes sporting about the plunging ship, and he wished he was a playful little fish, upon whom salt water and coral had no bad effects.

He wondered how far it was to the bottom of the ocean, and how long it would take him to reach the bottom — and peace.

He wanted a nice, quiet berth on a coral strand,

and wouldn't have kicked even if he had to take final lodging on the cold rocks, as second choice.

The sky had lost its beauty; the sea its charm, and life all interest. He wanted to die, and yet his stomach wouldn't be still long enough to permit of his drowning himself.

His clutch upon the guardrail was finally loosened by compassionate sailors, and he was carried "down below" to his state-room. A sicker man never breathed. He would have given every dollar he had on earth, just then, if he could have felt like he did when he was hammering the life out of Piketon during the county seat war. But that was impossible. He could not die—and he didn't want to live. He was too sick to live—and Mrs. Emmitt was in precisely the same boat. She was deathly sick.

That first night of sea-sickness, penned in their state-rooms, lingers in Mr. Emmitt's memory like a hideous dream of the infernal regions. Everybody was sick, and as the ship rolled and pitched and creaked, the air was full of cries of distress from those passengers who were suffering with the same agonies that made Mr. Emmitt pray for death. "Oh, my God!" he would hear his neighbor moan, and this cry of anguish would go clear through the ship. Everybody then was claiming a personal relation with the Lord, and his name was in every mouth. Everybody wanted to die, and such cries of pain, of utter human

misery, of lost hopes was never heard save aboard ship or in a field hospital after a bloody battle.

Young Henry Emmitt was just as sick as anybody, but David never suffered an hour from sea-sickness. Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt were ill during the entire nine and one-half days occupied by the voyage—not bed-ridden, but all the time sick nevertheless. They were able, in favorable weather, to spend some time on deck.

Among the great company of people on board was one young man—since then the Governor of Missouri—who found his way to the affections of the Emmitt party, under rather peculiar circumstances.

Almost immediately after steaming away from port at New York, Mrs. Emmitt's attention was attracted by a tall, handsome young man, who wore the saddest and most dejected look she had ever seen on a human being's face. He kept aloof from all the passengers, a solitary, moody, brooding figure, seemingly without a friend aboard the ship. His fine form was shabbily, even meanly dressed, and his whole appearance bore the marks of neglect and decay.

The more Mrs. Emmitt watched the sorrow-stricken young stranger, the more her gentle, motherly sympathies went out to him, and it was not long before he was introduced to the Emmitt circle. He proved to be General Marmaduke, of the crushed confederate army, and he was flying to England to

secure his personal safety. At that time, in common with the confederate officials generally, he thought that he would be either shot or hung if he remained in the United States. He had just gotten out of prison, and was still attired in his prison clothes. He was an utterly dejected, hopelessly crushed man. A fugitive, disgraced in the eyes of loyal people, broken in spirit and wrecked in fortune, he was thoroughly miserable. He took no interest in anything or anybody, until Mrs. Emmitt began to manifest a motherly interest in him, and by slow degrees he awakened from his dejected, sullen condition, and grew a little more cheerful. He identified himself wholly with the Emmitt party, and became one of them. As he regained his spirits, his gratitude toward Mrs. Emmitt knew no bounds, and when Ireland was reached, he had grown to regard her as his good angel—the saviour of his life; and his gratitude toward this gentle, thoughtful, helpful woman is as strong to-day as it was twenty-four years ago.

The captain, on the ninth day, told his passengers to be on the lookout for land, and every sea-sick citizen who could come on deck, was eager to catch a glimpse of something less restive than the wave-mountains of the surging sea.

A funny thing occurred when land was actually sighted. Every sea-sick passenger on board seemed

to immediately recover, in the presence of the welcome shore.

The Emmitts landed at Queenstown under unfavorable circumstances—during the Fenian excitement, when every one from America was subjected to the closest watchfulness, and owing to this fact, they had but little opportunity of getting acquainted with the irish people, other than the beggars who infest the routes followed by tourists. From Queenstown they went to Cork, and of course, went out to the old castle to perform the osculatory act upon the Blarney stone. To Bantry Bay they drove in an open carriage, traveling six miles an hour, and yet they were followed the entire way by untiring beggars. The boys—David and Henry—with a pocketful of small change, encouraged the chase by throwing out pieces of silver, just to see the scramble there would be for them. The beggars would jump upon a coin like a lot of chickens after a grain of corn—but there was no fighting. The moment the coin was secured by one of them, the chase was resumed.

They were charmed with Killarney, which Mr. Emmitt says possesses the most beautiful scenery he saw in all Europe—that he has ever seen anywhere. General Marmaduke accompanied them on all their journeys as far as Liverpool, when he went to London, and then to Spain. He went directly to the headquarters of the confederacy at London and Liverpool,

where many of the more prominent rebels had taken refuge, and where regular bureaus of finance and "protection" had been established. Of course, Marmaduke, in common with scores of other confederate officers, expected to be provided for at London, as he had thrown his entire fortune, as well as his father's, into the confederate cause. But he found the affairs of the Confederate Foreign Bureau of Finance in a deplorable condition—almost bankrupted by the dishonesty of the men to whom the funds had been entrusted. After reading the riot act to his late confreres, he started for Spain, and the Emmitts saw no more of him until they again met him at Florence.

The reader will find it both interesting and profitable to accompany Mr. Emmitt on his memorable tour over the continent, where he acquired very valuable information as to the exact size of the elephant, bought all the statuary, pictures and art treasures he wanted to, spent twenty-five thousand dollars and was taken in bodily by a german vintner, who knew he could make a success of grape culture in America.

CHAPTER XXX.

ON NAPOLEON'S THRONE — THE TRUTH OF HISTORY THAT DAWNED UPON HON. JAMES EMMITT OF WAVERLY, AS HE SAT GIVING AN EXTRA POLISH TO THE SEAT OF NAPOLEON'S TRAVELING CARRIAGE IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM — A LOOK THROUGH THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND AT WEAZEN-FACED BARON ROTHSCHILD AND THE GREAT ROTHSCHILD BANKING HOUSE AT FRANKFORT — THE DRAWBACKS TO TRAVELING IN EUROPE, WITHOUT KNOWING JUST WHERE "THE CONTINENT" IS — GAMBLING AT WEISBADEN — THE BONES OF ST. URSULA'S MAIDENS — A VISIT TO A THREE THOUSAND ACRE VINEYARD.

"NO one should go to Europe without having at least a fair knowledge of continental history," said Hon. James Emmitt. "When I started for Europe, I was lamentably ignorant of the history of the countries I was about to visit. You know, my opportunities to obtain an education, while a boy, were just about as slender as they could be. My whole early life had been one of hardships and incessant labor, and even after I grew to manhood, the struggle for worldly advancement left me no time for mental improvement. I had never read any history, save a few of Abbott's chestnuts, the "History of Napoleon," of "Josephine," and other little volumes of that ven-

erable series, and I knew as little about Europe, I guess, as any man who ever crossed the Atlantic. An incident that happened on ship-board, as we were going over, will illustrate better than anything else, the extent of my "foreign" information. The three hundred cabin passengers aboard the Persia were one big, jolly family, and we came to know them all. One day a very cultured gentleman, a professional man from Philadelphia, asked me:

"'Mr. Emmitt, do you intend to travel extensively on the continent?'

"Now I didn't know where the deuce the "continent" was. He might as well have asked me if I knew how many negroes there were in Africa, or how many stripes on the zebra. Of course, my ignorance distressed me, but I didn't want to expose myself to this elegant stranger, and with as much indifference as I could assume, I replied:

"'Oh, I don't know. I'll just go 'til I get tired, and then I'll go back home.'

"'Well,' said my friend, 'I hope you won't tire before reaching the continent, for I would be glad to meet an old ship-fellow over there.'

"That was going to Europe with an unwarped mind, sure enough, don't you think? There was one compensation for this lack of current and historical information—everything was new, and as a rule, delightful,

and the 'elephant' seemed larger, perhaps, than if I had had previous knowledge of his dimensions."

From Killarney, the Emmitt party went to Dublin—a city full of interest to Mr. Emmitt, whose grand-parents, on his father's side, left there for America one hundred and eight years ago. There were three of these Emmitt brothers, who emigrated at the same time. These Emmitts were directly connected, by the ties of blood relationship, with the illustrious patriot, Robert Emmet, who originated in Cork and was beheaded in 1803.

James Emmitt was called upon at his hotel, while in Dublin, by a tradesman in moderate circumstances, who made him a very peculiar proposition. The merchant's name was Emmet, and he, too, claimed to be a member of Robert Emmet's family. This man produced evidence to show that there was an estate in chancery in England, amounting to something like a million pounds, belonging to the Emmet heirs, in which he was directly interested. He was too poor to incur the necessary expense to employ lawyers to institute proceedings to get at this vast treasure, and he labored very hard to get Mr. James Emmitt interested to that point that he would consent to stay in Dublin a few months, to thoroughly investigate the claim and furnish the means to make the necessary legal fight. Mr. Emmitt looked into the matter sufficiently to satisfy himself that there

was such an unsettled estate in chancery, but knowing that it would take ten or fifteen years to get the matter settled, he didn't care to go into the struggle. At that time, too, Mr. Emmitt was of the opinion that he was just about as rich as he wanted to be, and had concluded to permanently retire from business, after returning home.

While at Dublin, the Emmitt party visited the houses where Tom Moore, the bard of Ireland, and Wellington were born; the house where Daniel O'Connell lived, and Parliament House, which is preserved in every detail just as it was left after the last Irish Parliament issued from its walls—even to the paper on the desks of members.

They also went out to the cemetery, famous as the resting place of O'Connell and Curran. The graves in this beautiful cemetery are every day decorated with fresh flowers.

Mrs. Emmitt, right from the start, demonstrated the fact that, as a sight-seer, she was every whit her husband's equal, and together, they made an eager and untiring team. She seemed dauntless, and together they ascended to the top of almost every tower and mountain of note in Europe.

From Dublin, they went to Liverpool, where, Mr. Emmitt says, "the roughs of the world were congregated about her two hundred acres of dry docks, and fifteen miles of quays." At Liverpool, General

Marmaduke left the party, which proceeded on to London.

Mr. Emmitt's heavy letter of credit gave him a splendid standing in Europe, and in business circles he was everywhere considerately and courteously received. On the strength of this, and letters of introduction from Alexander E. Orr, the New York millionaire, to certain officials, he was accorded the rather unusual privilege of thoroughly inspecting the inner workings of the greatest monied institution in the world, the Bank of England. Certain apartments of this great depository can be visited by all persons, but the private apartments can only be entered by an order from a director — which Mr. Emmitt was favored with. He saw the millions of gold stored in the bullion room; the vast wealth passing through the weighing room; the richness of the great vaults of the treasury, and the elaborate methods of the department where the Bank of England's notes are printed, on the most superbly constructed printing and plate presses in the world. He saw the bank's one thousand and odd clerks at work — clerks whose salaries range from two hundred and twenty-five to six thousand dollars per year. The buildings and courts of this great bank cover eight acres of territory.

One of the peculiarities that Mr. Emmitt first became aware of in english custom, was the practice that all gentlemen followed, of taking their hats off upon

entering a bank, office or store of any kind. It was a "lesson in good manners," as he puts it. Forgetting himself, he entered Westminster Abbey with his hat on, and a moment later, was tapped on the arm by an officer and requested to doff his tile. He doffed. Buckingham Palace was of course visited, and the Royal Mews, close by. The Mews is the royal stable where all the state horses and carriages are kept. The Mews was of greater interest to Mr. Emmitt than the palace, as it was a practically organized, "active sort of a place."

None of the great sights escaped them, and the Tower of London, the British Museum, Westminster Abbey, the celebrated palaces, the East India Museum, the Horse Armory, wonderful St. Paul's Cathedral, the churches, cemeteries, great bridges, Zoological Gardens, Covent Gardens, and all the other gardens and places of amusement were all "done" in good style.

The British Museum struck Mr. Emmitt very hard, and he spent a great deal of time there. The gallery where are preserved the heads of seven hundred victims of the executioner's ax, had a peculiar fascination for him. He took more than a passing interest in the cell where the citizen was confined for more than sixty years, and who didn't want to leave the "dear old home" even after he had been liberated. The wax figures were a revelation, and Mr. Emmitt was keen

to swear that some of them were alive, they looked *so* "d—n natural." He couldn't disabuse his mind of this idea for a long while. The private carriage of Napoleon Bonaparte is preserved at the museum in practically the same shape that it passed out of the great emperor's hands. It is the carriage used by him during his last campaign, and while being a model of convenience, is by no means one of comfort. It contains his couch, library and writing desk — the latter covered with plans of various battle-fields, over which Napoleon had spent many a thoughtful night, scheming, planning and changing — fighting his battles in advance.

Mr. Emmitt, with that modest hesitancy which characterizes the American abroad, gracefully elevated his person into the Emperor's carriage, and comfortably reclined in the seat that had been nicely polished by the seat of Napoleon's uniform. And while sitting on that movable throne of one of the greatest men the world ever knew; in that carriage, the rumble of whose wheels at one time shook the universe, James Emmitt, for the first time, began to fully realize the truth of history. He also indulged in a little speculative thought, and couldn't help thinking how funny it was that Jim Emmitt of Waverly should enjoy the privilege of warming the chair that had so often held Napoleon, whose genius dazzled the world. He thought of the world-conquering schemes that had been planned

in that carriage; of the Napoleonic triumphs and disappointments that had been felt within its strong walls; of the almost limitless power of the military genius who had been its occupant, and of what a dizzy, uncomfortable time he must have had o' nights, trying to sleep in his narrow bed while rushing ahead over all sorts of roads. Concluding that Napoleon, smart as he was, didn't know one-tenth as much about traveling in comfort as a modern railroad president, Mr. Emmitt lowered himself from the carriage and moved on.

The headsman's ax, in the Tower of London, was another thing that claimed Mr. Emmitt's close attention.

On the 4th of October, the Emmitt party left London and crossed the English Channel, forty miles in width; again suffered frightfully with sea sickness, and arrived at Calais safely, but badly used up. When they took the boat to cross the Channel it was very cold and uncomfortable, and Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt wanted to retire to rest at once. They made their wants known to a gruff official, who merely smiled grimly, directed them to sofas, and ordered a waiter to furnish every member of the party with a vessel much resembling a wash bowl. The man's superior knowledge of their wants was soon evident to all concerned,

for they all, save young Henry Emmitt, grew sick — "sick unto death."

From Calais the party proceeded to interest-crowded Brussels, and thence to Cologne, that beautifully located, crescent-shaped city on the Rhine, with its glorious cathedral and all-pervading filth. Cologne could be one of the cleanest cities in Europe, if it wanted to, because of its location; but it doesn't want to. It is wedded to its stenches. Aside from the cathedral, the most remarkable sight Mr. Emmitt found in Cologne was the church of St. Ursula, which contains the bones of this patron saint of chastity, and the eleven thousand maidens who were slain with her by the lustful Huns. Ursula was the daughter of the King of Brittany, and a very religious maiden. Accompanied by eleven thousand virgins, her followers, she sailed up the Rhine as far as Basle, and from there completed the journey to Rome on foot. She and her great army of maidens were received at Rome with great honors by the Pope. On their return home they were attacked by a horde of barbarous Huns and ruthlessly murdered, because they steadfastly refused to break their vows of chastity. St. Ursula, who was accompanied by her lover, Conan, and an escort of knights, was murdered, with her lover, in the camp of Emperor Maximin. The present church of St. Ursula at Cologne was built to contain the bones of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand maidens who died with her,

and to-day you are confronted in the church, on every hand, with skulls, arm and leg bones, hands, and other bony portions of the human body, piled high on shelves built in the wall. St. Ursula's remains are preserved in a coffin, surrounded by the skulls of a number of her favorite attendants. In this same room are shown the chains with which St. Peter was bound in prison, and one of the clay vessels for wine used by the Saviour at the marriage in Cana.

Mr. Emmitt was very eager to get into the great wine-making districts of the Rhine during the grape gathering season, and it was for this reason that he hurried along his route to Coblentz, a lovely little city located on a triangular strip of land between the Moselle and the Rhine, and strongly fortified. It is there that the church of St. Castor is located, in which the great Charlemagne divided his empire among his grandchildren. The principal building in Coblentz is the summer palace of the King of Germany. At Coblentz, Deinhard and Jordan, the bankers, then owned one of the greatest wine cellars in the world. It is in the neighborhood of this city that the world-famed Moselle Muscatel wine, a highly-flavored, sparkling hock, is made. One million bottles of wine are annually shipped from Coblentz.

From Coblentz the party went to Darmstadt, which is about twenty miles from Frankfort-on-the-Main. Mr. Emmitt, after enjoying several journeys

on the Rhine, and seeing the splendid vineyards running away up into the air on the Rhine's terraced hills, cultivated under tremendous difficulties, became greatly interested in grape culture; so much so, in fact, that he concluded to start a great vineyard at home, and go into the wine-making business on an extensive scale. He concluded that the proper way to successfully undertake this work was to employ a vintner from the wine district of Germany, who had grown up in a grapery, who knew the business from root to branch, and who knew nothing else than raising grapes and making wine. With this idea in mind, he looked around through the vineyards about Darmstadt, and at last found a practical grape grower, a thoroughbred german named Miller, who filled the bill of requirements in every particular. He made a proposition to Miller to remove his family to America and plant and manage the grapery that he was to establish at Waverly. Miller accepted the offer, and the details of the compact between them were soon arranged. With his assistance, Mr. Emmitt bought a vast number of the choicest native grape vines and had them packed and shipped to America. Then Miller got his family in readiness and, with money furnished by Mr. Emmitt, secured the necessary supplies and transportation, and set sail for America. He reached Waverly all right, where Mr. Emmitt had made all arrangements to start him to housekeeping in very comfort-

able style. After getting everything that he desired in the way of household goods and clothing for himself and family, this trusty german grape grower suddenly packed up his effects and ran away to Louisville, taking with him everything he could carry away. This, to say the least, was beastly shabby treatment of the man who had paid his way, as well as that of his family, to America, and favored him in a hundred ways.

The vines arrived all right, were set out and grew famously. They bore great crops of grapes, but not a bunch ever ripened. A blight invariably struck them, and they rotted and dropped from the vines.

From Darmstadt the party went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, Mayence and Weisbaden. The latter place is the capital of the grand-duchy of Nassau, and is the home of the grand-duke, who realizes a yearly income of twenty-five thousand dollars from the proprietors of the Kursaal, who monopolize the gambling privileges of the famous resort. One of the sights to be seen at the great gambling hell at Weisbaden, is women gamblers, who play with all the boldness, dash and desperate abandon of their male antagonists at the gaming tables. There is never any disturbance at this gambling palace, no swaggering or loud talking. A great dance hall adjoins this gambling room, and on the night that this latter place was visited, Henry and David Emmitt, who had bought

suitable suits for the occasion, had a merry time circling around in the dizzy whirl of the waltz, their arms fondly entwined about buxom Gretchens from Frankfort.

A two weeks stay was made at Frankfort, from which point interesting excursions were made in every direction. It was at Frankfort that Mr. Emmitt, with letters of introduction, visited the great banking house of the Rothschilds, and was introduced to one of the famous brothers of the firm—a small, weazen-faced, dried-up citizen, who looked as though forty cents would about represent the amount of his cash on hand. And yet that inconsequential looking man was one of the money monarchs of the world. The Frankfort bank of the Rothschilds was as unassuming and as disappointing in appearance as that of one of its powerful owners. This representative of the Rothschild family, Mr. Emmitt said, looked for all the world like that picturesque gentleman, B. David, of Jackson C. H. The Rothschild bank at Paris was found to be quite a different affair—a regular palace.

At Mayence, by special permit, they visited a vast vineyard, embracing three thousand acres of highly cultivated grapes. This estate, on which is located one of the most extensive wine cellars of the world, has been in possession of the family that then owned it, for long generations. The vineyard was filled with women gathering the luscious grapes, and when the

Emmitt party entered, at a sign from the superintendent, twenty-five or thirty maidens came dancing toward the strangers from America, singing as they came, and all bearing clusters of grapes and branches of the vines' foliage. Greeting each of the visitors in turn, the women rubbed the dust off their shoes with grape leaves, then dropped the leaves at their feet, and with a sweet german greeting, presented them all with a wealth of grapes. The women then turned to their work, while the visitors were shown over the estate and through the vast wine cellar, that was constructed underground, like a great catacomb. That cellar contained wine of every vintage for scores of years, and it was a difficult matter for the visitors to keep from becoming intoxicated, so insistent was the superintendent that they should taste every one of the choice old wines. Think of that — attempting to sample the vintage of a hundred years and more!

The superintendent said that they never counted upon getting more than one good crop of grapes in five years. The peasants depend almost wholly on the grape crop, and one good yield in five years makes them joyful.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN BAVARIA'S HEAD — A GENTLE MAIDEN, WHOSE CRANIUM WILL CONTAIN TWENTY-NINE MEN AND TWO SMALL BOYS, AND THROUGH A LOCK OF WHOSE CURLY HAIR A STALWART CITIZEN CAN NAVIGATE, WITHOUT ANY PARTICULAR DISCOMFORT — A BIG GIRL, WITH A MOUTH THAT WOULD MAKE HAVERLY'S END MAN FEEL ASHAMED OF HIS FACIAL CAVERN, AND LIMBS AS STURDY AS A GIANT OAK — THE LOVE OF AN AMERICAN ABROAD FOR OLD VIRGINIA TOBACCO — BARE-FOOTED FIG PACKERS AT TRIESTE — THE GORGEOUS SILKEN CURTAINS THAT MAXIMILIAN NEVER NEEDED FOR HIS MEXICAN PALACE — THE BEGINNING OF ART PURCHASES THAT SWELLED TO A SHIP-LOAD.

WITH a desire to give his sons, David and Henry, a liberal education, Hon. James Emmitt, before leaving Frankfort, arranged for their installment in the celebrated college at that place. The young men were fitted out with everything that they could possibly need; arrangements were made by which they were to secure special consideration from the very best tutors in the institution, and they were both provided with quite a liberal bank account, to which their was no string.

Then Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt took their departure for Heidelberg, meaning to go thence to the Danube,

and by way of that river as far as possible on their way to Munich; but the Danube, when they reached it, was too low to be navigable, and they had to go to Munich by rail.

Munich, certainly one of the finest cities in Europe, struck the Emmitt party very hard. There was everything there to interest and charm them—and they were duly charmed.

It was at Munich that Mr. Emmitt first felt the awakening of a positive interest in art. The great art galleries of London and other cities to which they had gone, had been visited and passively enjoyed, but it was not until the wondrous treasures of Munich's vast galleries had been seen, that art manifested a language that appealed to Mr. Emmitt's understanding. But after seeing the thirty-six portraits in the Saloons of Beauty in the Royal Palace—the thirty-six handsomest women who were then living or had lived in Munich, among whom was the face of famed Lola Montez—the great pictures in the Hall of Battles, and the priceless treasures in the great picture gallery, which is, beyond dispute, one of the very finest in Europe, a change came over the spirit of the rich man from Waverly. In the fourth hall of the great gallery alone are shown ninety-five paintings, all Rubens', among them being his "Reconciliation of the Sabines with the Romans;" "Susanna at the Bath;" "The Nymphs of Diana Asleep in the Forest," and the

"Wild Boar Chase," copies of two or three of which Mr. Emmitt purchased and now has in his possession. In the fifth hall are Murillo's superb delineations of beggar children, one of the most famous of which is that of an old woman "going through" a ragged lad's head. The various halls contain masterpieces by Raphael, Albert Durer, Michael Wohlgemuth, John Holbein, Quentin Matsys, Honthorst, Van Dycks, Horace and Joseph Vernet, Claude Lorraine, Poussin, Carraccio, Paul Veronese, Caravaggio, and others known to enduring fame. The Cabinet of Designs contains over nine thousand of the original designs of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Correggio, Fra Bartolomeo, Giulio, Romano, Rembrandt, Albert Durer, Holbein, and others. Munich, then as now, was the most celebrated city in Europe for its paintings on porcelain and glass, the Wimmer collection of porcelain paintings being unapproached either in extent or beauty; and this city ranks first in all the world in the perfection of its photography. The public library of Munich, the second largest in the world, contains over eight hundred thousand volumes, twenty-three thousand treasured manuscripts, three hundred thousand engravings and ten thousand Greek and Roman coins. It is in this library that the Bible of Luther is preserved.

One of the sights of Munich that greatly interested Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt was the gigantic bronze

statue of Bavaria, modeled by Ludwig Schwanthaler, Bavaria's greatest sculptor. This stupendous statue, which is regarded as one of the most elaborate of its kind in the world, stands on a granite pedestal, thirty feet high. The statue proper has a height of sixty-six feet, and seventy-eight tons of metal was required to cast it. This mammoth achievement in bronze was commenced in 1844, and was not completed until 1850. It is composed mainly of the material of cannon captured from various nations, but principally from Turkey. In the figure's left hand is a wreath of glory, and in her right a sword adorned with circling laurels, prepared to crown those worthy of their country's honor. Her graceful, commanding figure, is clothed in flowing garments and a fur tunic, and at her side is a colossal Bavarian lion. At the rear of the statue is a bronze door, through which Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt passed up a flight of stairs to the top of the pedestal; then up another stairway of iron to the inside of the head, where eight persons can comfortably sit at one time. There is a story extant to the effect that on the day the statue was raised to its place, there were twenty-nine men and two boys in the head, and that when the joy and clamor of the multitude was at its highest the people were astonished to see these men, one by one, emerge from one of the locks of Bavaria's hair and descend to the ground, by means of a great ladder. Bavaria's arms are twenty-four feet nine inches long,

the nose one foot eleven inches, the mouth fifteen inches wide and the eyes eleven inches. The total cost of the statue proper was ninety-seven thousand dollars.

It was at Munich that Mr. Emmitt made the first of his art purchases, which he afterward swelled to a small ship-load. His first purchase was an exquisite piece of statuary — Proserpine and Ceres — which he fell in love with at the studio of the then deceased Schwanthaler, and for which he paid three hundred dollars. His next purchase was a beautifully done portrait of Raphael, on porcelain, which cost him, by the time it reached America, six hundred dollars. Both of these purchases are still in Mr. Emmitt's possession, and win the admiration of every person who sees them. These purchases gave Mr. Emmitt the "art fever," and before he left Europe his name was familiar in all the picture marts of the continent.

At Munich, Mr. Emmitt was informed that if he expected to visit the Pope, upon reaching Rome, he would have to have a regulation dress suit, and of course ordered the proper thing made. The proper thing, which was turned out at the establishment of one "Franz Bill," proved to be an ultra fashionable spike tail coat of black broadcloth, with vest and breeches in the proper mode, to match. Added to this, and completing the outfit, was a tall silk hat. When togged out in this raiment, and smoking the

rarely-absent cigar, Mr. Emmitt was a veritable dude. The writer had a mighty good opportunity of judging just what a great dude he was, as when this part of his narrative was reached, he attired himself in this sable outfit, clothed in which he had complacently smiled at Pope Pius IX, as he was borne aloft through grand St. Peter's aisles on the shoulders of his cardinals, during the carnival of Rome. The spike-tail coat is still a pretty good fit, save about the abdomen, which it can no longer encompass. Dressed in that swell toggery, he must have been quite "the belle of the ball."

From Munich they went to Vienna, with which city they were greatly charmed. Vienna, with its population of over a half-million, is nearly circular in form, and is twelve miles in circumference. The old city was not over three miles around, and was enclosed by strong fortifications. These have long since been razed, and their site is now occupied by a magnificent promenade, known as the Bastei. Immediately outside of this, is a great, wide esplanade, laid out in beautiful walks and gardens. Vienna is the Paris of Austria, in point of splendor and gaiety.

At Milan — which was not reached until some time later — Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt visited many manufacturing establishments. Among these was a silk factory, where a great number of primitive looking looms, operated by both men and women, were

employed in manufacturing the most exquisite silken curtains, chair coverings and materials for the most elaborate and costly upholstery. These curtains and draperies were designed to be used in the magnificent palace which the Emperor Francis Joseph's brother, Maximilian, was to establish in Mexico, when he became firmly settled on his uncertain throne. Maximilian was then in Mexico, at the head of the monarchical government that had been established there through the intervention of France—a position, to accept which he was induced to sign away all of his rights as an Austrian prince. Maximilian was a superb man in form and feature, and the possessor of a really fine intellect. He was both dashing and honest, and anything but a man of intrigue. He was extremely popular with the Austrian people, and there has always been a pretty strong suspicion extant, that Maximilian's Mexican adventure was planned and foisted upon him by his brother, the Emperor Francis Joseph.

Joe was fearful that Max's popularity with the people would some day work him mischief. So a scheme was hatched up with France, by which the promise of a great empire in Mexico, was held out to Maximilian. Thither he went to encounter brief glory, contention, treachery, treason on the part of his

most trusted friends, and death at the mouth of Mexican rifles.

The gorgeous silken products of the looms of Milan, upon which Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt feasted their eyes, were never used to adorn Maximilian's Mexican palace. From Vienna to Pesth, on the Danube, was an interesting journey. Mr. Emmitt says that he never saw finer or richer black land than that about Pesth, nor finer cattle, hogs and sheep than were there raised. The farms are not separated by fences of any kind, all the herds being cared for by shepherds. There are no houses on the farms, as in America, the people all living in villages.

At Pesth, Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt occupied the room that the great liberal, Kossuth slept in, the night before his escape for America, and they viewed with interest the bridge over which he made his way to the opposite shore of the Danube—and liberty. It is related that this bridge was completed the very day that Kossuth had such urgent need for its use. Along the Danube, Mr. Emmitt saw scores of floating flour mills, anchored out in the river to catch the power to turn their wheels.

From Pesth, the Emmitts went back to Vienna, and thence to Trieste, stopping at the greatest grotto in Europe—that at Adelsburg. The entrance to the grotto is by two great apertures, into one of which quite a large river flows, and follows the tourist in his

journey through the wonderful subterranean passages. Finally, a great natural cavern is reached, into which the river plunges and is lost. The river Unz, which bursts out of the mountains at Planina, is supposed to be this lost river, reappearing, after its long underground journey. In one of the largest and most magnificent caverns in the grotto, the peasantry of the surrounding country, once a year—on Whit-Monday—give a great ball. These peasants enjoy their annual festivities, hundreds of feet below the earth's surface, and a mile from the light of day, in probably the most magnificent ball-room in the world.

At Trieste, the commercial capital of Austria, Mr. Emmitt secured the first taste of american tobacco he had been able to procure on the continent. Trieste is on the Adriatic sea, and in a commercial sense, has "knocked the eye out of" Venice.

There was an american vessel lying in the harbor, out from Trieste, that was about to sail for New York. Mr. Emmitt was mighty eager for a taste of old Virginia tobacco. He instructed his courier to go out to this vessel and purchase some tobacco from the american officers, at any price. The courier, a pretty sly fellow, performed this task in good shape, and succeeded in smuggling the goods ashore. The same experiment was repeated at Leghorn. There the courier procured some american tobacco,

which had been smuggled ashore in a lot of straw. But they lost it again at Genoa, where the Custom House officials discovered it in their trunks, and confiscated it. Mr. Emmitt didn't want to part with it, and he bought it back from the Genoese officials at double the price he had originally paid for it.

It was at Trieste that Mr. Emmitt was cured of a love for figs. There he saw four ship loads of that fruit, which was being unloaded and packed into great hogsheads. They were securely packed into these big packages by dirty, barefooted men, who stamped them into compact shape with their feet.

The railroad from Vienna to Trieste is a wonderful affair, and required twenty-four years to build it. It is a regular iron snake, winding up through the almost solid rock of the mountains. The tourists over this road could look back and plainly see Vienna a half-day after having left it. It is one of the engineering wonders of Europe. From Trieste the Emmitt party went to Verona and then to Milan, stopping at the house of the Medicis on the way.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN ROYAL STATE WAS THE MANNER IN WHICH HON. JAMES EMMITT MADE HIS TOUR OF THE CONTINENT — THE BOLD ROBBERIES OF A RASCALLY COURIER, WHO FORCED A QUIET CITIZEN TO TRAVEL LIKE AN EMPEROR, AND WHO WAS IN THE HABIT OF TELEGRAPHING AHEAD TO HIS BANDITTI FRIENDS, "PREPARE THE STATE CHAMBER, I'M COMING WITH SUCKERS" — HOW THE BEAUTIFUL SCULPTOR, LARKEN J. MEADE, WON HIS BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN WIFE — THE PIGEONS OF VENICE — THE PICTURESQUE GONDOLIER AND HONEST PICTURE DEALER — TREASURES FROM THE DOGE'S PALACE.

FROM Trieste, the Emmitt party went to Venice, where they made a stay of three weeks. The cholera was raging at Trieste, when they left that city, and when they reached Venice, they found that a quarantine had been established against all newcomers. Entrance to the city was refused them, point blank, at first, but after much kicking and scheming they were allowed to run into Venice on the three miles of railroad, that extends from the mainland out to the city of the sea.

They were landed at the custom house, where their trunks were emptied and their contents thoroughly fumigated. Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt were com-

pelled to remain in the fumigating room until they were almost suffocated.

At the custom house they employed one of the host of gondoliers hovering about, and were transported to their hotel.

The quiet sea in front of the custom house was alive with gondolas, and every one of the light, graceful boats was painted a dead black. They looked so strange and sombre, and the gondoliers themselves so solemn, that Mrs. Emmitt was impressed with the belief that there was a corpse about, and that a floating funeral procession was about to form. She told the courier that, "If this is to be a funeral, we don't want to go in at the head of the procession."

The courier assured her that there was to be no funeral just then, and volunteered the information that all the gondolas of Venice were painted black, in accordance with the requirements of an ancient law. There was a time in Venice when gondolas were exceedingly gorgeous affairs, and in their decoration and appointment the wildest forms of extravagance were manifested. The rivalry between wealthy Venetians, in the matter of water carriages, reached a dangerous and reckless point, and one nobleman would not be outdone by his hated peer. So it came to pass that gondolas were painted in the richest colors and enriched with mountings and finishings of gold and silver and precious stones, and beautiful decorations in ivory and

pearl. They were upholstered in silks and velvets and satins and richest rugs. The windows of the cabins were of the costliest stained glass, and the gondoliers themselves were tricked out with a gorgeousness of which the homely american never dreamed. It was a common thing for a nobleman, driven to mad recklessness by his rival, to put half of his fortune into his gondolas.

The fever of extravagance at last assumed such proportions that it began to interfere with the welfare of the state, and a law was enacted, compelling all gondolas within the Venetian territory to be painted black. And they are painted black to this day. The average dimensions of a gondola are thirty feet by four, with the prow gracefully rising out of the water to a height of five feet. They are very swift travelers, and a gondolier will make six miles an hour without any particular difficulty.

The Emmitts became enamored of Venice, and enjoyed their three weeks stay there hugely. They visited all the famous city's famous places and became pretty familiar with the Doge's palace, St. Mark's and the big manufactories on the adjacent islands.

While there, Er. Emmitt bought a magnificent glass chandelier, a glass framed mirror and two beautiful old cabinets, all of which had formerly graced the Doge's palace. The chandelier now adorns the hallway of Mr. Emmitt's home at Waverly, while

the cabinets—marvels of workmanship, and, inlaid with ivory and tortoise shell—are the chief ornaments of the view room of his residence. The mirror is hung in his parlor and is said to be three hundred years old. The cabinets are reputed to be even older.

The great glass works on the island of Murano are one of the great attractions of Venice. Over four hundred persons are there employed, and from these works are turned out magnificent mirrors, artificial pearls and all manner of beautiful glass ornaments, in the greatest variety of colors.

The church of St. Mark at Venice is one of the sights of Europe. The present edifice was begun in 977. It is built in the form of a Greek cross and was designed by architects from Constantinople. Over the arches of the great doorways, and in a gallery of finest marble, are the famous bronze horses, which have been the subject of so much contention, bloodshed and strife. They were carried by conquering foes from Venice to Constantinople and recovered by the Venetians in 1205; and Napoleon carried them to Paris to adorn the triumphal arch in the Place du Carrousel. Venice recovered them in 1815. St. Mark's possesses some of the finest mosaics in the world, composed, in many instances, of marbles brought from all parts of the known world by Venetian ships. Every

ship, returning from a voyage, brought some treasure to enrich St. Mark's.

One of the prettiest sights in Venice is to be seen about the Piazza of St. Mark, at two o'clock every day, when thousands of carrier pigeons alight in the open space to be fed. The pigeons make their appearance with amazing regularity, settling down over the city in great clouds, simultaneously with the striking of the great clock in the Torre dell Orologio. These pigeons have been cared for in this way for a long series of years, being maintained by the income from a large fortune left by a noble-woman for that especial purpose. This lady's love for carrier pigeons dated back to the time when Venice was engaged in one of her many wars. An important battle was to be fought, upon the result of which the fate of Venice depended. The first news of the outcome of this great struggle was brought to Venice by a carrier pigeon and proclaimed the fact that the arms of Venice were victorious. From that time forward, the love of the noble-woman for carrier pigeons knew no bounds. She devoted her time to increasing and caring for that species of bird, feeding them every day in a bountiful way. She bequeathed her entire fortune to their use, providing that from the income thereof, they should be daily fed. A splendid band of music is in attendance every day, to play while the birds are feeding.

While the Emmitts were at Venice, they became

acquainted with Larken J. Meade, the great american sculptor of Florence, whose fame was then only second to that of Hiram Powers. A relative of Meade's was consul at Venice, and being compelled to go back to America on business, he had Larken J. Meade installed as acting consul during his absence.

While at Venice, acting in this capacity, the great sculptor fell hopelessly in love with a beautiful Italian girl. He wooed her with all the fire of one of her own countrymen, and won her heart. But there were obstacles in the way of their marriage — both on the part of the church and the girl's family. The objections of the latter, however, were removed, but the barrier of the church could not be overcome — at least, in Venice. The maiden was a devout Catholic, and the church to which the young lady avowed allegiance would not sanction her marriage to the non-Catholic stranger.

The dilemma that thus arose placed Larken J. in a wonderful muddle. He didn't know what to do. He was almost crazy with eagerness to marry the beautiful Venetian, and she was entirely willing — but there was the church between them, and obedience to the wishes of her church was apparently as dear to her as the sculptor's love.

Meade used to spend most of his evenings up at the hotel, with the Emmitts, and in his distress, he poured his lover's woes into Mrs. Emmitt's sympa-

thetic ear. She suggested that if he couldn't marry the young lady in Venice that—there were other places than Venice on the continent. Meade said that he had thought of that, but that the fair Senorita wouldn't consent to elope with him, and all his arguments to overcome her scruples against marrying without the fullest sanction of the church had proved of no avail. He was in despair, and could think or talk of nothing save the black-eyed, rich-skinned girl who had enchanted him.

Meade was in a most distracted condition when he bade the Emmitts good-bye at the custom house at Venice. Persistence is a great thing, and some months later, Larken J. Meade induced the charming Italian, properly chaperoned, to accompany him to France, where they were married. They immediately set sail for America, taking the steamer just preceding the one on which the Emmitts sailed for home. Mr. and Mrs. Meade were re-married in America by a Catholic minister. This was done to satisfy Mrs. Meade's religious scruples. They remained here for quite a long while, but finally returned to Florence. Before leaving Venice, Mr. Emmitt arranged to have Larken J. Meade make several fine pieces of statuary for him, and busts of Mrs. Emmitt and himself.

While at Venice, the Emmitts made a hair-raising discovery. They found that they had been persistently and boldly robbed by their courier, a very

smart fellow, who dressed like a dude, carried a splendid gold watch, aired heavy gold chains and diamond jewelry, and the airs of a first-class duke.

It is probable that two plain, quiet, unostentatious American citizens never traveled on the continent in such regal splendor as did the Emmitts. The best in the land was everywhere placed at their disposal. When they reached a hotel, they found themselves assigned to the chambers of state, which would be illuminated in gorgeous style, by innumerable wax tapers held in candelabra of silver and gold. Their meals were always sent to their rooms, and they never knew what it was to enjoy the pleasures and society of a table d'hote. Even though the wax tapers had not been burned one-third, they would invariably be removed and replaced; the finest carriages in the city were sent in response to their call. Mr. Emmitt never went into a barber shop, the courier always ordering that necessary individual to Mr. Emmitt's room. And this same courier studiously kept them aloof from company of all sorts—and especially english company. He was their sole english speaking companion, and he kept them under his thieving thumb as few travelers have been kept. He made them believe that they were traveling in just the same style that all well-to-do tourists traveled—and while doing

so, got a fat commission on the enormous bills which he steered them into contracting.

But in a careless hour, at Venice, the courier allowed Mr. Emmitt to meet and hold a conversation with a gentleman from Baltimore, a Mr. Taylor, who was an old continental traveler. During the conversation, Mr. Emmitt took occasion to gather some information; and before he was through he found that he had been about the most shamefully courier-robbed tourist who had struck the continent—that year, at least. Mr. Taylor thoroughly opened his eyes, and you may depend, Mr. Emmitt was in a white rage with indignation.

He discovered that the courier had been robbing him in a hundred ways, but particularly in the matter of hotel accommodations, exchanging currency and in railroad fares. It was found that the courier had been in the habit of telegraphing ahead—say, from Trieste to Venice--to the hotel to which he proposed taking his victims, to this effect: "Prepare the fatted calf; I'm coming with suckers."

Such telegrams explained away the state chamber business, and all the brass ornaments that adorned their stay at the hotel.

It was further found that this villainous escort, while living like a prince himself, was maintaining his wife on the road, at Mr. Emmitt's expense, generally keeping her one town ahead of the party. He

was paid a big salary but doubled this by his stealings. Of course, he was discharged and sent back to London. Another courier was engaged at Venice—a mulatto, who was the son of a Virginia negro who had drifted to Venice and married an Italian woman—joining them at Milan, the Emmitts going from Venice to Verona and thence to Milan, the city with the wondrous cathedral.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PICTURE BUYER, WHO DAZED THE ART DEALERS OF FLORENCE BY BUYING TREASURED CANVASES BY THE DOZEN—A SYSTEM OF PICTURE PURCHASING THAT SAVED THE BUYER HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS AND STILL LEFT DEALERS THE DUTCHMAN'S "ONE PER CENT." PROFIT—THE PLEASURES OF STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND, AT A TIME WHEN ALL THE ELOQUENCE OF THE ENGLISH TONGUE COULDN'T PROCURE ONE A CUTLET OF VEAL—THE DAZZLING RICHNESS SURROUNDING THE REMAINS OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO IN THE CATHEDRAL OF MILAN—CLIMBING THE RICKETY TOWERS OF BOLOGNA.

THE Taylors—brother and sister—whom the Emmitts met at Venice, and to whom they were indebted for the information that exposed the shameless robberies of their first courier, were exceedingly interesting and valuable companions—for they traveled many weeks in company with the Emmitt party. While on this tour, Miss Taylor and her brother visited every capital in Europe and Asia, and everywhere she went, she procured one or more valuable stones. This great collection she brought to Rome, where she had them made into a beautiful mosaic table. The Taylors were full of information,

HENRY CLAY EMMITT. MRS. EMMITT. COURIER. HON. JAMES EMMITT. DAVID M. EMMITT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1865, AT FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

which was of the utmost consequence to the Emmitts, and which was freely imparted to them.

When the Emmitts reached Milan, they began to long for the boys, David and Henry, who had been placed at college at Frankfort-on-the-Main. The old folks concluded that the young men would probably never again have so favorable an opportunity of seeing the continent, and made up their minds to telegraph the students to join them at Florence. This they did, and to their utter astonishment, the boys wired back their desire to comply with orders, coupled with a request for funds necessary to defray traveling expenses. The old folks couldn't understand this, as the boys had been abundantly provided with money at Frankfort, both being given pretty good sized bank accounts. They understood the situation, later, however, when Dave explained that they had been initiating the college boys into the mysteries of what an american considers a good time. They set the german students a pace that made them dizzy to follow, and created just about as much stir in the famous old town as two american boys ever did. The only trouble was, the high time they had was pretty hard on their bank accounts, and when the message to "join us at Florence" came from the old folks, they were compelled to telegraph for money to make the journey. They were soon made comfortable, financially, and then Mr. Emmitt dispatched his new

courier, the mulatto, back to Frankfort, to bring the young men on to Florence, by way of Venice and Milan.

This left Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt in Milan without a guide—veritable strangers in a strange land. When separated from the Taylors, they were helpless, as they knew no one and could not speak a word of any foreign tongue. The first night at Milan, without a courier, they went in to supper, and it cost a mighty effort to get enough to eat, that was palatable, to satisfy their appetites.

"What will we do—we can't make the waiters understand?" Mrs. Emmitt solicitously inquired of her husband, as they seated themselves in the gorgeous dining room of the Grand Hotel Royal, near the cathedral.

"Oh, we'll make out," said the confident James. And then he called, in a mild tone:

"Waiter! Waiter!"

No one understood him, but inasmuch as his call was accompanied by numerous very vigorous gesticulations, a waiter, attracted by his motions, came over to their table to take their order.

"We can't read your bill of fare," said Mr. Emmitt, "so you will just have to bring us a good meal."

The Italian looked at the Ohio man in blank wonderment. He hadn't any sort of an idea what the

stranger was saying, and so he just smiled and listened.

"He can't understand us," said Mrs. Emmitt.

"Well, look here, Signor," Mr. Emmitt said, picking up the bill of fare, turning to the waiter and placing his finger upon one of the unknown viands named in the bill, "bring us some of this."

The waiter nodded and started off, returning with a plate of maccaroni. Mr. Emmitt was elated over his success.

"Here," said he, pointing to another dish on the bill, "bring us some of this."

The man shuffled off again and came back with a hashy preparation, in which red pepper was very conspicuous. Mr. Emmitt had struck the right trail, however, and he just kept pointing until he had gotten about everything there was on the long bill of fare ranged about their plates. He made a very hearty meal that night, although he didn't know how to order it.

The magnificent cathedral at Milan enchanted the Emmitts, as it does everyone who beholds it. It is the finest gothic structure in Italy, and one of the architectural wonders of the world.

The cathedral is constructed entirely of white marble, and its forest of pinnacles and wilderness of beautiful and intricate work, amazes the appreciative mind. In this magnificent creation there are now

about five thousand statues, and niches for about three thousand more.

After wandering through the cathedral's great double aisles, with its clustered pillars, its magnificent arches and lustrous walls, they went down into the gorgeous subterranean chapel beneath the dome, where, in a shrine, are enclosed the remains of St. Charles Borromeo, Archbishop of Milan in the sixteenth century. It is said that the jewels and precious stones surrounding the body of St. Charles are worth three million dollars. The saint's body is encased in a solid silver coffin.

Napoleon robbed almost every church in Italy of its treasures save the cathedral at Milan, which was spared.

From Milan, the Emmitts went to Bologna, one of the oldest cities in Europe, and one which was conquered by the Romans one hundred and ninety years before the birth of Christ. There the Emmitts did a rather unusual and really dangerous thing, in ascending the ancient and rickety great Roman towers, where it is about the easiest and most natural thing in the world to break one's neck. These towers are by no means favorites with tourists, and few people venture upon their crumbling and unprotected heights. The people about the hotel professed to be horrified when they learned that Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt had ventured to the top of the highest and dizziest tower.

From Bologna to Florence was a pleasant journey

and one full of interest. Florence, to the Emmitts, was by far the pleasantest place in Europe, and their stay there, extending over many weeks, was most abundantly enjoyed.

Shortly after their arrival there, their eminent artist-friend, Larken J. Meade, returned to his studio from his official cares at Venice. He was in a most unhappy state of mind, being sorely tried by his love affair with the witching italian girl, whom he had not yet succeeded in making his wife.

He immediately sought out the Emmitts and began the modeling of two exquisite and original pieces of statuary, which he had designed for them during his stay at Venice. He permitted his patrons to view the progress of this work, upon which he lavished his exquisite fancy and best endeavor, with a result that is wholly charming.

These two pieces now adorn the veranda of Mr. Emmitt's home, and it is entirely safe to say that they cannot be matched, in point of grace, beauty and delicacy, by any piece of statuary in a private collection in this part of Ohio. They are universally admired. There is a strong suspicion that the most beautiful of these pieces, a maiden in flowing robes, wearing a circlet of laurel and bearing a sword and shield, is a representation of the italian enchantress who filled the artist's life with love and tenderness, and who, at that time, was ever uppermost in his

thoughts. For Larken's sake, it is to be hoped that she is as dear to him now as then.

After these two pieces were modeled, and the cutters had commenced their work of reproducing their master's designs in marble—for be it known that sculptors rarely do their own chiseling—he began modeling the busts of Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt. They each gave him a two hours sitting for eleven days, when the models were about completed. Meade succeeded admirably with this work, and the busts, done in purest Carrara marble, are most excellent representations of Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt. They are superb specimens of the sculptors art. These busts cost five hundred dollars apiece, and the two original pieces, nine hundred dollars in gold.

It was at Florence that Mr. Emmitt was seized with the picture craze.

His association with the Taylors, and with a North Carolina gentleman named Burr Gwynne, who had a passion for everything artistic, had much to do with Mr. Emmitt developing into a picture buyer.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt were ushered into a new world when the beauties of the Uffizi gallery at Florence—probably the richest and most varied collection in the world—were unfolded to them. They became enthusiastic over the beauties of art, and, with Gwynne, spent most of their time at the galleries or the studios of the leading artists. It was not long

until Mr. Emmitt began to make some investments, buying such pictures as pleased his fancy, and which possessed downright artistic merit. This latter question was generally left to Gwynne.

It had been a bad season with the art dealers, the cholera driving a host of people through Europe on the jump, and of necessity, leaving them neither time nor inclination to indulge in picture buying. It was late, too, when the Emmitts reached Florence, travel having about all gone on ahead of them, and as a consequence, the picture dealers were pretty hungry.

It was Mr. Emmitt's custom to go into an art establishment and make a careful inspection of the canvasses there displayed, noting such as he wished to purchase. When he had finished this quiet inspection, he would stagger the dealer by asking him:

"What will you take for a dozen of those pictures — say that, and that and that one," pointing out the ones desired. The dealer would name his price, which Mr. Emmitt would invariably divide by three and offer him just two-thirds of what had been asked. He always secured the pictures, as no one could afford to let a patron go who bought pictures by wholesale. Although his method may not have been quite as critical as that of other buyers, no one who has ever seen Mr. Emmitt's collection of pictures will say aught but that he displayed marvelous good taste in his selections. Among his pictures are treasures of the

purest types of art; and any picture in his possession would enrich any home, however elegant. His purchases of pictures, statuary and bric-a-brac, during his tour, amounted to almost twenty-five thousand dollars, and made quite a small ship-load. His liberality almost set the artists of Florence wild, and James Emmitt's name was known in every studio, and his face was always a welcome one.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN ELEGANT SOUTHRON, WHOSE ARTISTIC TASTE WAS CRIPPLED BY THE RASCALITY OF HIS CONFEDERATE FRIENDS — THE REASON WHY HON. JAMES EMMITT DUPLICATED MANY OF HIS FINEST AND MOST EXPENSIVE PAINTINGS — ITALIAN TURKEY SERVED UNDER DIFFICULTIES TO A GREAT COMPANY OF AMERICANS IN FLORENCE — THE MISFORTUNES OF CULTURED BURR GWYNNE — THE EXCITING LIFE OF A COPYIST, WHO HAS TO WAIT EIGHT OR TEN YEARS FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF MAKING A DUPLICATE OF TITIAN'S VENUS, OR SOME OF THE WORLD'S MASTERPIECES — A GLIMPSE AT THE MARBLE TRADE OF CARRARA, WHERE TWO THOUSAND YEARS OF CONSTANT ROBBERY HAS SCARCELY MADE A HOLE IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BEAUTIFUL STONE — THE "LOCAL SPECIALTIES" OF ROME, FLORENCE AND OTHER ART CENTERS.

FLORENCE proved to be so delightful to the Emmitts that they concluded to make a good long stay there — a stay that would carry them over happy Christmas time.

Mr. Emmitt looked forward to the advent of this great holiday in all Christendom, with an unusual degree of interest, for he had determined to make it a memorable one — at least to himself and wife.

His design was to give a great big dinner at the Grand Hotel Royal, to which the american consul,

Larken J. Meade and his fellow artists, and all the americans in Florence should be invited.

The dinner was to be strictly after the american home style, and roast turkey was to be the distinguishing feature of the bill — turkey as it is served at your house.

The manager of the hotel was consulted, and he said he could set an elegant american meal. So all the preparations were rushed forward for a grand feast, and when dinner hour arrived on Christmas day, a large family of happy americans assembled at the great table where the american meal was to be served.

The table was certainly set in elegant style — a fact that all the guests had ample time to note before the great turkeys were brought in. The manager wanted to serve the turkeys from the kitchen, as he did all other meats, but Mr. Emmitt insisted upon their being carved and served at table — "as we do at home."

After the turkeys were brought on, the fun began. The manager essayed to carve one of the birds, but failed, and failing, retired in disgrace. Then the head waiter tackled the american bird and wrestled with it so awkwardly that he was requested to send on another man. The third man was even less skilled, and the fourth was no better than the third. The trouble was, they had never had any experience in carving

fowl at table, being used to having everything torn to pieces for them in the kitchen.

The meal was spoiling, the turkeys growing cold, and in desperation the american consul volunteered to do the carving—which he did in graceful american style. Then the feast progressed smoothly and happily enough, and a jollier company than the american colony at Florence didn't exist on the continent that day. After the ladies had retired, and the gentlemen began to get at the merits of the fine array of choice wines ordered for the occasion, the spirit of song seized the party and for an hour the dining room rang with airs dear to the patriotic american.

It has always been a cause for wonderment to persons who saw Mr. Emmitt's elegant collection of pictures, before many of them became scattered, as to how he came to duplicate so many of his very choicest selections, and very few people, to this day, know his reason for this.

That he did this, was not at all in accordance with his purpose, for his purchases, without duplicates, were probably as numerous as those of any man who ever visited Europe.

His coming into possession of duplicates of his own selections was quite an accident of fortune, and occurred in this way:

As has been related, Mr. Emmitt's purchase of art treasures was largely guided by a southern gentle-

man named Burr Gwynne, who possessed a liberal degree of artistic knowledge. Gwynne, who was a very refined, scholarly man, was a North Carolinian planter. He had been a very wealthy man, a large slave-holder and a rank rebel. The war ruined him — stripped him of everything but his land. Following the action of hundreds of his prominent rebel friends, he fled to Europe when he saw that the cause of the south had lost, fearing that it would cost him his life to remain in America and face the punishment they expected the north would mete out to them. Like Marmaduke, Gwynne expected to be liberally supplied with money at London, by the Confederate Bureau of Finance, and like Marmaduke, he was bitterly disappointed to discover that the trusted agents of the cause for which they had sacrificed everything, had proven little better than common robbers and gobbled all the funds.

With what means he had been able to bring with him, Gwynne started for Italy and located, temporarily, at Florence. He was passionately fond of fine pictures, and was in despair at being unable to secure at least a few of the treasures that claimed his especial admiration, and which were purchasable. He told Mr. Emmitt that if he could only get possession of them and get them to New York, he had friends there who would be glad to advance the money to redeem them. Emmitt took the hint and told Gwynne

that he would let him have such amounts of money as he desired with which to make art purchases, only providing, for safety's sake, that such goods as he secured should be shipped to New York in the name of James Emmitt, to be held there until they should be redeemed and the money invested in them paid over to him. This arrangement was satisfactory to Gwynne, and he went to work buying many exquisite productions. His investments ran into hundreds of dollars, the money being advanced by Mr. Emmitt, in whose care the goods were shipped to New York. There they were held for a long time after Mr. Emmitt returned from Europe, but Burr Gwynne's friends failed to come forward and redeem the pictures. After waiting as long as any one could be expected to wait for some one to release the goods, Mr. Emmitt had the pictures shipped to him at Waverly, and made such disposition of them as he saw fit.

About a year or so ago, Mr. Emmitt received a communication from a gentleman at Baltimore--a relative of Gwynne's—who wanted to redeem the pictures by paying the amount originally invested in them. He was told that he could have them by paying their cost and six per cent. interest, from 1865 to date, on the money invested. Nothing more was heard the gentleman at Baltimore.

"I have a particularly lively remembrance of our journey from Florence—one of the most delightful

cities in all Europe—to Leghorn, because it was at the latter place that we secured our second taste of american dog-leg tobacco," continued the Hon. James Emmitt, resuming his narrative of his memorable trip to Europe. "And what a luxury that dog-leg was! The choicest viands purchasable with money, the oldest wines, the rarest tid-bits, sank into unpalatable insignificance beside the joys of a gnarled and dingy plug of dog-leg. I have often wondered why I prized that tobacco so highly, over there. The secret of it, I guess, is that it was awfully hard to get—the dog-leg we finally secured being contraband goods.

"Every city in Europe, that makes any pretense in artistic matters, has its specialty. In Florence, it is pictures, and there you will find pictures everywhere—in public and private places, at the head of almost every stairway in the city, in your rooms at the hotel, and magnificent galleries full of them. The florentines make a distinctive feature of placing pictures at the head of their stairways. It is a local specialty. Now at Rome, they do just the other thing. There, at the head of all stair-ways, you will find a piece of statuary, for statuary is Rome's local specialty—statuary and mosaics. Nowhere on earth can you obtain mosaics comparable to those to be had at Rome. Venice glories in her wonderful productions in glass; Carrara in her marble, her sculptors and their work. The statuary fever runs high at

Carrara, for the simple reason that her quarries and her ateliers are the life of the place. Leghorn runs to products in alabaster, which stone is found in finest quality in the quarries about that city.

"Alabaster is taken from the earth in great bowlders, and when of the first quality, has a brilliant, pearly luster, when cut into. It is quite soft when first taken from the quarries, and can be easily cut into any desired design with a knife. You can scoop a hole in its surface with your finger-nail, just like you can in soap-stone. It hardens in the air, but not so rapidly that the alabaster cutters have not ample time to work up their designs. In its purest state, it is a most beautiful stone, and when I was at Leghorn and Florence, it was very popular with fashionable people. Many of the designs in alabaster are worked upon lathes, just like we turn up wood, but the finer pieces are chiseled. Alabaster is nothing but a fine, heavy and durable variety of gypsum, or sulphate of lime. I have several very handsome studies in alabaster.

"You would be amazed at the patience of the artists at Florence—or at any of the great art centers, in fact. There is now, and has been from time out of mind, a great army of artists studying the works of the great masters, in the famous galleries of Europe. Hundreds, yes, thousands of them are very clever people, but merely copyists.

"They are not ambitious to seek fame in the realm

of individual creation, but rather seek it through the channel of making excellent copies of the masterpieces of artists whose wonderful creative art they lack. This copying privilege is a most valuable and eagerly sought one, and is regulated by what is claimed to be an inviolable system. Go to the Uffizi gallery at Florence, for example. There, there are hundreds of the finest pictures in the world, this gallery having no peer save the Royal gallery at Madrid. For every masterpiece, there are a hundred artists who want to make a copy of it, and as it takes time, and quite a long time, for even the copyists to secure the desired copy, and as the work cannot be done in a hurry, or under unfavorable circumstances, but one artist, as a rule, is allowed to work before any one picture; and that artist's rights are protected until he has completed his work, and until he has exhausted the time allowed to him. Say you wanted to make a copy of Raphael's Goldfinch Madonna—a much sought picture; or his St. John Preaching in the Desert; or Titian's Venus; or Paul Veronese's Holy family; or Rubens' Hercules Between Vice and Virtue; or his Bacchus and the Nymphs. You would go to the proper official and file your application to be permitted to copy the picture of your choice. The official would probably tell you, with much affability, that there were fifty, or one hundred, or maybe two hundred, or five hundred or more applications in ahead of you;

that you would be put on the list, in regular order, and that probably five, six, eight or ten years later, your turn would come around. I met one young lady at Florence who was almost heart-broken at being told that she would have to wait ten years before she could take her turn at copying one of the much-sought masterpieces. One of the copies thus made, if successful, is often an artist's sole stock in trade. He goes on producing and reproducing from this copy, until he works up a sort of second-hand fame for himself.

"There are instances on record, where wealthy, enthusiastic and impatient amateurs in art — generally american and english — have bought the copying privilege of an artist whose "time had come," and paid him more for it than he could earn at copying in years, unless he was extraordinarily successful.

"When we were at Leghorn, that city was the only shipping port to America, save Trieste, in Italy. It is a nice, clean and well-built city, owing its chief prominence in history to the Medici family. It has a large and remunerative coral fishery, and its people devote themselves mainly to making pretty woolen caps, glass, paper, soap, cream of tartar and straw hats. It is a pretty sight to see scores of women and girls braiding the straw of which the Leghorn hats, worn so extensively the world over, are made.

"It was at Leghorn that I bought a lot of olive oil

and olive soap. These goods were brought over to America packed in the funniest boxes, in the construction of which nothing but wrought iron nails had been used. All the timber used about Leghorn was cut out with whipsaws, after the identical manner in which my father and other pioneers in this valley, used to get out lumber early in the century. Marble, statuary, alabaster, olive oil, soap, rags and silk made up at that time the main shipments from Leghorn to America.

"From Leghorn we went to Carrara, where six thousand people were engaged, in various capacities, in quarrying marble, and from three thousand to three thousand five hundred were engaged in the ateliers and polishing shops, which numbered about one hundred or one hundred and ten. It is a little city of marble cutters and marble excavators. The principal quarries are about a mile from the city, and are in regular mountains of marble — mountains that have been robbed of millions of tons of the beautiful white stone during the last two thousand years, but which yet contain enough marble to last until Gabriel plays his final solo. The mountains of marble looked so high, that it seemed to me their tops almost reached the sky.

"After staying at Leghorn two days, on account of a violent storm, we had to go from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles, by steamer, in order to take the railroad for

Rome. There was a diligence road to Civita Vecchia, but it was infested with brigands, who were just then very aggressive, and we didn't care to risk the journey. The brigands were so bad through that important stretch of country, that their own audacity kept them poor — for no one having much to risk would take any chances with them, and made the journey by water. It was on this water-trip that I passed the island of Elba, famous as exiled Napoleon's prison. From Civita Vecchia we went by rail to Rome, arriving there about nine o'clock at night."

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CARNIVAL OF ROME, IN THE EXTRAORDINARY FESTIVITIES OF WHICH THE SENATOR FROM PIKE WAS AN AMAZED PARTICIPANT — THE MAD EXTRAVAGANCIES OF A BIG SHOW, GOTTEN UP FOR THE COMMERCIAL BENEFIT OF THE HOLY CITY, AND TO WHICH ALL THE WORLD PAYS TRIBUTE — HOW THE MASKED REVELERS BATTLE ON THE CORSO, WITH FLOWERS, CORIANDOLI AND SHRILL TREBLE VOICES, WHILE THE RIDERLESS HORSES RUN THEIR WILD RACE THROUGH THE CROWDED STREETS — A GLIMPSE AT POPE PIUS IX, WHEN HE WAS GOING OUT FOR "A MOUTHFUL OF AIR" — THE POPE'S FRIENDLINESS TOWARD AMERICANS — THE FATE OF THE CAPITALIST WHO WANTED THE "SADDLE AND BRIDLE."

WE were all tired when we reached Rome, that night," went on Mr. Emmitt, "and were glad to be driven to our hotel and to rest. After breakfast, the next morning, when I was looking about the hotel, I saw a handsomely dressed gentleman, wearing a silk hat and carrying a gold-headed cane, standing in the doorway. The man had about him the air of one of my own countrymen, and as americans were rather a luxury about that hotel, I lost no time in getting pretty close to him. To my utter surprise and pleasure, the gentleman proved to be William Ludwig, a

banker of Cincinnati—or Bill Ludwig, as we always called him at home. He was reasonably glad to see a man from home, too, and we saw much of each other, for several days in Rome. Ludwig turned out to be a peculiarly unfortunate man. He had been with Eli Kinney & Co., the bankers, and gaining the confidence of his friends, they backed him with their money and sent him to New York, to speculate in their behalf. He dropped forty thousand dollars in the east, in a very short while, and his backers recalled him.

"Ludwig returned with us to America, and for awhile, was very successful in his financial adventures —for adventures they were. He made a great deal of money, but fortune finally turned her back upon him, and in twenty-four hours, he lost one hundred thousand dollars—about all he had. After this misfortune, Ludwig went to steamboating on the Ohio—a business with which he was familiar—but he had lost his grip and made no headway toward success. He left the river and took proprietary charge of the Galt House at Cincinnati, but broke up at that undertaking. He then went to Chicago, took to drinking heavily, and died a poor man. There was a period in Bill Ludwig's life, when his chances were uncommonly large and brilliant, but like many another man, whose career I could follow from bright beginning to disastrous close, he didn't know where to stop. He had Bob Ingersoll's coveted "horse" in his possession, but

he broke his neck trying to get the saddle and bridle.

"We spent a great deal of time at Rome, and of course, went everywhere — everywhere that travelers are expected to go, and a great many places that individual curiosity alone prompted us to visit. At the time we were in Rome, the Pope, owing to the political complexion of affairs, was probably the most conspicuous personage in Europe, in the public mind, if not in the public eye — for he was then, in fact, a political prisoner. Owing to this fact, the Vatican, which is certainly one of the most wonderfully interesting places in the world, was peculiarly attractive to us. Very little was to be seen of the Pope in public. The greater part of what little exercise he took was enjoyed pacing up and down a covered passage way, between the Vatican and the Tomb of Hadrian, then known as the Castle of St. Angelo, and in which quite an army was stationed, to protect the Pope. On one occasion, we saw five thousand men parade on the walls of St. Angelo.

"Like all other visitors to Rome, we were exceedingly anxious to see the Pope. We learned that at a certain hour, on a certain day, he would go out for a ride, and at the time announced, we were in the crowd outside the entrance to the Vatican through which the Pope would make his exit. We had waited quite a long while, when there was a sudden commotion in the crowd; the door of the Vatican opened and a small

procession of priests came filing out. Everybody about us — for Mrs. Emmitt, of course, was with me — began kneeling down, and a moment later, we were the only persons left standing. Presently the Pope — an aged man with a really beautiful face — came into view. He was attired in a scarlet habit, which he invariably wore when riding. As I have said, everybody, save ourselves, was kneeling, and, of course, we were very conspicuous. The Pope at once noted that we were americans, and with a pleasant smile he waved us a graceful little salute and passed on to the stairway, leading down to the carriage way. No sooner had His Holiness entered the stairway, than a body of guards threw themselves into position and crossed their bayonets over it, to prevent any one from attempting to descend, until the Pope was safely down.

"The Vatican itself is a most wonderful place. They say it contains thirteen thousand rooms, in all, but this is probably an exaggeration. Other estimates place the number at five thousand, and others at eight thousand. The latter is in all likelihood the nearest to being correct. The Vatican's gallery of sculpture is the largest and most valuable in the world; its library contains over one hundred thousand volumes, and its museum is something wonderful in extent. The Vatican covers a space of one thousand two hundred feet in length and one thousand feet in breadth,

and is the most ancient and celebrated papal palace in existence.

"We had so timed our visit as to be in Rome at the opening of the great carnival, preceding Lent. The day on which the carnival opened was a great occasion at St. Peter's. There were elaborate special services, and a magnificent procession of cardinals and priests through the church — a procession in which the Pope was borne aloft on the shoulders of his cardinals.

"I had made preparations to attend this magnificent church display, by purchasing a dress suit at Munich, and as a consequence, I was admitted into the inner circle reserved for worshipers. The carnival proper doesn't open until the day following this religious holiday; and the opening festivities, which last for six days, are announced by the firing of a cannon. Nothing wilder than the excesses of the carnival season can be imagined. The city is always crowded by an invasion of strangers, who come to witness the unrestrained revelries of the citizens; and I tell you, it's worth a trip to Europe to see the carnival alone. This festival season is one to which Rome owes much of its material prosperity, and it is encouraged in every way by tradesmen of all kinds. The carnival booms trade through every avenue, and thousands of dollars are annually left in Rome by the

hordes of people who flock thither during the two weeks preceding the Lenten season.

"All of the six days set apart for the carnival, are characterized by some species of special display—that is, while all manner of liberties are allowed, you can't absolutely do as you please. There is a time set apart for the different species of excesses. For instance, one day is set apart for the most extravagant and ostentatious display of fine carriages, horses, liveries and costuming. The magnificent turnouts—and there are hundreds of them—are driven up and down the Corso, in a sort of irregular procession, and the thousands of revelers who crowd the pavements and streets, are allowed to throw nothing at the carriages or their occupants save flowers. Nothing surpassing the magnificence of these processions of carriages can be imagined, as the trappings used are all of the most gorgeous and elaborate sort, gold and silver, lace, gold and silver cloth and richest velvets being particularly conspicuous. The occupants of the carriages, as are all the revelers, are masked.

"The most popular days are those set apart for the throwing of "coriandoli," or "confederate," as we grew to call it. "Coriandoli" are little round pellets of plaster of paris, about as large as a cherry-stone, and made in all colors. Thousands of bushels of it are sold during the carnival, and on "coriandoli" days, it is impossible to put your head outside of doors,

without being unmercifully pelted with it. Everybody carries a package of it, and after your clothing has been thoroughly ruined by this many-colored stuff, the main object of the revelers seems to be to strike you full in the face with a handful of it, without a thought of the pain or damage that may be inflicted — for no matter what the insult during the carnival time, no one has to account for his conduct.

"Throwing "coriandoli" is considered, by those who engage in it — and thousands of persons do — to be the finest sport in the world. None but revelers venture on the streets, on such days, and they all wear strong masks, many of them being made of wire. It is very funny to see hundreds of gaily dressed people, masquerading, all of them pelting each other with as much energy, and often fierceness, as though they were engaged in battle. The women folk generally confine themselves to the houses, the windows and balconies of which they crowd, and from which they throw "coriandoli" in vast quantities, with all the vigor and zest of the men in the streets. To add interest to the "coriandoli" fights, the young men rig up great cars, representing castles and fortifications and sometimes men-of-war, which they decorate with gay ribbons, and run up and down the Corso. The occupants of these cars exhaust themselves pelting the ladies on the balconies and in the windows, who return the fire with greatest vigor. After getting an

idea of the nature of this form of merry-making, I rented the roof of one of the great houses on the Corso, and from this safe point, we viewed the wild sport below. My friend, Ludwig, ventured out on the street for a moment, and before he could turn around, his shiny silk hat was battered by a dozen well-aimed handsfull of "coriandoli," and his clothes were well-nigh ruined. One of the funny things about these street scenes is, that everybody seems to be continually shouting at the top of his or her voice.

"The carnival closes by the running of the barberi, or riderless horses—as wild a race, under the circumstances, as can possibly be conceived. Just think of it. While the Corso is crowded with a dense mass of merry-makers, a troop of spirited horses are led to the point in the Piazza del Popolo from which they are to be started. To many of these horses are attached wicked little devices that act as spurs, which hang loosely at their sides, and to the horses are also attached fire-crackers, which are set off just as they are started. As soon as the animals are sent on their wild career, a cannon is fired to warn the people filling the streets, to clear a way for their passage. The horses, crazed by the shrieking and yelling, the crackers, spurs and the maskers, plunge down the avenue, regardless of what is before them. Accidents without number, many of them fatal, have attended the running of the barberi, for it is often impossible for

the people to get out of the way. The race is run in about two minutes, and the winning post is reached when the horse in the lead passes under a banner stretched across the street at a given point. There are a number of prizes attached to these races — the leading horse winning a magnificent banner of velvet and gold, and a purse of about one hundred dollars, which is given by the city. The other horses, according to their places, are awarded banners of lesser elegance.

The Moccoletti, or carnival of tapers, which occurs about the close of the carnival — on Shrove Tuesday, if I remember right — is a most fantastic affair. Everybody who stirs abroad, either riding or walking, as well as everyone indoors, about the house, at the windows or on the balconies, carries a lighted taper, and it is the common aim of everybody to extinguish every taper in sight, and at the same time keep his own light burning. The tapers are extinguished by dextrously flapping handkerchiefs, or by striking them with the hand, or by blowing them out, and some of the liveliest tiffs imaginable grow out of the encounters between expert taper-bearers. The hilarity ends on Shrove Tuesday, at midnight, by the burning of a mammoth figure, designed to represent the carnival.

The carnival is a great thing for Rome, and is enthusiastically upheld by tradesmen. It brings people to Rome from all parts of the world, and with these people comes a flood of gold.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE TARPEIAN ROCK, FROM WHICH OLD ROME'S OFFENDERS WERE DASHED TO A HORRIBLE DEATH — THE BLOODY SPOT MADE FAMOUS THE WORLD OVER, BY THE WEAKNESS OF A BEAUTIFUL ROMAN VIRGIN — ROME AS AN EDUCATOR TO MEN WHO HAVE A SNEAKING IDEA THAT THE WORLD COULDN'T HAVE AMOUNTED TO MUCH BEFORE THEIR CAREERS BEGAN — IN THE CATACOMBS — THE PLEASANT SENSATIONS OF AN AMERICAN WHILE WANDERING THROUGH THE MAZES OF ROME'S GALLERIED UNDERGROUND CITY OF THE DEAD — IN THE GREATEST MOSAIC MANUFACTORY OF THE WORLD, WHERE TEN THOUSAND DIFFERENT ENAMELS ARE USED TO PRODUCE THE WONDERFUL PIECES OF WORK THAT RIVAL IN BEAUTY THE PRODUCTS OF AN ARTIST'S BRUSH — THE ASCENT OF ST. PETER'S DOME, ETC.

"ROME is one of the best educators in the world," said Mr. Emmitt, resuming his narration of the things that most interested him in the eternal city. "It is educating in this, in particular: It brings one to an immediate realization of the truth of history. History is apt to be a pretty misty affair, in most men's minds, until they are brought face to face with some of the great living relics that bind the momentous achievements of the past with the feverish present. Nowhere else on earth is the truth of history

forced upon one in such large and easily digested quantities as there. The very air of Rome is full of the history of paganism, of christianity, of war, of painting, sculpture, music — of art; of the rise and fall of great governments and of ancient architecture. There, for instance, is the arch beneath which St. Paul passed when he came into Rome to preach. In one of the chapels of the Lateran Basilica, you are shown an ancient cedar table on which it is said the Last Supper was eaten. There you also see the stairs that led up to Pilate's house, and which Christ ascended on his way to be judged. The great historic ruins, ante-dating the advent of Christ, tell their wonderful stories in the plainest and most easily-understood way, and all the incidents connected with points of especial historic interest become living and truth-bearing things when personally inspected. Every school-boy is informed about the existence of the Tarpeian Rock, and has known a thrill of horror in reading about the terrible executions that took place there in Rome's old days; but the Tarpeian Rock doesn't become a reality until you leave the capitol square, and turning off to the right, enter a street that leads out to the house of the custodian of the grounds on which the rock is located. You knock at the door, and the grumpy old custode or his deputy comes out and conducts you down to the precipice over which criminals and offenders against Rome's rulers, used to be

thrown. The precipice isn't as terrible as it used to be, for the reason that its height has been much lessened by the accumulation of dirt and rubbish below. But it is still high enough to make it an undesirable place from which to be thrown headforemost.

"You know the history of the Tarpeian Rock. In brief, it is this: The name, in former days, applied to the whole of the Capitoline Hill, but its scope of territory has been diminished until the name now designates only that part of the hill on the south, where is located the precipice we have been talking about. In the time of Romulus, Tarpeius was governor of the Roman Citadel on the Capitoline. Tarpeius had a very beautiful daughter, a virgin named Tarpeia, who was as weak as she was beautiful. Titus Tatius, the king of the Sabines, had laid siege to Rome. to revenge his nation for the rape of the Sabine women, perpetrated by the Romans. The citadel was too much for Titus' strength, and he resorted to strategy to gain entrance to it. This he accomplished through an intrigue with the virgin daughter of the governor, who, tempted by the promise that she would be given the valuable trappings worn by the Sabines on their left arms, opened the gates of the fortress to the Sabine monarch. When the great gates swung back on their hinges, the Sabine warriors rushed in, and foolish Tarpeia was crushed to death beneath their shields. She was buried in that part of

the hill that bears her name, in which the famous rock is located. Afterwards persons condemned to death, for treason to the state, were dashed to death from the Tarpeian Rock.

"When you turn away from that rock, from which so many hundreds of people descended to a horrible death, you are conscious that a great deal of historical fog has cleared out of your mind; and that you have a better understanding of just how old the world is, and what momentous things have occurred, before you ever dreamed of existence. You see, a man always has a sneaking idea that the world couldn't have amounted to much before he got here; and that there must be something crooked about the written reports of the magnificence of the architectural achievements of the ancients; about their triumphs at war; their political upheavals and revenges; their amazing wealth and luxuriousness; their achievements in religion's cause, their gentleness and barbarism. But a stay in Rome purges him of all scepticism, and he is forced to believe that it's all so, and that great, world-sweeping events did really occur before he was old enough to vote, and that the old chroniclers were just as reliable as the conscientious reporters of to-day.

"Then go over to the Pantheon—the finest and best preserved ancient temple in Rome.

"It was built twenty-seven years before the birth of Christ. Standing beneath its magnificent dome,

you are forcibly carried back over a space of time ante-dating the history of Christendom. It doesn't seem believable at first, that anything could be older than the coming of Christ, but the Pantheon's history settles that point in your head, pretty shortly. The Pantheon is one of the most peculiar architectural monuments in the world. The interior of the rotunda is one hundred and forty-two feet in diameter, and its height, one hundred and forty-three feet. The domed ceiling is lighted by a circular aperture at the summit, the wall being supported by a huge bronze ring, twenty-eight feet in diameter. Just think of that—a clear opening in the roof, twenty-eight feet in diameter, and yet not a drop of rain ever falls upon the pavement of the rotunda. The building is so ventilated that the strong drafts passing through it carry off the rain before it can reach the ground. The portico of the Pantheon is a magnificent affair, and was probably added to the building after the Pantheon proper had been completed. It is one hundred and ten feet in length and forty-four feet in depth, and is composed of sixteen splendid granite columns, forty-seven feet high, with marble capitals. These columns appear to be straight, but in reality, they are four feet in diameter at the bottom and five at the top. One of the chapels of the Pantheon is particularly interesting, as it contains great Raphael's tomb.

"One of the most entertaining places about the

Vatican, and particularly to persons practically inclined, is the great manufactory of mosaics, which flourishes under Papal patronage. Rome leads the world in the beauty, intricacy and variety of her mosaics; and indeed, if you want anything really fine in this department of art, you must go to Rome for it. Visitors can only gain admission to this interesting manufactory through an order from their bankers. No one who visits Rome should fail to profit and pleasure himself by spending an hour or two in this great workshop, where infinitely painstaking artists produce the most wonderful pictures with bits of colored stone and glass. The skill of many of these makers of mosaics is something to be marveled at. There was a time in the history of Rome, when mosaic wall-pictures of the most elaborate and ambitious sort, occupied the place of frescoes, but the greater facility and cheapness with which brush work could be done, and its superior beauty, killed that particular branch of mosaic decoration. Years of labor have been bestowed upon some of the large pieces of mosaic work to be found in Rome, and although the art is now greatly contracted, and mainly employed in producing decorative articles of modest proportions, the admirable patience, and a large part of the skill of the old masters, seems to be possessed by the artists who still toil away in the manufactory in the Vatican. When it is understood that fully ten

thousand different colored enamels are employed in this home of a quaint and marvelous art, it is not to be wondered at, that mosaics are produced that—in variety and evenness of tone in color--rival the work from a painter's brush. And it isn't difficult to understand how such delicate and beautiful effects are obtained, when you know that the mosaic maker employs bits of enamel often as slender as a needle. So you see he can make his shading just about as fine as he wants to. It is most interesting to watch the dark-skinned artists bowed over their work, actually building pictures, bit by bit, out of the tiny pieces of enamel.

"Of course we went to see the wonderful St. Peter's, and wandered around for hours upon hours over its marble pavements enjoying its vast and endless beauties. Just think of it: The interior of St. Peter's measures six hundred and thirteen feet; the height of the nave is one hundred and fifty-two and one-half feet; and the transept has a length of four hundred and forty-six and one-half feet. The diameter of the dome, inside, is one hundred and thirty-nine feet, and outside, one hundred and ninety-five and one-half feet; from the pavement to the base of the lantern is four hundred and five feet, and to the top of the cross is four hundred and forty-eight feet. Both Mrs. Emmitt and myself ascended the dome, as does everybody else

who visits St. Peter's and has the physical strength to make the ascent. And it is alone from this magnificent height that a just idea and correct appreciation of the wonderful extent and beauty of St. Peter's can be obtained. Looking down from that vast height, people walking upon the marble floor of the church below, seem so small that you can scarcely believe that they are human beings. The cross itself is sixteen feet, and the immense ball, made of copper plates, will comfortably contain sixteen persons, at one time. When we got up to the dome, I thought we were pretty well along skyward, but Mrs. Emmitt's ambition was not satisfied until she had clambered up into the ball.

"In St. Peter's, there is a bronze statue of St. Peter, the foot of which, for centuries past, it has been the custom of every person visiting the church to kiss. So frequently has this kissing performance been enacted, that the large toe and two or three of the smaller ones have been worn away, simply by contact with human lips. Like everyone else, we kissed 'St. Peter's toe,' or rather the stub of it, for that is all that is left on the right foot. We also visited the subterranean church—a rather wonderful place of worship, lying beneath St. Peter's.

"The Catacombs of Rome are as dismal as they are interesting—and interesting they are to a wierd degree. I don't believe there is another place on

earth where a man can feel so outrageously fearful and uncomfortable as in the grewsome labyrinths of the Roman Catacombs. What the Catacombs need worse than anything else, to make them a little more pleasant, is an abundant supply of electric light — say about ten thousand arc lamps. That, of course, would destroy one of their peculiar and awful charms, but it would, at the same time, enable a man to walk through those corpse-lined chambers without the ever-haunting fear that some old martyr would reach out from his ghostly bed and get him by the neck. No matter how brave a man may be, out in the air and sunlight, he will find influences at work within him, in those endless chambers of death, that will cause him to cast many a suspicious glance behind him, and to keep a constant and furtive watch upon the shelved and slabbed graves, on his either side. You may be told that the poor Christians who inhabit those graves, cut in the solid walls, and arranged much like the berths in a sleeping car, have all been dead for hundreds of years; but you can't help harboring a sneaking idea that a dead roman will bear watching, anyway. We procured a guide and started on a tour of these underground cemeteries, each of us bearing a taper. If there is anything more exasperating in the way of a light, than an italian taper, I never met with it. It makes a point of flame about as big as a peanut and casts a circle of light about three feet in diameter.

You hold it up, in the vain hope that it will cast enough light ahead to enable you to see the ghosts that may be lurking about, before they get hold of you, and then you find that your feet are moving along a strange and may be dangerous pathway, in utter darkness. You douse your taper down to see where your feet are taking you, and then straighten up, in alarm, to find your head in total darkness, confronting dangers of a nature that you know not of. The guide calls your attention to some particular grave, the slab closing which bears an inscription telling you who is at home within, and while you turn your face to the wall, to read a legend that you do not even remotely understand, you are haunted with the fear that maybe the corpse across the way will attack you in the rear. Every here and there you will find an open grave in the wall containing the ashy remains of some good man who died before America was discovered. He looks harmless, for there isn't enough left of him, maybe, to fill a quart measure. But still you don't trust him, and are glad when you are out of his reach. In another grave you will see the fragments of a skull of a roman who was so hard-headed that he would make a good republican, if he had been living in America to-day. Maybe the guide will pick up that piece of skull and hand it to you, as a trophy; or maybe you will have the hardihood to pick it up and thrust it into your pocket yourself. But the

chances are that you will tell the guide that you never were much of a resurrectionist, and have a natural dislike for bones. The truth would probably be that you would be afraid to tote even a part of a roman corpse around with you, in the Catacombs. There are thousands of people buried there, and what if they should all kick out their enclosing slabs, jump out of their narrow graves and take after you, to avenge the indignity inflicted upon their decayed comrade in deathly gloom? What chance would one enfranchised american stand against an army of roman ghosts? As I have said, these fears wouldn't be apt to occur to a man out in the sunshine, but down in those gloomy, musty, death-haunted chambers, made even more terrible by the fantastic aggravations of a few tapers, a man is apt to be beset with thoughts to which he had heretofore been a stranger.

"The Catacombs, with their myriad corridors, numberless chapels, inscriptions, frescoes, niches, statues, altars and mystic symbols, are unquestionably interesting, but I wasn't sorry to again reach the open air and blow out that hateful, smoking, spectral taper. For one, I would be in favor of having our friend Juneman go over and establish an electric light plant in the Catacombs."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE BLACK HOLE OF NAPLES, INTO WHICH THE PLEBEIAN DEAD ARE THROWN, LIKE SO MUCH GARBAGE — A PEEP INTO ONE OF THE THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE CISTERNS OF DEATH, THE HORRORS OF WHICH RIVAL THAT OF THE PARSEE TOWERS OF SILENCE — THE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN OF NAPLES, WHO DEVOTE THEIR LIVES TO CULTIVATING POWERS OF FASCINATION, AND WHO WON'T PROMENADE ON ANYTHING LESS LOFTY THAN THEIR OWN HOUSE-TOPS — A CITY WHERE PLEASURE REIGNS, AND WHERE NOTHING IS OF SO LITTLE CONSEQUENCE AS A DEAD NEAPOLITAN — COAL OIL AT CAPRI — THE FANTASTIC PERFORMANCE OF A "DANCING IDIOT" WHO WAS AFRAID OF A PRIME FACTOR IN AMERICAN POLITICS — HON. JAMES EMMITT, LIKE MR. WEGG, DROPS INTO POETRY AND DESCRIBES THE SURPASSING BEAUTIES OF NAPLES, AND HOW HE ACHIEVED EASY FAME ON THE ISLAND MADE FAMOUS BY THE CÆSARS — NOAH'S SON SHEM AS A REAL ESTATE MAN — THE GORGEOUSNESS OF THE BLUE GROTTO AT CAPRI.

"THERE is probably no place on earth where the dead are so little reverenced as at Naples," said Mr. Emmitt. "When death overtakes a Neapolitan, all interest in him apparently dies too — particularly if he is poor — and he is hustled off to a cemetery and thrown into a noisome grave, with a lack of ceremony and a heartlessness that is absolutely shocking. Neapolitans have nothing to do with death. They are a

merry, proud, thoughtless, sensuous and morally wicked people; proud, no matter how poor, and luxurious even in their poverty. The women of Naples are noted for their beauty and lasciviousness; for the elaborate care they bestow upon themselves, to enhance their charms of person, and for the vigor with which they exert their powers of fascination. The women belonging to the nobility, and who affect aristocracy, rarely go out, except to ride. Their promenades are almost wholly confined to their own roof-tops, which are generally abundantly and beautifully adorned with flowers and shrubs. The immorality of the nobility is something shocking, if the stories be true that come to the visitor's ear. The Neapolitans live a fast, dashing, immoral life; a life in which is crowded all the pleasure and dissipation possible, to the exclusion of all thought as to what may become of them when their course is run. Death is feared, but not respected, and a dead Neapolitan is about the least reverenced thing you can imagine. They have no time, in beautiful Naples, for grief, or ostentatious show of grief. This fact was made very apparent to us before we had been in Naples many hours.

"One of the very first places we visited, after being comfortably quartered, was the famous cemetery of Campo Santo Vecchio, two miles out from Naples, on quite a high mountain. Nearly all the burial places of pretension are in the shape of little chapels,

and in these sarcophagi are laid to rest the people of Naples in whose veins flows noble blood.

But for the common herd, the tradesmen, the peasantry and the paupers—quite a different arrangement is made. In this cemetery, there are three hundred and sixty-five huge cells or cisterns—constructed much like the street fire cisterns in use in this country. They are probably twenty-five feet deep, and arched up, so that their mouths can be covered with large, flat, circular stones, and these stones are so arranged that they can be raised from their place by means of a lever.

"One of these cisterns is opened every morning, and kept open all day. All of the dead brought to the cemetery during the day, who are not otherwise provided for, are thrown into these cisterns of the dead; not laid away, or buried, but simply thrown into these reeking, ghastly, vaulted pits, like the carcase of a dog, or so much garbage tossed into the public dump.

"I had heard about this, to me, horrible practice, but was not wholly prepared to believe so naked and barbarous a story. Curious to know the truth, we made quite an early start for the cemetery, which is one of the sights of Naples. We had scarcely entered that city of horrors, when I saw two italians bearing a corpse upon a hand bier, to a somewhat distant portion of the cemetery. A carelessly laid mantle covered the dead person, and I could not tell

whether it was a man or woman, or whether, indeed, it was a dead person at all, for the manner of the bearers of the bier, which was rather rollicking, gave no indication that they were carrying a load of death. We followed them. They moved along the circle of dead-pits until they came to one from which the stone covering had been removed. Without any ado, they laid down the bier, threw off the mantle and disclosed the form of a man—a Moor, of powerful build, and one who had only reached the prime of life. The two italians, coarse fellows, placed one end of the bier upon the edge of the cistern's mouth, keeping the other end elevated. Each then took hold of one of the Moor's feet, and giving his body a flip, dropped it, head first, into the rotting, putrid mass of humanity below. The italians took up their bier, tossed the mantle upon it and lolled away, singing a rather merry air as they went. We approached the mouth of the cistern, intent upon looking into its terrible depths; but the stench that arose from it, intensified by the stirring up occasioned by the recent addition to its noisome contents, was so overpowering as to drive us back.

"An hour later, I returned, determined to secure at least a peep into that foul den of death. Holding both my breath and my nose, I stooped over until I could make out the scene below me, and took a long, searching look. And what a spectacle it was! I

don't believe anything more horrible ever met human eyes; not even on a battle field, for there horror is not mingled with disgust, but bleeding pity. It was a sight that can never fade from my memory, and one that always gives me a sense of horror to recall. The bottom of the cistern was covered with countless human bones, ashy of hue, and yellow and gangrenous. There were almost perfect skeletons, skulls, rib-baskets, leg-bones, and arms that seemed beckoning to you; there were bones free of human flesh; bones covered with the skin that had dried over them, and bones covered with skin that had not dried, but was still festering in the process of decomposition. I looked for the man I had seen thrown in an hour before. He had struck upon his head in a mass of putrid matter and fallen over, face downward. One of his legs was lying across the neck of a baby—a white child, also a contribution of the morning. Lying beside the Moor, with nothing save a scant strip of clothing to hide her nakedness, was a woman, old enough to be the mother of the child. She seemed to be an italian, and had been thrown into her horrible grave that morning, too. She had fallen upon her back and lay sprawling in that hole of foulest corruption. There were two other bodies in the cistern, one lying almost upon the other, but in such a position that I could not make out what they were—men or women.

"It only took a few moments to see the horrors of

that cistern — horrors as marrow-freezing as one can conceive — but their recollection will be life-long. I ran back several yards from this yawning grave to get my breath, with a feeling as glad as though I had just escaped from some long imprisonment, so depressing was the result of that peep into one of the black holes of Naples. But I didn't immediately turn away from the cemetery. On the contrary, I lingered around, with a strange fascination, half-hoping, half-fearing, that the two italians might again approach with another victim. They didn't come — at least, not during the hour that I remained in the cemetery. I don't know whence they brought the bodies, but I think from a dead-house near one of the gates of the cemetery, where the dead brought from the city were deposited.

"The cistern of which I speak was kept open all day, and at night-fall was again sealed up, to so remain for another year. The next day another one was opened, and so on, through the entire year. There are frequently as high as twenty and thirty burials a day in one of these cisterns, and again, there may be but two or three. Naples is one of the most densely populated cities of Europe, harboring over five hundred thousand people; and while it could easily be made one of the cleanest and purest cities on the continent, it is in some respects a most dirty, ill-kept and ill-watered city; or was, in 1865. And where the sani-

tary conditions are bad, deaths are always numerous.

"But Naples, even with her foul spots, is one of the most beautiful cities in the world—beautiful, though, more because of her matchless natural surroundings, than because of any especial beauty in her design or architecture. The climate of Naples is simply delicious; the sunshine the brightest, the air the clearest and most grateful man can dream of. It is perfection.

"It is no wonder that poets and writers rave over the beauty of Naples, its surroundings and most delightful climate. The world has few such glorious spots. And such an atmosphere! The air is so clear, so mild and kind, that it fairly intoxicates one, upon first making its acquaintance. In looking over my old note books, I found in one of them this descriptive scrap, which tells the story most beautifully and briefly:

> 'This region, surely is not of earth,
> Was it dropped from heaven? Not a grove,
> Citron, or pine, or cedar: Not a grot,
> Sea-worn and mantled with the gadding vine,
> But breathes enchantment. Not a cliff but flings
> On the clear waves some image of delight,
> Some cabin roof glowing with crimson flowers,
> Some ruined temple or fallen monument,
> To muse on as the bark is gliding by.'"

There was a far-away look in Hon. James Emmitt's eyes as he closed the old note book, which had probably not been opened before in twenty years; a look that made the writer think that he yearned to be back

again at beautiful Naples; or to occupy a reserved seat on the bark as it floated lazily over the bay, past ruined palaces, temples, monuments, crumbling arches and aqueducts.

"The streets of Naples," went on Mr. Emmitt, "are, in the main, straight, and paved with square blocks of lava, set in mortar. These streets are reputed to bear a close resemblance to the old roman roads. The streets of Naples, at all times, present sights well worth seeing. The climate is so mild that much of the business of the city is carried on right in the streets, in the open air. There you will find merchants, in every line of trade, working the crowd with a vigor and persistence worthy of a fakir at a country fair in Ohio. The great majority of these merchants are bankers on a small scale—curbstone brokers, in effect—and they turn many a dollar handling foreign exchange and advancing money on letters of credit.

"The air is so clear at Naples that you can see great distances with the naked eye. One of the most delightful resorts about the city, and one to which everyone makes an excursion, is the Island of Capri, in the Mediterranean, just at the entrance to the Bay of Naples. Capri is twenty miles from Naples, and yet I could stand in the third-story window of our hotel and count the houses on the island, unaided by a glass.

"Capri is a great resort for English tourists, with

whom the beautiful place usually swarms. We went there by a route that took us to Sorrento, an ancient town, which, historians say, was originally founded by Shem, the son of Noah. I don't know just what authority they have for making Shem the parent of that town, but it certainly looks old and scraggy enough to have been founded by Adam.

"The house of the immortal Tasso is down on the seashore, and everybody visits it. Tasso wrote poetry, to be sure, but I can't think that the poor old fellow ever did anything to provoke generation after generation to name the ugliest dogs in the litter after him. In that vicinity, too, are the famed caves of Ulysses, the Hellenic chief who was reported favorably to headquarters, for valiant and heroic services in the Trojan war. Ulysses was the ancient mariner who was something of a Columbus, in his way. The known world wasn't big enough for him, and he took a notion that he wanted to sail away to undiscovered countries, and achieve things beyond the utmost bounds of human thought. He sailed, and among his other discoveries, were those caves near Sorrento. They are well worth a visit, even if you can't find Ulysses' name cut deep into the rocks with a ten-penny nail.

"We made a portion of our journey toward Capri by carriage, and finished the remaining ten miles in a sail boat. The trip was a most delightful one.

"Capri only has an area of eleven miles, but it is

just teeming with rare and beautiful scenery and noble ruins of greatest antiquity. The town of Capri, which now numbers about six thousand people, was made famous in the days when Rome was ruled by Augustus and Tiberius. Tiberius, who was a very wicked and profligate citizen, did more for the town than any one else. During his reign, he built twelve magnificent palaces there, which he dedicated to his twelve particular divinities. He also beautified the place with other fine palaces, villas, fountains and aqueducts of elaborate design. Tiberius spent the last ten years of his life on the island, and the oldest inhabitant—for he's there, just as he is here in America—says they were mighty lively days. After he died the roman senate took it into its head to wipe the architectural monuments of Tiberius from the face of the earth. This they proceeded to do, with thoroughness and despatch. The ruins of these gorgeous temples of luxury and paganism constitute the chief historical attractions of Capri.

"A funny thing occurred at the hotel at Capri, the first night we were there. After supper by general consent, everybody seemed to be rushing toward the office. I supposed there must be some special attraction there, and followed the crowd. Inquiring what the excitement was, a half-frenzied italian told me they were going to 'lighta de new lampa.'

"This fact seemed to be looked forward to with

absorbing interest, and I crowded forward to see the performance. It seems that they had just received their first importation of american coal oil, at the island, and they were rather awed at the splendid and little understood qualities of the then new illuminant. I soon saw, too, that they had a very hearty terror of it. There was a large lamp suspended low from the center of the room, and a wild looking italian, with a lighted taper, was making frantic dashes at it, trying to light it after the manner that he would touch off a cannon. He never allowed the taper to touch the wick, being afraid to approach sufficiently close to do this.

"The dancing idiot had a large and admiring audience, who seemed to think him engaged in an enterprise quite as dangerous as a duel at short range, or a bull fight, with the chances in favor of the bull. After watching him make a dozen or more unsuccessful attempts on the lamp, everyone of which was accompanied by a series of fantastic ballet figures, I pushed through the crowd and into the sacred circle. Taking a match from my pocket, and effecting an 'irishman's light' on my pantaloons, I turned up the wick, applied the match and properly regulated the light of the lamp. The audience applauded as though I were a wizard, and had accomplished some wonderful feat. You may believe, that made me smile. They didn't know what a simple thing a coal oil lamp

is, in the hands of anybody but the intelligent servant girl in America. The servant girls and the coal oil fiend have never reached a proper understanding.

"It was from a point on the Island of Capri that I obtained my first view of Mount Vesuvius, and an impressive view it was.

"It was right at the top of this point, which overlooks the Bay of Naples, as well as the sea, that Augustus Cæsar built his sumptuous bath, now in ruins. The mosaic floors of this temple of luxury and pleasure, are still in a very fair state of preservation. Our darkey courier seemed to be a great attraction to the peasants on the island, for they followed him in great crowds. They even followed our party up over the rocks, and sang and danced for us on the rich floors of the wrecked palace. There were very few natives left on the island, save women, and a lazy but picturesque set they were, in the main. The men were all away at the coral fisheries.

"A most instructive lesson in natural philosophy can be practically learned on that beautiful hill of the Cæsars. It is the custom of all persons visiting the point to endeavor to throw a stone therefrom into the sea, which lies just below, at the base of the mountain. The feat doesn't seem at all a difficult one, and almost any boy would wager his last white alley that he could do it nine times out of ten. He would lose every time. Our son, Dave Emmitt, was an expert stone-thrower, and he almost forced his arm out of its

socket, trying to get a stone into the sea. He never succeeded, for the attraction of the earth was so great, that it invariably drew the stone to it, before it reached the water.

"One of the most marvelous of sights is to be seen on this island, in the mysterious beauties of the Blue Grotto. The entrance to this is right on a level with the sea, and is just large enough to permit of the passage of a small boat, in the bottom of which passengers must lie, while passing through the arched and rocky entrance way. You can only enter at certain hours—about noon, when the tide is at a certain height, and when the sea is very calm. If you are fortunate in making the passage, your boat floats into a great cavern, one hundred feet wide by one hundred and fifty feet long, which at first seems very dark and uninviting. After spending half an hour within its walls, your eyes become accustomed to the place, and you find yourself floating around on a sea of beautiful blue water, with the most brilliantly blue companions. The walls are of the most gorgeous hue—all blue—and of the most surpassing magnificence. It is a marvelous sight. There is another grotto, in which everything looks perfectly green. It, too, is a beautiful place, but much inferior to the blue grotto. Many people object to going to the green grotto, for when their companions get exclaiming about 'how green you look, John,' they take it as a personal reflection.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

VIRGIL'S GATE TO HELL, THROUGH WHICH JAMES EMMITT WAS TOTED ON A BRAWNY ITALIAN'S BACK—A GLIMPSE AT THE BLACK, SOOTY, SULPHUROUS AND HORRIBLE SIBYL'S CAVE, AT THE BATHS AND CELLS OF NERO, WHERE FANTASTIC MURDERS WERE COMMITTED BY THE SOULLESS ROYAL MATRICIDE, AND AT BAIÆ, GREAT CÆSAR'S FAMOUS WATERING PLACE, WHICH WAS PATRONIZED BY ROMAN MAIDS AND MATRONS OF HIGHEST DEGREE, AT THE COST OF THEIR VIRTUE—THE GENTLE GOAT AS A DAIRYMAN'S MILK CART—THE START FOR POMPEII.

RETURNING from the Island of Capri, our party made their journey to the mainland at Sorrento, in a sail boat—and a delightful trip it was," went on Mr. Emmitt, detailing the events of a European journey, that probably gave him as much pleasure and information as any undertaking of his life, and one of the incidents of which he always reverts to with undiminished interest. "The scene, as we neared the land, was especially attractive, as the hillsides, besides their magnificent old ruins, are covered with fine olive and orange groves—the orange trees being as large as our apple trees. The endurance and picturesqueness of the ruins of Italy are due mainly to the climate, in which marbles, and coarser stone, are

practically indestructible. The temperature there is so even, that statuary and masonry are not wrecked and torn, expanded, contracted and crumbled, as in our severe climate. Marble, in Italy, is everlasting; in America, its life and beauty are limited. It is this freedom from freezes that preserves the fine mosaics in many of the old palaces.

"Naples is all walled along the bay front, and the old city seems to be resting on the site of a ruined town, vastly more ancient than itself. The remains of portions of this ancient city can be seen from your boat when the waves of the bay roll back from the land. I don't know whether it was a landslide or an earthquake or a volcanic trouble that annihilated the older city, but certain it is that there is an ancient city there. Nearly all the hills about Naples are the result of volcanic eruptions, and of earthquakes.

"Fifteen or sixteen miles out from Naples are the famous 'Baths of Nero'—and hot baths at that. The baths are under the site on which Nero's gorgeous villa is reputed to have stood, and now presents the appearance of a portion of the wreck of a great palace. Beneath the baths are the 'Cells of Nero,' which are below the sea line. They are in a fine state of preservation, and are still all walled up. While there I was regaled with many stories about the pleasant little practices in which Nero indulged at this temple of extravagance. Among them was one to the effect

that he had had those dismal and deathly cells constructed for the especial benefit of such persons as he wanted to put out of the way in a manner more quiet, more horrible and fantastic than by the vulgar means of the sword, dagger or poison cup. When a victim was to be shown especial consideration, he was quietly rushed off to the baths, and then placed in one of the underground cells beneath those apartments of luxurious pleasure. The cell was then walled up and cemented, and nothing again ever gained entrance to it, unless it was the lapping waters of the surrounding sea. Just think of the horrors of such a death! How much of wildest agony, of black despair and the tortures of hell itself must have been endured, before death ended the sufferings of the wanton emperor's victim. Such a murderous device for ridding his empire of troublesome people was the becoming design of a tyrant capable of planning the assassination of his own mother; for that is what Nero did.

"While at the Baths of Nero, we were entertained by a spectacle which the robber who conducted it seemed to think quite wonderful. This robber—he called himself a guide—dropped an egg into the boiling waters for which the baths are celebrated, and in two minutes, the egg was thoroughly cooked. For this little entertainment the guide will charge you just as much as you will pay.

"From the Baths you go to Baiæ, which in its

famous days—during the roman and middle ages --was probably the wickedest city in the world. It is quiet enough now, in all conscience, but the traveler is told that it has a past as black and hideous as that of Sodom. Such profligacy, such wantonness and dissoluteness; such fantastic sensuousness, such an extravagant, widespread and overwhelming debasement of virtue was probably never known on the continent, to such a degree as at Baiæ. Rome's ladies of highest degree went to Baiæ with untarnished reputations, and came away leprous with scandals and ravished of all pretense of virtue. The daughters of senators and of the lordliest patricians went there as spotless virgins, and came away robbed of that jewel of priceless worth; the noble dames of Venice and Naples, radiant in their virtue, and returned to their ruined homes polluted. Young and old alike succumbed to the licentiousness that was there rampant, and no man could trust his wife, no wife her husband, and lovers doubted each other's purity and loyalty, and with good cause. At Baiæ, Julius Cæsar, Pompey, Piso and other masters of the people built magnificent baths and villas, and made that point on the sea a famous watering place. After the fall of the roman empire, Baiæ decayed, and all that is left of her ancient glory are the splendid ruins that now adorn a bleak and dreary point on the coast. The town has now less than one thousand inhabi-

tants, and these live in the meanest hovels, and in the meanest way.

"On this same excursion out from Naples, you may visit Lake Avernus and the Sibyl's Cave, which Virgil has immortalized. After a careful examination of the black horrors of this cave you will be ready to admit that Virgil was a man of excellent judgment, as well as a gentleman, a poet and a scholar. It would be hard to imagine how he could possibly have chosen a more suggestive or forbidding spot for an entrance to the regions of hell. There it stands, a black, foul, smoking, sooty tunnel, reeking with the foulest and most choking of airs, and looking so forbidding, that you shudder at the thought of entering it. And yet you will enter, for human curiosity and human vanity are stronger than either fear or repugnance. You will find a black and grimy spectre standing at the entrance way, bearing a lighted torch. Beside him you will see another fellow, as grimy and uninviting looking as the torch bearer. These men are guides and are always on the qui vive at the approach of travelers. The first thing you know—and probably the importuning of the guides, coupled with the wonderful stories you have heard concerning the poet's road to hell, have had much to do with it—you have mounted upon the back of one of the guides, and following the torch-bearer, this human pack-animal bears you through a passage-

way as dark as blackest midnight, and crowded with the most awful breath-taking odors. Suddenly you are slipped from the guide's back, and you find yourself standing knee-deep in water, in a stone cavern as black as the trappings of death. The torch throws a fantastic light about its limited arc, and by its feeble aid you see a ceiling festooned with ropes of soot; draped with pendant columns of soot, and covered and matted with sulphurous soot, and the air is thick with smoke and sooty smells. The guides look at you in a fiendish sort of way, enjoying your discomfort and dismayed sensations. Their bright eyes gleam in the treacherous light; their white teeth have a cruel glitter when the light falls athwart their grinning mouths. You hate them, they look so cruel and wicked. You expect to see them transformed into torturing devils, fit inhabitants of such a dismal and deadly hole; and it surprises you when your packhorse submissively bends his back and invites you to "climb on," and return to the blessed air and sunlight. It was to this point that the wily Sibyl conducted Æneas, that he might offer sacrifices to the infernal gods. It's no wonder that she fooled the old greek, for it wouldn't take much argument to convince a man, while standing at the mouth of the Sibyl's Cave, that he had found the entrance way to the straight road to hell, about which the good ministers talk so much and so earnestly.

"Going on, the traveler passes the ancient city of

Cumæ, now famous for the wonderful discoveries that have been made while conducting excavations at that point. These excavations, which were in progress at the time of our visit, have resulted in the discovery of three distinct races buried there. The first graves reached were those of romans, in their narrow cells. Beneath them were found the remains of ancient greeks, and underlying the greeks, a race of unknown people, who are as great a mystery to scientists as our Mound Builders. It was here that the great Scipio unhappily ended his days. After rendering his countrymen the vastest services in their wars, the great general was falsely accused of stealing, by the people whom he had fought to save. That sickened the old hero and he retired to Cumæ to die.

"After awhile you find yourself at Lake Agnano, whose waters have almost miraculous effect upon gout and rheumatism. Near here is the Grotto del Cane, where most interesting but also heartless experiments are conducted for the entertainment of travelers—and a fee. Nothing is done in Europe without a fee. A beggar will load you with prayers for a penny, and will make the air heavy with the curses he will shower upon you, for withholding it. The Grotto del Cane has an atmosphere heavily charged with carbonic acid gas. The lazy but crafty guide running the side show will take his dog, drag him up to the mouth of the foul den, and holding him by the legs,

press the poor animal's head down close to the earth. Within one minute, the dog is in the most violent and distressing convulsions—convulsions more terrible to witness than are those of a human being in a fit. When you cry out against this species of mercenary torture, the poor dog is dragged away into the pure air, where he recovers, only to be put through the same terrible ordeal upon the arrival of other sightseers. The whelp who owns the dogs will tell you that his animal is used to dying and rather enjoys the agonies of a seeming death-bed. The grotto is so charged with the gas that a lighted torch, thrust into its atmosphere, near the ground, is immediately extinguished. Both steam and gas are always pouring from the opening of the grotto.

"Returning to Naples we met the goat-herds as they were driving their patient little animals into the city to be milked. They came in from the hills through the great tunnel near the city, which is two thousand, two hundred and forty-four feet in length. It's a funny but economical way those people have of driving their goats into the city to be milked, instead of milking them at the pastures and then delivering their product as we do here in America. They not only make the goat furnish the milk, but compel it to act as its own delivery wagon into the bargain.

"The next day we set out on our journey to Herculaneum, Pompeii and Vesuvius, and a wonderful journey it was.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CLIMBING VESUVIUS, WITH THE AID OF A GUIDE WHO UNDERSTOOD THE SCIENCE OF A TAIL-HOLD ON A DONKEY—THE ENJOYMENT TO BE DERIVED FROM CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN THAT MAY TAKE A NOTION TO ROAST YOU, WHILE THE RAIN FALLS IN TORRENTS, AND STEAM CLOUDS PREVENT YOU FROM EVEN SEEING YOUR BLISTERING FEET—A STROLL THROUGH WONDERFUL POMPEII AND A GLIMPSE OF HERCULANEUM.

A VAST quantity of the rich and precious relics taken from Pompeii have been removed to Naples, and are there displayed in the great international museum. There you will find magnificent frescoes, statues, mosaics, pottery, rich house furnishings, bronzes and other portable treasures, discovered in the buried cities—and among them a wonderful bronze water clock, in which the water has been hermetically imprisoned for over eighteen hundred years. But while much of the discovered riches of the old cities has been transferred, they are still in full possession of their chief and most substantial glory—of their massive buildings, temples, squares and amphitheaters, their granite-paved streets and immense encircling walls. These cannot be carried away, and

to see them, you must go where they are sleeping, almost in the shadow of Vesuvius; go to see them where the deluge of lava from the vomiting mountain found and buried them, seventy-nine years after the coming of Christ. No matter how high your expectation has been pitched, a visit to Herculaneum and Pompeii will not disapoint you." So said the Hon. James Emmitt, and what he said was based upon the most delightful experience.

"The journey from Naples to Pompeii is a very pleasant one, for a railroad now runs between the two points, passing Herculaneum on the way. Or you can make the trip very comfortably in carriages. The main interest of this trip centers in Pompeii, but Herculaneum is almost equally interesting.

"As you near Herculaneum, you see two quite large villages, Resina and Portici, which are built upon the modern surface covering the cite of the ancient city. Herculaneum lies buried beneath a mass of lava, sand and rock, from seventy to one hundred and twenty feet below the streets of these villages. The greater portion of the great crust over the buried city is very hard, as the lava and sand became mixed with the great volumes of water thrown up during the earthquake disturbances, and hardened into a sort of cement.

"For centuries the very sites of both Herculaneum and Pompeii were unknown, all trace of them

having faded from the memory of the people; and history did not materially aid the broken chain of memory.

"In time, the two villages named grew upon the site of Herculaneum. One day, in 1706, an italian laborer was employed to deepen a well in the village of Resina. The fellow had been digging but a short while when his shovel struck something hard, which was neither a rock nor a mass of nigger-head lava. He worked around the impediment to his further descent, and finally uncovered a beautiful piece of mosaic flooring. This was brought to the surface, and when the discovery was noised around, it created some little stir. Then some small amount of digging was done in the well, and other pieces of mosaic and some marbles were found, in addition to the increased supply of water, that seemed to be the main object of the search. The water must have drowned all interest in further explorations at that time, for it was not until one hundred and thirty-two years later—in 1838—that anything was done in the way of systematic explorations in that quarter. In that year, excavations were resumed, on an elaborate scale, at the old well. These explorations were conducted under royal authority, and soon the discovery was made that the mosaics brought up by the well digger came from the beautiful and extensive theater of Herculaneum.

"The theater was speedily cleared in its entire

length and breadth. It was found to be a large affair, with a seating capacity of at least eight thousand. There were eighteen rows of seats, all of stone. Some very fine statues of marble and bronze, and a number of splendid mosaics, were found in this theater. The excavations were then extended, and several villas, basilicas and temples have since been uncovered, and from them a number of very fine paintings and statues have been taken.

"That portion of Herculaneum, lying nearest the sea, and which was only covered with loose ashes, has been excavated, and the ancient buildings of this fine old city, that flourished centuries before Christ, are now to be seen by all visitors to the place, or by travelers who pass there in the railway carriages, on the way to Pompeii and Vesuvius.

"A visit to Pompeii produces one of the strangest sensations imaginable. There the city stands, almost at the base of the great, frowning volcano, that had in its wrath, cast a mantle of lava over it, that effectually buried it from mortal sight. You see it in all the beauty and solidity of its architecture; you see its business houses and its handsome villas, all with their doors and windows open, as is the custom in Italy on a summer day. You see the forum, the palaces and all the public buildings—every outward attribute that goes to make up a city. But it is a city without citizens. There is a dead hush everywhere;

a painful hush. Everything is so dead and quiet, that you find yourself disposed to walk on tip-toe, lest you should create any unseemly noise. The houses look so natural and inhabited, that you wonder where all the people have gone; why they do not come out of the shops and houses, and show themselves upon the streets.

"You examine the streets, and see that there are deep ruts cut into the granite pavements, worn there by the wheels of vehicles used by the Pompeiians. The streets are so narrow that in the majority of cases, the wagons and carriages all had to travel in one direction, and it is plain to be seen that it must have taken long years of constant usage to wear those ruts; and instinctively, you look up and down the streets, to see if there isn't a carriage or some wheeled vehicle in sight. But there are no wagons to be seen, and no inhabitants. The houses extend up and down the streets in almost unbroken lines, and present rather a well kept appearance. Where the buildings were in danger of becoming dilapidated they have been roofed over, and these modern roofs give the city quite an every-day aspect. The color of the houses is generally of a sombre brown, much the same color as you everywhere see in the old cities of Italy.

"The wall encircling Pompeii has been traced in its entire circumference, and the whole city has been

correctly mapped. It must have contained a population of at least one hundred thousand. The walls are about twenty feet thick and equally as high, and faced with large blocks of lava, both inside and out. The city had six gates and a great many towers and arches which rise quite a distance above the ramparts. The chief beauty about Pompeii is that it gives you a complete and truthful picture of an ancient roman town, a picture that you can only see in fragments elsewhere in Italy. There is the forum, the temples, porticos, squares, fountains, baths, palaces, shops; the homes of the proudest patricians and the lowliest poor, churches, statues, paintings, mosaics, household utensils, and every evidence that could be desired of the interior arrangement and domestic economy of the roman household of a period of almost even date with the birth of the Christian era.

"We wandered around those quiet, ancient streets, so recently rescued from their mantle of death, until we were tired. Then we went to the great amphitheater of Pompeii, where, seated on a fallen column, we ate our dinner. This place of fiercest pleasure would contain ten thousand spectators. It is a more ancient edifice than the Coliseum of Rome, for that great building was not completed until the year following the destruction of Pompeii.

"We made a careful study of the home of the Pompeiians, which have, in the main, been left just

as they were found by the excavators. As all visitors are accompanied by a government guide through this silent city, very little damage is done by travelers, in the way of mutilation. We peeped into a large bake-oven and there were the loaves of bread, just as they were left when the flood of lava deluged the city, save, of course, that they were almost as hard as sandstone rock. There were water jugs standing in the houses, and along the sidewalks, full to the brim with a kind of cement, made by an admixture of lava with the water. We went everywhere—into churches, shops and the homes of the poor and the rich. In the latter some fine paintings and frescoes are to be found—notably in the villa of Cicero, the house of Apollo, the house of Adonis, the house of Diana, the house of Vestals and the villa of Sallust. In one of the bedrooms of the house of Pansa, the skeletons of five females were found. In the great barracks, one hundred and eighty-four feet long by one hundred and forty-seven feet wide, a large number of skeletons were found.

"From Pompeii we went back to Naples, and thence to Vesuvius, and made the inevitable ascent to the crater, three thousand four hundred feet above the level of the plain. That ascent of Vesuvius is an adventure that one can never forget. At least, I am sure that I will never forget it, for I never had a more wretched and uncomfortable experience.

"At the base of the mountain, we took donkeys

and rode up to the "Vestibule of Horses," as the station where further progress on donkeys is at an end, is called. One of our guides took our wraps and dinner baskets at the foot of the mountain, and without any particular effort, beat us up to the station.

"I never felt quite so ludicrous in my life as I did astride of that wretched little donkey. He wasn't near so big as a Chillicothe street car mule, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I kept my feet from dragging over the lava, as I sat astride his sturdy little back. I was in very robust health, weighing considerably over two hundred pounds, and felt very much as though I should be carrying the donkey, instead of the little beast carrying me. He would get tired and stop, and then a guide would whack him over the flanks with a club, and another would belabor his sides and head, and curse him in the most musical italian fashion. I feared that Mrs. Emmitt would fall off her donkey and roll down the mountain, for laughing at me. A funnier spectacle than she presented on that trip would be hard to conceive. She may have presented a trifle more graceful appearance than I, and doubtless did, but her donkey was just as small, and just as scraggy and just as tired as the little fellow I bestrode. As we rode over the steep fields of loose black lava, we would every now and then come to a crevice, anywhere from a half-foot to three feet wide. At every such opening in

the ground, Mrs. Emmitt's donkey would stop, as though trained to a thorough understanding of his business. Then a guide would catch him by the ears and throw him up so that he would stand at quite an angle, on his hind feet; then, quick as a flash, the guide would let go the beast's ears and catch him by the tail, and with a big effort and an equally large oath, would aid in propelling the donkey over the ditch. That patient animal had his part down fine, for as soon as he felt the proper amount of power applied to his tail, he would jump that crevice as nicely as an English fox-hunter would clear a stone wall. The guides seemed to see nothing funny in this ludicrous performance, but it almost killed me with laughter.

"We finally reached the point where we had to leave the donkeys, and climb the remaining one thousand five hundred feet on foot. At least I had to climb it, but Mrs. Emmitt was carried almost up to the summit in a chair, mounted on a hand carriage, managed by four men. Up this one thousand, five hundred foot stretch, the mountain is very steep, having an angle of forty-five degrees. I struggled up to the top by the aid of a staff and a guide, who went on ahead and helped me with a rope.

"It rained as I have seldom ever seen it rain, as we were going up the mountain, and Mrs. Emmitt's umbrella was torn to tatters in the wind. The ground

beneath us was so hot as to almost scorch our feet, and great clouds of steam arose from the crevices, into which the water found its way. We finally reached the edge of the mouth of the crater, which seemed to be fully half a mile across. We could not get a very satisfactory view of this great, forbidding hole, from which so much death and destruction had been vomited. It had been raining furiously, and the lava was so hot that the rainfall was converted into steam, which enveloped the top of the mountain in almost impenetrable clouds. It was so hot, just over the edge of the crater, you could cook an egg in a very few minutes. It wasn't a comfortable place to be, believe me. Drenched with rain from without and with perspiration from within, with the soles of your feet feeling as though they were aflame; with sulphur-tinged clouds of vapor enveloping you and steam hissing from every inch of lava beneath your feet, a man's thoughts naturally reverted to the cooler and more substantial beauties of the plain several thousand feet below; and one's appreciation of the plain was somewhat quickened by the very apparent fact that there was a mighty furnace in full blast right under the shallow and treacherous crust beneath your feet—a furnace, the rumblings of which you could hear by placing your ear as close to the earth as you could stand.

"So we proceeded to descend. Descending Ve-

suvius is a very easy matter. To avoid descending it all too hurriedly is one's chief concern. We finally reached the bottom in safety and wet and wretchedly soiled clothing, took our carriages and hurried back to Naples.

"On the 22d day of February—Washington's birthday—we started for home."

CHAPTER XL.

THE WONDERFUL EMERALD WHICH THE QUEEN OF SHEBA GAVE TO SOLOMON; WHICH WAS TREASURED IN THE TEMPLE, AND FROM WHICH BEAUTIFUL BOWL IT WAS BELIEVED THAT CHRIST HAD EATEN THE LAST SUPPER. THE DISENCHANTMENT THAT FOLLOWED AN ACCIDENT INCIDENT TO NAPOLEON'S LOVE OF TREASURE, AND ONE WHICH LOST THE GENOESE A MILLION DOLLARS — WITHOUT A COURIER ON THE CONTINENT—CLIMBING THE ALPS BY WAY OF THE MOUNT CENIS PASS—ALPINE TRAVEL AND TRAFFIC—THE PRETTY WOMEN OF GENOA—ON TO GENEVA.

THE people of America were celebrating the anniversary of our great George Washington's birthday, when our party left Naples and shaped its course toward home," continued the Hon. James Emmitt. "And although I have always been reasonably patriotic, I didn't long to be back home, to participate in the celebration. I wasn't tortured with an unquenchable desire to again breathe the free, pure air within the corporate limits of Waverly. I wasn't hungry for a slice of my native heath, and didn't lie awake o'nights, counting the hours, when I would be able to walk down the gang-plank and again touch foot in New York. Indeed, I didn't even take a small degree of pleasure in the fact that we had reached the

turning point in our wanderings, and that every hour would bring us nearer home. We had such a pleasant and informing journey in the main, that I wasn't eager, as a matter of fact, to get nearer home. And this, notwithstanding the fact that I had great and varied business interests in Ohio that needed my attention, and which I knew were suffering for the want of it.

"About that time, however, I didn't care for business. I was glad to be at least partially rid of business cares. That trip was the first break I had ever made in the long years of incessant toil to which I had devoted myself; toil that began when I was a very small boy, and which has known no intermission, for almost seventy years, save during that trip to Europe. And even that was a necessity. I had worked so long and so constantly, and had carried such heavy business and financial loads, that my head began to trouble me. After hours of close application, I would suffer from a depressing sensation about the temples, that finally grew so threatening that my physicians told me that I would just have to get out from under the strain, and give my head a rest, or take the consequences. I have always had an idea that it was better to prevent a collapse than to take the consequences of one, and so I concluded that the wise thing to do was to rest my head. Then it was that I concluded to go to Europe. I had been

wonderfully successful in business and had hundreds of thousands of dollars that I hardly knew what to do with—for remember, it was just after the close of the war, when business and values of every kind were unsettled, and enticing investments none too numerous.

"Even when I tore away from business and determined to obtain a little rest, pleasure and information, I could not wholly free myself from the burden of care I had been carrying. But when there was an ocean between America and myself, the care gradually lessened, and for the first time in my life, I felt reasonably free to enjoy myself. And I did do that very thing. So it wasn't to be wondered at that I wasn't rejoiced at the prospect of terminating so pleasant a journey, to return home and again face the demnition grind. It was my first genuine pleasure trip; I found it both enjoyable and educating, and although it was pretty costly, it would have been mighty pleasant to have prolonged the journey beyond the limit of our plans."

"Just what did that trip cost you?" the writer asked.

"Twenty thousand dollars, direct expenditures," Mr. Emmitt added, "and I don't know how much indirectly. It was twenty thousand dollars well spent. But to resume our journey:

"We ran back from Naples to Leghorn, and it was

there, on our return trip, that I bought my first and finest pieces of alabaster. It is but a short distance from Leghorn to Carrara, and it was at the latter place that all of my marble statues were procured. The smaller of these pieces cost four hundred francs at the ateliers in Carrara, and the largest ones six hundred francs. To this cost was added a duty of ten per cent. to get them to America—exclusive of packing, freights and all that. Now the duty is different, as regards pictures, and I only had to pay an import tax on the value of the picture frames, instead of the canvasses.

"From Leghorn we went to Genoa, famed the world over as being the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. It is a splendid city, built on a hill slope, up which the city climbs to a height of five hundred feet. Its location gives it a most imposing appearance as you approach it from the gulf. It is a wonderful old city, full of relics of its ancient greatness, but its chief interest to the american lies in the fact that it is the home of the man who discovered this continent. Columbus, like many another man who meant well, wasn't very much appreciated by the people of his own home, and had to go to strangers for aid in carrying out his ambitious projects. If the Genoese had had that confidence in Christopher that they ought to have had, and had furnished him with the ships, crews and moneys that he needed to carry

out his enterprises, the republic of Genoa could have had all of those vast possessions that Columbus won for courageous Spain. But although able to do this, they were seized with the financial gripes, clung to their money and let a world slip through their fingers. As a sort of tribute to their blundering stupidity, the Genoese have built upon the hill, in a commanding position, a monument to Columbus—a great column on which that ancient mariner is standing at a pilot's wheel, and his gaze strained toward far-off America. The house in which Columbus was born, in which he yelled with the colic, to the great distress of his pa and the neighbors; the floor on which he crawled before he became a navigator, and, I believe, the echo of his footsteps, are all shown to the interested stranger.

"Genoa is a very funny city. While it presents a really magnificent appearance from the gulf, this first impression is greatly dissipated when you make its closer acquaintance. The ancient part of the town, near the gulf, is very queer. The streets are so rough and narrow that it is impossible for vehicles to travel them, and almost the whole burden of society falls upon the donkey. Donkeys do everything in the line of transportation, and it is very funny to see the immense loads they pack upon the little animals. When a lady wishes to go out calling, or for an airing, she orders a conveyance sent around to the door,

and this conveyance is a sedan chair, borne on the shoulders of four brawny Genoese. A splendid promenade has been constructed along the gulf frontage, and thither, the whole city seems to repair for a portion of its pleasure.

"Genoa is called the Superb City, the City of Palaces, and the names are to a certain degree, well bestowed. Her palaces exceed in magnificence those of Rome. Many of them are built with flat roofs, which have been converted into beautiful gardens, with promenades, fountains and the most beautiful flowers and foliage. On their roof-tops you will see growing great lemon and orange trees, pomegranites, oleanders and even palms. There are oleanders there from fifteen to twenty-five feet high. These elevated gardens are very popular, for the reason that on the roof-tops is about the only place that the Genoese can find a flat spot large enough for a flower bed.

"The women of Genoa have a grace and beauty all their own. Like all italians, they have fine dark eyes and expressive faces, and, as a rule, lithe, well-proportioned, graceful forms. They have a pretty fashion of wearing a long, flowing veil, which they fasten in their hair by means of delicate pins of gold filagree. These veils drop over their face, neck and shoulders, and it is through this illusive mist that you see their finely-cut and often merry faces.

"Much of the finest gold and silver filagree work

in the world is made at Genoa, whose goldsmiths are famous for their expertness in this particular, patience-exhausting work. Every person who goes to Genoa invests in this filagree work and in a meerschaum pipe or two; for the Genoese turn out pipes that are downright works of art. The making of meerschaum pipes is not dissimilar from the work of carving pieces of statuary from blocks of alabaster.

"The bank of Genoa is said to be the oldest bank of circulation in Europe, having had its origin in 1407. In the Cathedral of San Lorenzo, which was built in the eleventh century, and is built of alternating horizontal slabs of white and black marble, are preserved the remains of St. John the Baptist. The body of the Saint, or what remains of it, is contained in an iron casket, and is once a year — on his birth-day — borne aloft about the church, at the head of a grand and solemn procession. In the treasury of the Chapel of St. John, in this Cathedral in which the casket is deposited, is contained one of the most interesting relics in all the world. This priceless treasure is said to be the plate from which Christ ate at the Last Supper. It has a most wonderful history. It is an octagonal bowl of fair size, and of the most beautiful emerald hue. As now seen, it is bound together by bands of gold, having been broken by the French, when it was carried to Paris by order of Napoleon. Its history is to the effect that its original possessor

was the Queen of Sheba, who presented it to the great and wise Solomon, with whom she had engaged in a little flirtation. By Solomon, the bowl was placed in the Temple, and there preserved, for how many years, no one seems to know. But it was reputed to have been employed among the furnishings of the Last Supper; and it was for centuries afterward most jealously preserved at Cæsarea. Finally the armies of Genoa and Pisa captured and sacked Cæsarea, and when the time came to divide the plunder, the Genoese took the precious emerald bowl for their share, and allowed the Pisans to take everything else. There can be no possible question but that at that time, everyone honestly believed that the bowl was all that it was represented to be.

"The revered relic was brought to Genoa, where it was so highly prized and venerated, that twelve of the purest men among the nobility were chosen to keep religious guard over it. The bowl was exhibited once a year to the populace. The priest stood in the center of the altar and held the bowl suspended by a strong cord, so that all might see it. It was regarded as a treasure without price, and when the Genoese government became hard pressed for money, it found the emerald plate a very handy pledge to offer the money-lenders, who never refused to advance any desired sum on that security. The jewish brokers

regarded it as an ample pledge for the largest loans asked.

"In an evil hour, in 1809, Napoleon took a notion that he wanted the holy bowl removed to Paris. This was done, and it remained there until 1815, when it was broken. The crush and wreck of that bowl was heard all over the continent, for it was then discovered to be only a remarkable piece of ancient glass, and not an emerald of wondrous beauty and without price. The breaking of the bowl, and the discovery that it was not of the material it seemed, shattered the faith of the Genoese in its reliability as a religious relic, and lost the government a treasure that had been worth at least a million dollars.

"I had a little experience at Genoa that wasn't at all agreeable. We had managed to secure a second installment of smuggled tobacco at Leghorn, and had thoughtlessly placed it in one of our trunks. The custom officers at Genoa, when going through our baggage, discovered and confiscated it. We didn't want to lose the tobacco. There was just one way to recover it, and that was to purchase it of the Genoese custom house people, at double the price that it had originally cost us at Leghorn.

"We proceeded to Turin from Genoa, but only made a brief stay there. Kossuth was then living in Turin, but we did not get to see him. Turin has a charm wholly different from the other important

cities of Italy, presenting a brisk, well-kept appearance, instead of on every hand showing evidence of decay and ruin.

"At Turin, we became fully satisfied that our mulatto courier, like his dishonest predecessor, was robbing us most shamefully, and we lost no time in dispensing with his services. The law is singularly watchful of the interests of these rascals, and in case you discharge one of them—no matter for what cause—you must pay his way back to the point where you employed him. We had to pay our thief's fare from Turin to Venice. It isn't just the funniest thing in the world to be left on the Continent without a courier, and without any knowledge of foreign tongues. But we preferred to chance it, going alone, to being perpetually and systematically robbed. So we left Turin for Geneva, to cross the Alps by way of the Mt. Cenis pass. We went direct to Susa, a town of three thousand or more, at the foot of the Alps. It is from Susa that the diligence road over the Alps has its start. About the first thing that I discovered, after reaching Susa, was that I had lost the check for our baggage. Here was a predicament. I tried in vain to make myself understood at the hotel, and to get some one to help me out of the dilemma. But no one could understand. They looked at me in dismay, and couldn't make out what our trouble was. I hunted over the town for some one with whom I could talk

but could find no one. At last I went down to the stable of the hotel, to see about engaging a diligence to take our party over the Alps, and there I met a gentleman from Baltimore, who, with his courier, had just arrived. You may believe I was delighted. I told him about the loss of my baggage check and he at once set his courier to work to straighten matters out, so that I could regain our property. And he did me the further kindness to have his courier look after all details about securing my diligence. This journey over Mount Cenis is something like seventy miles, and is a downright interesting and picturesque one, from the start.

CHAPTER XLI.

CROSSING THE ALPS, THROUGH THE SAME PASS IN WHICH HANNIBAL'S SOLDIERS FROZE THEIR FEET AND CURSED THEIR LUCK, TWO HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN YEARS BEFORE CHRIST—THE BEAUTIES OF ALPINE TRAVEL BEHIND A GOOD MULE TEAM AND A DRIVER WHO COULD WHIP IN FRENCH AND SWEAR IN SPANISH, AND THROUGH A COUNTRY WHERE THE SNOW GIVES EMPLOYMENT TO AN ARMY OF MEN. AN AGREEABLE MEETING, ARRANGED FOR AT LONG RANGE—THE WATCH-MAKERS OF GENEVA AND HOW THEY WORK—THE FEUDS BETWEEN THE "UP" AND "DOWN TOWNERS—HOW CONTINENTAL PURCHASES WERE CARED FOR.

THE carriage in which we started to cross the Alps, by way of the Mount Cenis pass," continued Mr. Emmitt, "was a small and rather light affair, that comfortably held four persons. It was drawn by four small but rugged mules, and furnished with cylinders or tanks, running across the bottom of the carriage. These tanks were filled with hot water, and upon them we placed our feet to keep them warm; for it was about the middle of March, and we could expect nothing short of a cold ride. As a matter of fact, that ride is a cold one at all seasons of the year. About one hundred yards from the mountain road, near Susa, is the great Arch of Hannibal, marking

the route by which that intrepid african warrior started his legions across the Alps, two hundred and eighteen years before the birth of Christ. The road is a very rugged one; frightfully so, in some places, and our driver ran along at the heels of the mules, lashing them about the legs almost incessantly, and urging them forward by exclamations as vigorous as they were incomprehensible. There were stations all along the way, and about every ten miles, the teams were changed.

"The Mount Cenis pass was then the only road over the Alps kept open by the government during the entire year, and during the winter, all the traffic between that portion of France beyond the mountains, and Italy, passed over this road. Presently we began to see long lines of carts coming down the mountains, most of them drawn by four horses, or mules, tandem, and bearing loads weighing from one thousand five hundred to two thousand pounds. Then there were hundreds of horses and mules coming down from the summit, to which they had been drawing up heavy loads from the Italian side of the mountain. The bulk of this freight was Bordeaux wine—the "red wine" of France. The procession of carts from the other side of the mountains seemed endless, and we were given a fair idea of the immense

amount of travel constantly going on between the two countries.

"The road was serpentine and lined with scraggy evergreens. After awhile we began to see a little snow on the rocks along the road; then the snow began to cover the ground, and after awhile, we had entered the snow line, where the soft, white flakes were falling in regular clouds. The higher up we got the harder it seemed to snow. From the snow line on one side, to the snow line on the other, the government kept three thousand men employed, to keep the pass clear; for a few hours' neglect would soon render it useless for travel. These men were divided into squads of night and day men, and every squad was allotted so many feet of road that must be kept cleared of snow. But the best they could do was to keep the pass from choking up. Finally the snow got too deep for wheeled vehicles, and our carriage was lifted from its running gear and put on a sled. The transfer was made without disturbing us in the least, and we traveled along in this "sleigh" until a point was reached where the body of the carriage could be put back on wheels. We reached St. Jean de Marienne, on the French side, in safety, and took the railroad there for Geneva. This mountain has been tunneled, since we were there, and you can now go by rail from Susa right through to Geneva.

"We hurried on to Geneva, which city we were

eager to reach on a certain date, to keep an appointment we had made to meet one of our friends from America.

"This friend was Mr. Joe Myers of Waverly, who was then my business partner. We had been in correspondence ever since I had reached the continent, and I was so well pleased with everything, that I kept writing back, insisting upon his coming over to join us. Being a native of Germany, he had the strongest possible desire to make the journey, but was somewhat doubtful about the prudence of doing so, inasmuch as he left the mother country without fulfilling certain prescribed military duties. He had a fear that he might be arrested and compelled to "do time in the Kaiser's army. But at last a letter reached me, saying that he would join us in Geneva on a given date, and as that date was close at hand, we were all eagerness to reach that city. And this we did on the very day that had been agreed upon. Mr. Myers reached Geneva a few hours after we did, and we met at the hotel. You may believe it was a happy meeting. I don't know that I ever felt so glad to 'see a man' in my life.

"Mr. Myers, accompanied by David Emmitt, went back to Strausburg, Baden and other points in Germany, in which he had an especial interest, while we made a pleasant stay at Geneva. I had purchased quite a number of mosaics at Rome, and brought

them to Geneva, where I had them worked up into rings, pins, ear-drops, bracelets, and various articles of jewelry, with gold mountings.

They do beautiful work in gold and silver at Geneva, where the finest goldsmiths in the world are to be found; and there is no place on earth that can compete with Geneva in the beauty of her crystal jewelry.

"Watch-making, however, is their great industry, and it is carried on on an enormous scale. Fully four thousand people are engaged in the making of watches, and at least seventy-five thousand standard-made watches are there turned out, yearly. The government is very jealous of the reputation Geneva has made as the great watch-producing city of the world, and takes every precaution to see that the watches, both as to material and workmanship, are maintained at a high standard. A governmental commission is maintained, the duty of which is to inspect all of the gold and silver that goes into the manufacture of watches, and to prevent the employment of any baser materials.

"We went up the mountain to the little village of Cluses, where not less than five hundred people were constantly employed in the making of watches. They divide the labor into many departments—every part of the watch being made by different persons. This division of labor has resulted in the development of

some wonderfully expert workmen in the craft. That whole town devotes itself to watch-making. They live off of it, for the village is so situated in the mountains that agricultural pursuits are an impossibility. Just why people seek that sort of a place to live, is past comprehension. But you will find people doing that sort of thing all over the world—seeking forbidden and almost inaccessible places to live; and such people have the happy faculty of imagining that they are enjoying life in the garden spot of the earth.

"At Geneva, I bought quite a quantity of gold and silver watches, among them this one that I am now carrying, and have been carrying for twenty years. It is a remarkable time-keeper. It was at Geneva, too, that I bought the musical boxes that I brought home with me. This city is as famous for the excellence and sweetness of its music boxes as it is for the superiority of its watches.

"When in England, I had made arrangements at Liverpool with an agent, to receive and safely store anything that I would ship to him, from any part of the continent. This arrangement was a most convenient one, for as soon as I had made any heavy or bulky purchases, that could not be carried in trunks, I shipped them to my agent at Liverpool, who took care of them and had them all in readiness for me, when we reached Liverpool, to embark for the homeward journey. All of the pictures, statues, music-

boxes, and that sort of thing, were shipped to this common destination, and nothing was lost. The only thing I had any particular trouble with was a transportation company, that had dropped a trunk, containing some fine shawls, silks and laces, into the sea. I had bought the trunk for one of pure leather, but it proved to be only a heavy paste-board imitation, and when it was recovered from the water, it fell to pieces. The goods were injured by the water, but I recovered the amount of damage that had been done me by the company's carelessness.

"Geneva is a beautiful place, its situation at the southern extremity of Lake Geneva being most charming. The city is built on both banks of the beautiful river Rhone, which forms an island on its bright, clear course through the city. Geneva is divided into an upper and lower town, the aristocratic portion of its population of about forty-five thousand, living in the former division. There is no particular love existing between the "up" and "down" towners, and very serious and bloody disturbances have resulted from the longstanding feuds between them. The "down-towners"—composed of the shop-keepers and working classes, generally revenge themselves and bring their aristocratic neighbors to terms by completely cutting off their supply of water. This they can do at will, because the hydraulic machinery sup-

plying the water, is in the "down town" district, and in control of the plebeians.

"In the Cathedral of St. Pierre, at Geneva, you are shown the identical pulpit from which Calvin was wont to preach. A place of great interest is the college and library founded by Calvin, the library containing at least forty thousand volumes and many valuable manuscripts. In another street is to be seen the house in which Calvin lived for twenty-three years—the most momentous years of his life. He died at Geneva, but as he explicitly forbade that his grave be marked by any sort of a monument, there is now some doubt as to just where his remains are lying in the cemetery of Plain Palais. A grave is pointed out to visitors as Calvin's, but no one knows whether it is his, or not.

CHAPTER XLII.

A FOOLS ERRAND, IS ABOUT WHAT HON. JAMES EMMITT REGARDS THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC—THE WILD PLEASURE OF MAKING A JOURNEY THAT COSTS A MAN HIS HEALTH, GOOD EYESIGHT AND THE BRASS OF HIS COUNTENANCE—FERNET, THE TOWN FOUNDED AND MADE FAMOUS BY VOLTAIRE—LORD BYRON'S CHATEAU—THE GREAT MODEL OF MONT BLANC AT GENEVA—ON TO NEUCHATEL AND PARIS. NAPOLEON'S TOMB, THE MAGNIFICENT MONOLITH IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOTEL OF DES INVALIDES, WHICH COST TWO MILLION DOLLARS, AND FORMS A FITTING MONUMENT TO THE GREATEST RULER FRANCE HAS EVER KNOWN. A ROYAL PALACE THAT HAS BEEN INVADED BY THE SHOP KEEPERS AND THE RESTAURATEURS—THE SHOP WINDOWS IN PARIS—A LESSON IN CIVILIZATION THAT AMERICANS ARE TAUGHT BY THE FRENCH.

THE great majority of visitors to Geneva—and particularly the younger class—go thence to Chamouni, a wonderful little watering place away up in the Alps, and right in the shadow of the monarch of the mountains, Mont Blanc," continued Mr. Emmitt. "Chamouni was formerly a miserable little hamlet in the mountains, frequented only by the few adventurous spirits who determined, at the risk of their lives, to ascend Mont Blanc, and by those wishing to cross the Mer de Glace, and to see some of the

other glacial wonders of the wondrous region. But even at the time of our visit, it had become one of the most fashionable resorts on the continent—a miniature Newport or Atlantic City. Chamouni had little attraction for us, for obvious reasons. Crossing the Mer de Glace is not an undertaking to be courted by a man who had passed the half-century post, and it is an adventurous journey that few ladies should think of attempting. And as to ascending Mont Blanc, that was wholly out of the question. It takes two days to make the ascent, and costs at least one hundred and fifty dollars. But time and money are nothing, as weighed against the terrific dangers one must of necessity encounter on that heaven-piercing and toilsome journey. It isn't safe to make the trial with less than six guides, and it is far better and safer to take twelve. These guides, at the time I was in Switzerland, charged one hundred francs each, to accompany one to the top of the mountain. The dangers and hardships of that trip are simply appalling. As a rule the health of the men who make the ascent is lastingly impaired, and as minor evils, resulting from the ascent, the skin peels from their faces and their eyes become weak.

"There is always great excitement at Chamouni when a fool-hardy and peril-scorning traveler determines to ascend the giant of the Alps, and an eager, fear-seized crowd of spectators invariably assembles

on the Breven, to watch the party on its climb up the mountain. From that point, the adventurers, as soon as they appear above the snow-line, can be traced to the far-off summit. One night must be passed on the mountain, the party sleeping in a sheltered hollow in the great rocks. When the summit is reached, the following morning, the triumph of the party is signalized by the firing of a cannon at Chamouni. The grandest panorama in all the world spreads out to the amazed view of the person who reaches Mont Blanc's apex, but it is one that can be enjoyed for only a brief time, as few persons can long endure life in the infinitely rare atmosphere at that elevation.

"Then comes the descent of the mountain, which is even more dangerous than the ascent. The return of the party is anxiously watched at Chamouni, and when they do arrive, the successful mountain climbers are lionized in the most extravagant way—treated as heroes who had achieved some world-benefiting victory. Whereas they had done nothing but imperiled precious lives to gratify a not very praiseworthy curiosity. When we were at Geneva, only three women had ever succeeded in reaching Mont Blanc's dizzy height. Two of these were french ladies, and the third an english lady—Mrs. Hamilton.

"Instead of risking our necks on the mountains, we contented ourselves with a study of the "Relief of Mont Blanc," shown in a large structure built

especially for it. It is a wonderful piece of realistic art, and while being the most magnificent model in Switzerland, it is said to be a most perfect representation of the great mountain, in miniature. It took the artist ten years to construct it.

"A little way out from Geneva, on the south side of Lake Geneva, is the chateau where Lord Byron made his home, in 1816, and where he wrote portions of his most famous poems. On another excursion, you can take a steamer on the lake and visit the Castle of Chillon, immortalized by Byron. Another place, and one of great interest to all persons who are inclined to history and literature, is the village of Fernet, four miles out from Geneva, and in view of the lake and Mont Blanc. This pretty little town was founded by the great Voltaire, who there made his home for twenty years or more. During John Calvin's all-powerful reign at Geneva, all theatrical performances were prohibited in that city, and amusements of every kind were decried. And this puritanical edict of Calvin's was obeyed, long years after his death. But Voltaire came to the relief of the unsanctified, pleasure-loving people of Geneva, by producing his plays at Fernet—a defiance of religious sentiment that created a furor at that day, but also made Fernet one of the most famous and popular spots on the continent. Fernet is in France, and persons who visit it to-day are shown hosts of relics

of the eccentric genius who founded the town and made it famous.

From Geneva and its beautiful and romantic surroundings, we went to Neuchatel, a pretty little town on the lake of the same name. This place commands a fine view of Mont Blanc and other Alpine peaks, and is famous for its college. It was at Neuchatel that we met Mrs. Blood, a very fine-looking and excellently educated lady from New York. She had come to Neuchatel with her five children, and placed them in the college there, to give them finished educations. She was so exceedingly pleasant, and was so fully satisfied with the educational advantages the college afforded, that I concluded to enroll my son, James, among its students.

"I was very anxious to give "Hank"—that is what we all called him—a thorough education, and I wanted him to take his choice of colleges, among the finest institutions in Europe. I was particularly anxious that he should take up some one branch of art, or some of the recognized professions, and pursue it to a finish, and I didn't care particularly what this education cost me. I wanted him to remain in Europe, or in the old world, until this had been accomplished, and to return to America, a polished gentleman. But I wanted him to *finish* some one line of study or of art, and I didn't care much what that line was. I made plain to him my desires, and he

concluded that he would start upon his educational career at Neuchatel, and start in dead earnest, too. Mrs. Blood encouraged his entering college there, too, and held out the assurance that she would look after his personal welfare, and be "a mother to him." I liked the idea first rate, and it was agreed that Hank should become a student at the college of Neuchatel.

"We concluded to go to Paris, and Mrs. Blood and Hank accompanied us, and remained with us during the greater part of our stay. Then they returned to Neuchatel and Hank began the work of acquiring a "finished education." After we had returned home, Hank left Neuchatel and went to Paris, where he wrote us that he had entered another college. But he did not hanker after the kind of education I was eager to give him, and within a year returned to America. Mrs. Blood didn't prove the motherly friend I thought she would.

"Our party remained at Paris for two weeks, and if there are any two weeks of my life into which more pleasure has been crowded, or two weeks that yielded me more satisfaction, or agreeable information, I have forgotten them. They have a way of making life pleasant for you at Paris, that you come in contact with nowhere else on the continent. When you enter the city, you register your name and the hotel you propose to make headquarters. The next day you are both complimented and gratified to find your-

self the recipient of cards of invitation and admission to the various public buildings, galleries, museums, gardens, and institutions in which every well regulated human being must take an interest.

"About the first thing that strikes an american, arrived in Paris for the first time, is the courtesy shown him on every hand, and the elaborate care that is everywhere taken, looking for the protection of human life and the insurance of comfort in traveling. Paris teaches an american a great lesson in this respect. Take the matter of travel, for instance, either by railway, street car or cab. In America even in the best regulated cities, everything is done with a rush and a crowd. People crowd into railway cars in the most reckless and indiscriminate way; crowd up at times, until they make a coach about the most uncomfortable place on earth. They pile in until seats and aisles will hold no more; and it is not an uncommon thing to see the platforms crowded, and men hanging onto them by the hand-clutches and rails. They crowd out at the various stations in the same reckless manner that marks their boarding a train, many of them preferring to jump off before the train comes to a stop—seemingly taking a delight in courting a disaster to their necks. The same hurly-burly, crush and crowd is true of street car travel.

"The street-cars of the large cities are designed to carry from thirty to forty people, but it is not an

uncommon thing to see almost thrice that number crowded upon them. It is proverbial that a street-car in America is never full. There is always room for one more. You can generally get on and off where you please, there being nothing to prevent you from risking your life dodging vehicles in a crowded street, if you haven't sense enough to have a care yourself. The same is true of taking a cab. But in Paris, it is all different. There, they place no dependence whatever upon the good sense of a crowd, or upon the caution of individuals, and a man cannot risk his life upon the streets of Paris, or about the railway depots, if he wants to. Street-cars only stop at crossings, and if you want to take passage on one, you must go to one of these regular and convenient stations. There you will find a policeman on either side of the street, guarding the crossings; and you will also find, in all likelihood, a number of persons in line, awaiting the arrival of a car. You must take your place in line, as the last comer. The policemen signal the car to stop, take up places at either side of it, and hand passengers in until the seating capacity of the car is filled. Then the gates are closed and the car goes on. It doesn't matter how many persons are in waiting, only a given number can gain admittance to a car. Everyone, however, who gains admission is comfortably seated. The same precautions are taken as regards railroad travel. You are so guarded on

every hand by the authorities that it is almost impossible for you to come to bodily harm in the streets of Paris. The street car horses of Paris are among the finest in the world, those drawing the cars over the boulevard lines being iron-gray stallions.

"And as to cabs, they have the most perfect system of wheel service in the world. There were seven thousand cabs in the registered service when I was there. The cabs were all graded, their prices per hour regulated by law, and their places on the boulevards designated properly. Nowhere else on earth is the rein held so tightly over hackmen as it is in Paris, and woe to the driver who deals, or attempts to deal, unfairly by a patron. Every grade of cab is compelled to travel at a certain rate of speed—so many miles per hour--and as you are charged so much per mile, it is an easy matter for you to know precisely what to pay, having noted the time yourself. Just as likely as not, when you alight from a cab and settle with the driver, an officer will step up and ask you how long you were out and what you were charged. If the driver has attemped any crooked work, he is arrested and hustled off with a promptness that amazes you.

"Another great convenience, that our large cities lack, is the system of 'dressing rooms,' for both ladies and gentlemen, located at convenient distances along all the boulevards.

"The great and admirable idea seems to prevail

everywhere in Paris, that one shall be charged merely for what one consumes. You go to a hotel or restaurant and order just what you please—much or little—and are charged only a fair price for what you receive. When you seat yourself at a table in a restaurant, a waiter places before you a bottle of brandy. On the bottle is a gauge, that at all times registers the amount of liquor in the bottle. The beverage is placed there, at your pleasure. The waiter who served you noted the gauge when he set the bottle before you. When you finish your luncheon, he again examines the gauge. If you have used any of the brandy, he knows exactly how many gauges, and just what to charge you.

"Your meals there cost you just what you choose to make them—from fourteen cents to fourteen dollars. We had rooms at the Palais Royal, where we took our dinner. Breakfast, and generally supper, was eaten at a cosy little restaurant kept by a man from New York. We were drawn thither by a sign bearing the unusual and seductive legend, "Buckwheat Cakes." These cakes, which were an American luxury in Paris, were about the only form of warm bread we could get. Warm bread is a rarity in Paris, as there are very few private bakers. The great bulk of the bread is baked in the government's ovens.

"The Palais Royal is the most frequented public

place in Paris. It is a great edifice, and has a history. It was built by that astute dignitary and politician, Cardinal Richelieu, about 1625. The cardinal afterward presented the palace to Louis XIII., who made it his residence. The palace contained an elegant theater, with a capacity for five thousand people, and it was there that the old cardinal found much delight in presenting his own dramatic creations. The palace finally went into the hands of Louis XIV., who gave it to the Duke of Orleans. The duke was a profligate citizen and in time his debts became so enormous and pressing that something had to be done. That something, he concluded, was to turn many of the buildings of the palace into shops, which he did. The shops of the Palais Royal to-day form one of the great features of the city. They are mainly occupied by jewelers. And a peculiarity of these jewelry stores is, that almost the entire stock is displayed in the windows. The shops are very shallow, and all of them have fine glass fronts. The window is their great reliance for display, and one shop was pointed out to me in the windows of which three million dollars worth of jewelry and diamonds were shown.

The various stores of the Palais Royal are occupied by as many different classes of business establishments. The garden of the palace is famous the world over. It is seven hundred feet long by three hundred feet wide, is beautifully ornamented with lime

trees, statues and fountains, and is the resort, at all hours, of the politicians of all grades and shades of opinions, and as all the daily papers are rented out there, it is a favorite place to discuss the news of the day. The palace presents a gorgeous sight in the evening, when all the shops and restaurants are brilliantly lighted. The restaurateurs make a great deal of money, one man alone paying fifteen thousand dollars a year for the coffee privilege of the place.

"Paris is *the* city of the world, I guess. It is impossible to conceive of any place more brilliant, gay or interesting. Its great, wide and beautiful boulevards, made at an expense of millions of dollars, are something to be marveled at. No city on earth can match them. And Paris is certainly a city of the night. There, they have practically reversed the natural order of things. They have turned day into night and night into day. Nearly all the business is done after night, when the streets are thronged with people, and the tide of pleasure is at its flood. Sunday is the great day in Paris. It is everybody's holiday; the chosen time for the most elaborate revelries.

"We visited all of the famous places of the city—the Palace of the Tuileries, the New and Old Louvre, the Garden of the Tuileries, the Place de la Concorde, Champs Elysees, Bois du Boulogne—which is the grandest and most beautiful park in the world—the theaters, churches, institutions and palaces. Their

history is so well known to almost every person that further allusion to them is not needful. There was one place, though, that had an especial interest for me, and for almost all americans—the Hotel des Invalides. It is there that the body of Napoleon I. is laid to rest, in the church of the great home of old soldiers. A winding staircase on either side of the great altar leads to the crypt containing Napoleon's tomb, and over the entrance is this inscription—a quotation from the emperor's will:

"'I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people, whom I have ever loved.'

"The tomb is a magnificent block of porphyry, weighing one hundred and thirty-five thousand pounds, and exquisitely polished. It was polished by a very powerful and especially constructed steam engine. The sarcophagus is a single block, twelve feet long and six feet broad, supported upon a pedestal of green granite. On the balustrade surrounding the tomb are immense statues, named for, and representing the twelve greatest battles of Napoleon. The pavement of the crypt is splendidly decorated with a huge crown of laurels, in mosaic. This tomb, which is a fitting resting place for the great emperor, cost almost, if not quite, two million dollars. In a recess adjoining the crypt, is a life-sized statue of Napoleon, attired in his imperial robes. Beside him, is the

sword he carried on the bloody battle field of Austerlitz; the crown of gold voted him by the town of Cherbourg, and the insignia he wore on state occasions.

"The imperial manufactory of Gobelin carpets and tapestry is a wonderfully interesting place. The factory was founded as early as 1450 by Jean Gobelin, who made himself famous for the fineness and marvelous beauty of his carpets. The establishment finally passed into the hands of the government, and the carpets there made are not rivaled in the universe, for strength of texture, fineness and brilliancy of colors. Many of the carpets made there have required ten years of labor, and are worth from twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars. Under the Napoleons and their predecessors, the products of these looms found their way into the palaces of the government, or were sent as choicest presents to foreign dignitaries. Many of these carpets are as beautiful as the canvass of a master painter. The workmen are trained in the manufactory from boyhood, one generation of artist weavers succeeding the other. The art is kept within a few families, and is most jealously preserved.

"While at Paris, I bought a number of really beautiful French clocks, some of them of very elaborate design. It was there, too, that I bought the large clock now in the tower of my opera house at Waverly, and doing duty as a town-clock."

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN A SALT MINE—THE WONDERFUL LABOR-MADE CAVERNS BENEATH THE AUSTRIAN ALPS, WHICH HON. JAMES EMMITT VISITED, ATTIRED IN PANTALOONS CONSTRUCTED ON A SMOKE-STACK PRINCIPLE, AND A COAT, VEST AND APRON OF PERPLEXING PECULIARITIES—AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE AT RIDING ON A RAIL—A SAIL ON A SALT LAKE, IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH—HOW SALT IS MINED AND MADE AT HALLEIN.

"WERE you ever in a salt mine? No. Then it would pay you to make a trip to Europe to inspect those great, white, wonderful caverns in the mountains, from which salt has been mined for centuries," said the Hon. James Emmitt. "Salt is produced in vast quantities in America, but generally by an ordinary and not over-interesting process. But it is all different in the vast salt rock mines of upper Austria, Bavaria, Hungary, Transylvania, Switzerland and England. While we were in the Tyrol, at the city of Salzburg, we had a very favorable opportunity to visit the great salt mines of Hallein—mines which, if I remember rightly, have been worked continuously since 1260.

"The mines are sixteen miles out from Salzburg, and were reached after a very pleasant carriage drive.

There is a small but pretty town at the mines, Hallein, where we rented suits of special clothing, which all persons who enter the mines must wear. These suits are made of a glazed, water-proof canvas, and are very funny. As with bathing suits, such a thing as one getting a fit among those wierd and awfully proportioned suits at the mines, is never dreamed of. I remember distinctly that the pantaloons they gave me—and which were meant to protect my ordinary dress—struck me just below the knees. But while being a little niggardly as to length, they were exceedingly prodigal as to width. Each leg had about the circumference of a distended quarter barrel flour sack; and when I tell you that the canvas had been rendered hard by the salt and salt-water gathered during innumerable trips to the mines, and that they set to my legs with that easy, clinging grace peculiar to a cylinder of sheet iron, you will understand how perfectly comfortable they must have been. And the vest—ah, how I love to think of the elegance and ease of that vest. It had evidently been cut for a very short-waisted Col. Moffatt. It struck me just about the fourth rib, and if it had been so made that I could have lapped it around me and buttoned it in the back, like a maiden's gown, it would have fit me pretty well. But it wasn't built for a double-breasted, button-behind vest, and as a result, it stuck out before me like the nose of a battering ram. The coat was

built on a wholly different plan, and economy was rampant in every square inch of its meager length and breadth. After a fierce struggle, I got my arms into it and drew it on—or as far on as it would go. It was so narrow that it stretched across my back as tight as a drum-head, and kept my arms at that peculiar tension you may have noticed in the arms of a "dummy," or a "paddy," as boys insist upon calling the wonderful effigies they occasionally construct. The tightness of the coat increased the looseness of the vest, and it bulged out ahead of me in a most shocking manner, and when I walked, those terrors of pantaloons banged about my legs as though I was trying to walk in sections of a smoke-stack. To increase the witching beauty and picturesqueness of this attire, I had to put on a leather apron; not an apron such as a blacksmith wears, but one designed to protect the rear, instead of the front of the body. This apron was strapped around my waist and reached almost to my heels. They told me it was worn to protect the seat of my pantaloons, when "on the slide," but I had a sneaking idea that it was hung there as a sort of a back-ground, to show forth, in all their hideousness, my very peculiar-looking legs. I was ashamed of that apron. To complete my dress deformity, they clapped some sort of a turban on my head—a canvas turban, I remember, that had several inches too much circumference for my head, and

which I believed to have been originally used as a drip bag for limberger cheese. You can't imagine how utterly ashamed one feels when he realizes, for the first time, what an absurd spectacle he presents in such a costume.

"My woe was somewhat alleviated when Mrs. Emmitt came out of her little coop of a dressing-room. I knew that I must look very queer, but I saw at once that I had fallen among mere costumers' novices. The artists had been assigned to Mrs. Emmitt, and no one who saw her would question for a moment that they had scored a mighty triumph. They had so disguised and altered her every outward and familiar aspect that I couldn't believe that the awful personage who confronted me could be my wife. She called me James and said she was Mrs. Emmitt, but I took her statement with a grain of salt until I finally recognized her voice. She had been put into pantaloons, made large enough to be worn without removing any of the ordinary clothing. They had evidently given Mrs. Emmitt the pantaloons intended for me, for the ones she wore were as much too long as mine were short. And over these monstrous canvas sacks, she wore a huge, loose blouse canvas coat, that annihilated every outline of her figure in the most complete way. Then she was made perfect by the addition of a very large leathern apron, worn like mine, in the rear.

Thus attired, and each being conscious of the

other's ludicrous appearance, we were ashamed to walk across the open space between the dressing rooms and the mouth of the mine. But we finally did it, the boys, similarly attired, bringing up the rear. I have always had an idea that those boys, sons of ours, had a very hilarious time, quietly poking fun at their parents.

"The entrance to the mine was about six by ten feet, and into this ancient hole we passed. They have been quarrying for salt there, under that great mountain, since 1250; they have dug channels into the mountain over a thousand feet deep, and have excavated right out of the mountain's bowels, whole acres of salt—hundreds of thousands of tons of it. Our guide took us along a white-walled gallery fully one thousand feet in length, and finally ushered us into a great apartment, with lofty and glittering ceilings. In the center of this vast room—which had been entirely excavated by human labor—was a fine lake, at least an acre in extent, the blue-green waters of which had a most peculiar aspect. This lake had been made by digging a basin in the solid salt, and filling it with water, brought to the mines in pipes a distance of forty miles. The rock salt, as it is mined, is dumped into this lake, where it dissolves, and all the impurities it contains settle to the bottom. The salt brine is then pumped out of the lake and forced back, in pipes, for forty miles, where it is run into

large vats, and sometimes pits, where it is evaporated.

"The work of evaporation was formerly left to the air; but it is now done by steam.

"The salt rock quarried there contains from eighty to ninety per cent. of pure salt, and the supply is simply inexhaustable. They told me that the government had investigated the resources of the mines, and had penetrated the mountains for a distance of two thousand feet upward, and two thousand feet downward, and it was found to be rock salt the whole distance, both ways.

"We entered a little boat and took a ride over the pretty salt lake. It was a very enjoyable experience, for the great apartment, with its walls of shining salt, as clear as crystal, was profusely lighted with torches, which produced an effect that was picturesque and wierd, to say the least.

"In another apartment we found a pretty chapel, with an altar and steps of crystal salt, and a floor almost as white and beautiful as marble. There the salt miners attend mass, every morning, before going to work. The miners are all sincere Catholics, and are a distinct class of people, with customs and manners peculiarly their own. They, their fathers and their fathers' fathers have all been miners, generation succeeding generation. As soon as a son of a miner is old enough to work he is taken into the mines, and there puts in his working days until too old to labor

longer. Long confinement under the earth, from the light of day, and in the peculiar and penetrating salt atmosphere of the mines, has a very peculiar effect upon them, bleaching and hardening their skin in a very odd manner.

"From the chapel we started to descend to another level of the mines, and when we reached a sort of landing, looking into a very deep and very dark pit, the guide told us to 'climb on the pole and slide down.'

"He illustrated what he meant by himself getting astraddle of a smooth, heavy pole, about as thick as a telegraph pole—which was inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees. He motioned me to follow his example, and I climbed on, winding my arms affectionately around the guide's waist, while I inwardly said something about the horrors of my canvas coat, which I feared would force my collar-bone out of place. Mrs. Emmitt followed my example, catching me about the waist, and the boys, in great glee, jumped on and in some mysterious manner peculiar to boys, took care of themselves. They had graduated, you see, in this sort of business, by sliding down baluster-rails and coasting on hill sides.

"'All ready?' asked the guide.

"I didn't know whether I was or not, or where I was going, or what I had to face, but I said yes and told hold him to 'let 'er go.'

"He let, and away we went down the steep in-

cline, at a rate that made me gasp for breath. It was then that I realized the admirable philosophy of the rear-apron. When we mounted the pole, of course we had to sit on the aprons; and when the descent began, the leather aprons stood the friction, the wear and tear, that would otherwise have been inflicted upon our persons. Did you ever slip down out of a tree, on a rope, and slip a little too fast? You know how the rope burned and blistered your hands? Well, that is about the fate that would have befallen our bodies, had it not been for those horrible-looking aprons. I have never since questioned the assertion, that even the ugliest creations of God and man have their uses.

"We reached the bottom of the long, steep pole in safety and with a thump, and one by one we climbed off and took our places in a little tram-car. When we were all seated, the conductor released the brake and away we started again, going down another quite steep incline—so steep that the car traveled along rapidly without any other power save that gathered by its own momentum. We were chatting and laughing over the sensations we experienced while descending the pole, when suddenly the conductor called, 'Heads up!' the car rounded a curve, passed under a heavy arch and ran away out into one of the main streets of the town, landing us, sitting bolt upright, right in the midst of a crowd of laugh-

ing, guying and grinning natives. I never felt so cheap in my life, but couldn't help laughing at what a funny spectacle I knew we must present there in the street, huddled up in a little car, and in those awful costumes.

"A photographer caught our pictures in an instant, and as soon as we could climb out of the car, we hurried away to the dressing rooms, which, happily, we found, were not very far distant."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT THE POTTERIES, WHERE THE GREAT BULK OF ENGLAND'S FAMOUS "STONE CHINA" IS MADE—THE INFLUENCE THAT THE LATE WILLIAM McKELL USED TO WIELD IN THE QUEENSWARE MANUFACTURING DISTRICTS OF GREAT BRITAIN—A GREAT BARGAIN IN IRISH POINT-LACE, BOUGHT UNDER PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES—THE RETURN HOME FROM A NINE MONTHS' VOYAGE.

WITH a sigh of regret—several sighs, in fact—our party left Paris for London, on the way home to America," said the Hon. James Emmitt. "We went to London first, because I had some money matters to look after — to close up my account at the Bank of England, and business of that nature.

"Before returning home, however, I was very anxious to visit and inspect some of the great potteries of England, and with this end in view, we started for the immense district in Staffordshire known as 'The Potteries,' where there are miles upon miles of works devoted to the exclusive manufacture of pottery. It is in this district that Burslem, is located; a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and one of the most famous towns in England, so far as the manufacture of pottery goes. It is there that the

great Maddux works are located, and it is from the Maddux potteries that the great bulk of the finest stone china, handled by McKell & Co., of Chillicothe, is purchased. For a long period of years, the now deceased William McKell—the founder of the house of McKell & Co.—made it a practice to frequently visit the potteries in Staffordshire—particularly those at Burslem—and make his purchases right at the factories. He bought in great quantities, and always of the best grades of goods, and, of course, made his trips very profitable. And do you know that, while living, there was probably no man in America who had so great an influence upon the trade and prices of manufactured pottery in England, as William McKell? He was personally known to almost every potter of consequence in England. They knew him to be a man of sterling integrity, of splendid judgment, and large influence among the glass and queensware men of America; they knew him to be a large and very shrewd buyer, and they learned to know that the demands he made of them were always right and reasonable, and such as it was well to accede to. When anything went wrong at "The Potteries," materially affecting the trade in America—such as a strike on the part of the employes, or a combination on the part of the potters to put up prices—one of the first men the American dealers appealed to, to help them out of trouble, was William

McKell. Such an appeal generally resulted in a trip to England, on Mr. McKell's part, and there was no voice on this side of the ocean that had a more potent influence for good upon the potters than William McKell's. In Staffordshire, at least, he was regarded as one of the foremost men of America, and his judgment on trade matters was never lightly put aside. I soon learned that there was no american more respected in Staffordshire, than William McKell.

"The extent of the pottery interest in and about Burslem is something wonderful, and affords sights that the american must marvel at. There is nothing in this country at all comparable to them. I was greatly interested in the process by which the pottery is manufactured, and took some pains to familiarize myself with the details of the work.

"The first thing to be done in manufacturing pottery—such plate, for instance, as is found upon the ordinarily well-set table—is to select and mix the clays. The bulk of the clay used in English potteries comes from the fine and extensive beds of Poole and Dorset clay. This clay, in its pure state, is too rich, or 'fat,' to be worked alone, as it would crack, or twist, when subject to the intense heat of the ovens. To supply the needed ingredient, a certain proportion of flint, or free silica, is added to the clay mixture. The flint has much to do toward imparting

the 'ring' to good queensware. In the finer grades of goods, there is also added a certain quantity of Devonian china stone, which goes largely into the production of porcelain. The straight clay—Poole, say—is first finely ground between mill stones, like we grind wheat here, in a buhr mill. It is then mixed with water until it is reduced to 'slip,' which has about the consistency of thick cream. This 'slip' is then passed through a series of fine silk sieves, which remove all the grit, and hard particles of every kind. If 'china stone' is to be used it is treated in the same way as the clay. The flint is put into furnaces, heated red hot and while in this condition, is thrown into vats of cold water. After this treatment, the flints are readily ground into a very fine powder. Then these three substances—clay, china stone and flint—are all reduced to 'slip,' and run into separate vats, from which they are frequently pumped and passed through the sieves. When perfectly 'clean,' they are mixed in proper proportions by being pumped into graduated vats. The complete mixture is then passed into boilers of a rather intricate design, where the water is evaporated from it, leaving it in a soft, plastic state. This mass of 'paste' is full of air bubbles, from which it can only be freed by frequently turning it over and beating it until smooth, and sufficiently 'tough' to be placed on the potter's wheel. When amply kneaded, the

clay is divided up into balls, which are turned over to the 'throwers,' who mould them into the desired shape upon their wheels. It requires great skill to do work on these wheels, and there are many excellent artists in the Burslem potteries. After the 'thrower' has worked his vessel up to a certain state of perfection, by hand-work, it is finished up on a lathe—which mechanical process robs the ware of that artistic finish and 'spirit' which is so much sought after now-a-days, and which is only found in hand-made plastic productions. Handles, ornaments, and that sort of thing, are generally moulded, and attached to the vessel while the clay is still damp. The completed vessels are thoroughly dried before they are placed in the kilns. The pottery is placed in circular fire-clay boxes called 'saggers,' which are piled one above the other in the ovens. The fire is then started and kept up at a high heat for from thirty-five to fifty hours—the amount of firing depending almost entirely upon the nature of the clay—when the fires are allowed to die out. It is several days before the 'saggers' can be taken from the ovens.

"After the first firing the ware is quickly dipped into the vats containing the 'glazing' mixture, which is composed of china stone, white lead, flint and borax, all ground together and reduced to a very fine, milky mixture. In this dipping process, sufficient of the mixture adheres to the vessel to cover it completely

with a thin coat of glaze. The pottery is then put into different kilns for a second firing, which requires a fiercer degree of heat than the 'green' ware was subjected to.

"The ordinary method of decorating the less expensive grades of pottery is by the transfer-printing process. The design is first engraved on a copper plate, and then printed on tissue paper with a pigment mixed with a very adhesive compound of oil and gums. This tissue-print is then pressed, face downward, upon the surface to be decorated, and the design is thus transferred. The paper is afterward washed off, and the vessel dried in a hardening kiln before it is dipped in the glazing vats. There isn't any particularly artistic merit about this mechanical method of decorating ware. Hand decorations are generally applied over the glazing, and then fired to fine them.

"We bought a lot of queensware at the potteries, but they were so rushed, and so far behind their orders, that it was three months before our order was filled.

"We returned to London and then started to Liverpool, where we found all of our goods, purchased at different parts of the continent, awaiting us, in good shape for shipment. Our passage had been engaged, and everything being in readiness, we sailed from Liverpool for home, at noon, on the 16th of April, 1866. The next day, we arrived at Queens-

town, where we lay some hours, to take on a car load or two of mail. The Fenian excitement was then running high in England and Ireland, and all was excitement at Queenstown. It was Sunday, when we reached there, and no sooner had our ship come into the harbor than there was a great throng of persons came aboard. Having a little while to spare, we went ashore, and had hardly landed when we were beckoned to a secluded place 'around the corner' by a number of irish women, who were selling real irish point lace at marvelously low figures. They took hold of my coat and pulled me in behind a stairway, 'to escape the English police,' they explained. Then they cautiously displayed their stocks of irish point lace, for which I knew Mrs. Emmitt had a very strong liking. It was so very cheap, 'bein' smuggled goods, sir, that it would cost us our lives to have the police know we're sellin',' that I bought a lot of it—twenty-five dollars worth. With great kindness and forethought they solicitously helped me conceal it under my coat 'for fear of the police,' and cautioned me to avoid them all I could. By exercising great caution, I got back to the vessel safely, and after we again sailed, and were 'out of the reach of the police,' I brought out my treasure of irish point lace, with which I knew Mrs. Emmitt would be delighted. I told her how oddly I had made the purchase and she laughed at me. As soon as she examined the stuff,

she saw that it wasn't irish point lace at all, but the most palpable imitation—a fret-work of paper, or something, pasted onto strips of common linen. The stuff all fell to pieces when placed in water. To my instense delight, I found that almost every married man who had gone ashore, had been swindled by the same dodge. It created a good laugh all around, some swearing, and explained why the women were so secret about their sales, and so anxious that we should show our purchases to no one while on irish soil.

"We landed in New York on the 1st day of May, 1866, and reached home on the 12th of May, having been away nine months. I didn't return to enjoy a life of ease, however, for I soon discovered that I was needed back in the old business fight. I was not long in getting there, either, for a hundred things of consequence demanded my attention, and almost before I knew it, I was up to my eyes in the details of large and varied business interests. I have been in that condition ever since."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE ORIGINAL PEDESTRIAN, WHOSE METHODS WERE SLOWLY BUT SURELY IMPROVED UPON BY THE PEOPLE OF THE SCIOTO VALLEY—THE SIGN OF PROMISE THAT THE PEOPLE IN THE WILDERNESS SAW IN THE PROJECT OF BUILDING THE OHIO & ERIE CANAL, WHICH WAS TO BRING THE GREAT LAKE REGIONS IN COMMUNICATION WITH THE OHIO RIVER AND THE GULF—HOW THE GREAT CANAL SCHEME FIRST ASSUMED TANGIBLE SHAPE, ETC.

"THE Ohio & Erie canal did more for the development of Ohio, in a commercial sense, than any single enterprise has ever done," said Hon. James Emmitt, after finishing the narrative of his eventful European trip, reverting to a subject in which he has always been deeply interested—the canals—with the view of giving a needful degree of attention to a matter but incidentally touched upon heretofore.

"The railroads have accomplished wonders in their day—and the present is their day—but they have accomplished no more, in their way, than did the canal for the people who had so long and eagerly waited and prayed for its construction. It is next to impossible for the present generation to realize just how barren this country was of satisfactory methods

of transportation, for long distances, prior to the opening of the canal. In the early days—say up to 1832, we people in the interior had absolutely no means of transportation other than was afforded by wagons drawn by horses or oxen, or by the primitive mode that originated with Adam—afoot. Poor old Adam! It makes me sad to think of him. He had mighty little comfort in life, after he fooled with the forbidden fruit. Turned out of the Garden of Eden, into a cold, friendless, uncharitable and uninhabited world, he was the original pedestrian. Although the man created to set the pace and gait for the millions of mankind to come, what heart could he have had in his work. He had made a false start and had nothing to encourage him on the way. And what is a pedestrian without encouragement? Without an applauding audience to pass at every lap? Without a championship belt, a whack at the gate money and a chance to blow in one's friends by thowing the contest? He must have had a lonesome time of it.

"Well, in 1820, the people of Ohio had gotten just two removes from the transportation methods of Adam's day—which first method had just one crowning advantage: it developed magnificent lower limbs, and I can recollect when a good calf was a manly attribute not to be sneezed at. Adam relied—or it is to be supposed that he did—mainly on leg power, to move from place to place. The Ohio pioneers had

taught horses and oxen to draw themselves and burdens; and those living adjacent to navigable streams knew how to make rafts, and flat-boats, small craft and larger vessels useful. The people living along the sea coast, the lakes and rivers, enjoyed great advantages over their fellowmen in the interior country. They could get from point to point with greater facility, and could conduct commercial enterprises with reasonable ease and certainty of profit. They could ship their surplus products to markets at their command, and could secure to themselves, from other points, such produce or manufactured stuffs as were beyond their own immediate resources.

"We, too, could do these things, to a limited degree. We could get to our homes such supplies as we absolutely had to have, and could get rid of a portion of our surplus products. When that happy day arrived when we had a surplus, we had no home market, of any consequence, and what corn we couldn't get off to New Orleans by flat boat, we could feed to hogs and cattle, which could be driven, instead of transported, to the eastern markets. But the condition of affairs was terribly unsatisfactory, and commercial progress was well nigh impossible.

"You see, the pioneers of the Scioto Valley developed in this way: They came out here from Virginia, Pennsylvania and the east, and settled in the wilderness, generally in the neighborhood of some

river. A cabin was built, a clearing was made, and as soon as possible, a crop put in. The rifle supplied the table with an abundance of choicest meats, and pretty largely, the male population with clothing. A few hogs and a cow or two were finally secured; the crops came on, and what corn was not needed for seed and meal, was fed to the animals, and the animals were fostered and bred to the best advantage. Each succeeding year, the clearing was extended, and the amount of grain put in increased accordingly, and after awhile, the fields produced more than the family and stock could consume. Here was a surplus, to be turned into money or merchandise. But there was no place to sell it. Every man's neighbor was in a similar condition to himself. There was no market for the surplus. Every one wanted money and manufactured goods; every one had something that could be converted into these necessities, could they get their surplus to a point where there was an excess of manufactured goods or money, and a scarcity of produce and meats. But it was impossible to make this exchange, owing to a lack of transportation facilities.

"The great need of that early day—and it is the need of every new section of country at the present day—was easy, certain and cheap communication with the business world.

"DeWitt Clinton came forward and offered a par-

tial solution of this all important problem, when he built his great New York and Erie Canal, which pointed the way by which interior places could find an outlet, other than by wagon, to the points where their surplus was in demand. It was a pointer that the people of Ohio were not slow to seize, and out of it grew the really stupendous project of building the Ohio and Erie Canal, to bring the great lake regions, and consequently the east, into business relations with a vast and fertile interior region, and on through to the Ohio, the Mississippi and the great marts of the south. It was a great and daring conception for those days, and the prospect of its ever becoming a reality, sent a thrill of joy through the people of this valley. A person of this generation cannot imagine with what extravagant hopes we longed and waited for the fulfilment of the glorious promises to which the canal scheme gave birth. Everyone knew that with its coming would dawn such an era of prosperity as this valley had never known, and hardly dared to hope for. It was a sign of promise in the commercial heaven, and everyone had some well-thought plan devised to put into execution 'when the canal's built.' That expression qualified almost every utterance of a business sense. The people here in the slowly yielding wilderness looked upon the canal project as the Jews did upon Moses. It was to get them out of the woods and

bring them to the promised land of business life and prosperity. And really, all of these extravagant hopes were justified, for the isolated and transportation-bound condition of our people, at that time, was most harrowing. The railroad was not dreamed of at that time, and the canal seemed to afford a marvelously convenient, rapid and economical method of getting over long distances, in person, or what was of far greater importance, of economically moving surplus products to a profitable market.

"For two or three years prior to 1820, the matter of connecting the lakes with the Ohio, and consequently with the Gulf of Mexico, by an artificial water-way, had been discussed, and one or two feeble efforts had been made by private companies to get charters to build a canal. In 1818 the state legislature passed an act relating to the matter, but it was not until 1821 that the project began to assume serious shape. The representative from Hamilton County, in the legislature of that year, was Micajah T. Williams, whose peculiar and unfortunate history has already been given. Williams was an able and public-spirited man, and he undertook the task of working up a canal sentiment in the legislature. The Governor, in his message that year, had a great deal to say in favor of the project of building a canal from the lake to the Ohio River, and Williams introduced a resolution providing that special and careful consideration be given

to that part of the Governor's message relating directly to canals. The resolution went through all right, and a committee was appointed to do the considering provided for. This committee was composed of Micajah T. Williams, Thomas Worthington, W. H. Moore, John Shelby and Mr. Howe. The committee squared right down to work, and in January of 1822, it submitted a very lengthy report, favoring the passage of a law, authorizing an investigation into the feasibility of constructing a canal, connecting the river and lake. The report was adopted, and immediately thereafter, Mr. Williams offered a bill, providing for the suggested investigation. The measure was fiercely fought both in the house and in the senate, but finally passed and became a law, in December, 1822. This was the first definite and substantial result attained, looking to the consummation of the canal scheme, and caused much rejoicing among the people.

"Following close upon the adoption of the resolution, Mr. Williams introduced a bill, which passed, naming the commissioners who should conduct this inquiry. These commissioners were Alfred Kelley, Thomas Worthington, Benjamin Tappan, Ethan A. Brown, Jeremiah Morrow, Ebenezer Buckingham, jr., and Isaac Minor. Morrow was elected governor of the state and had to resign his place in the board, and the vacancy was fittingly filled by the appointment

of Macajah T. Williams, one of the staunchest friends the canal project ever had. The board selected as its chief engineer Hon. James Geddes, of Onondaga, N. Y., and he, with his assistants, aided by the commissioners themselves, surveyed almost a thousand miles of territory, seeking the best route for the canal, which they finally determined to build from Cleveland to Portsmouth, a distance of three hundred and nine miles. It was estimated that the entire work would cost about five millions of dollars, but it cost fully six million dollars. The law authorizing the construction of the canal, in accordance with the report of the commissioners and the chief engineer was passed in the winter of 1824-5.

CHAPTER XLVI.

INAUGURATING A GREAT EVENT, FULL OF GLORIOUS PROMISE TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO—MOMENTOUS DAYS OF EAGER ANTICIPATION, WHEN IT SEEMED THE MILLENIUM WAS SURE TO COME DOWN THE SCIOTO VALLEY ON A CANAL BOAT—BUILDING THE GREAT LICKING RESERVOIR IN THE VIRGIN FOREST—WORK ON THE "DEEP CUT," WHERE MANY A CONTRACTOR FIRST MET BANKRUPTCY FACE TO FACE—SOME FUNNY FACTS CONCERNING THE BUILDING OF THE OHIO CANAL.

IN the summer of 1825—on the 8th of June—a great public meeting was held at Columbus, to determine the time and place of inaugurating work upon the canal--the most momentous enterprise ever undertaken by the state. This meeting was attended by the most prominent people from all parts of Ohio, and Governor Morrow presided over the deliberations.

It was decided to commence work at the Licking Summit, about four miles west of Newark, and the fourth of July was chosen as the most auspicious day on which to usher in the great work of connecting Lake Erie and the Ohio River by an artificial water-artery, that would give life, vitality and profit untold to commerce; that would quicken the development of as rich and fertile a great section of country as the

country then contained, and quicken it as nothing else could.

"Oh, the promise of those days of eager anticipation! of those days when we were so poor in transportation facilities, but so rich in anticipation of the almost marvelous good that would come to us when the canal was finished, when we could reach a wider market with our surplus products. And looking back over the long years that have intervened since then—they number sixty-three and over—I am free to say that, even intemperate as we were in our anticipations as to what the canal would do for us, we were not disappointed. The canal was not as good an investment for the state—looked at from the view point of profits arising from direct revenue—as it was hoped that it would be, but its blessings to the people were incalculably great. A new day of prosperity, and an exceedingly bright one, was born when the building of the Ohio Canal was begun.

"At the meeting held at Columbus, in June, it was decided to send invitations to Governor DeWitt Clinton, General Van Rensaeller and other eminent New Yorkers, to be present and participate in the exercises at Licking Summit on the fourth of July, and when that momentous day arrived, Governor Clinton and Governor Morrow, with scores of other men prominent before the public, and thousands more who were

unknown to fame, were there to lend their voice and encouragement to the great undertaking.

"To Governor Clinton was accorded the honor of removing the first shovelful of dirt from the canal, and this he did amidst the wildest enthusiasm. Governor Morrow followed, removing a shovelful of dirt, and then this privilege was accorded to all the distinguished men and officers of the state present. After this opening ceremony a masterful and eloquent address to Governor Clinton and the people, was delivered by General Thomas Ewing. Mr. Ewing paid a glowing tribute to the invaluable services that Governor Clinton had rendered his country, in pointing out the way by which its development could be vastly accelerated by the construction of artificial water-ways for facilitating commerce, and the people endorsed all that the General said with such overwhelming enthusiasm that Governor Clinton wept with gratitude and joy.

"A clearing had been made in the woods to afford an open space in which the great concourse of people might assemble, and under the spreading trees at the edge of the clearing, an abundant dinner was served and Governor Clinton's health was drunk amidst the roar of artillery and the rattle of small arms.

"It is at this point, where the building of the canal was begun, that the great Licking Reservoir, embracing some fourteen thousand acres of land, is

located. This huge reservoir was built by putting in sheet piling and building a double wall of logs upon it. I can well remember when this immense water-tight embankment enclosed a great forest right in the middle of the reservoir. The canal is fed in both directions — toward Cleveland and Portsmouth — from this great artificial lake, which was fed by Licking Creek, if I remember aright.

"The heaviest work on the whole line of the canal was done at this point, on the 'Great Cut.' Coming south from the summit, they had to cut through six miles of hill, the cut having an average depth of thirty feet. This gigantic piece of excavation, which had to be done entirely by human labor, with mattock, shovel and wheelbarrow, broke up every contractor who undertook to accomplish it. The state had to finally finish the work itself. There was a lock at each end of this cut.

"Coming south, the water from the reservoir had to feed the canal as far as Big Walnut, where a feeder was put in that carried the water to Lockbourne.

"There, feeders took water from the Scioto River and Big Walnut with which to supply the canal. A feeder from the Scioto at Columbus was made to enter the canal just below the mouth of Big Walnut and in connection with that stream furnished water to run the canal to Circleville, where the Scioto was again tapped for a fresh supply. The canal crosses

the river at Circleville, and the feeder dam is just below the town. Circleville came very near being left out in the cold when the canal was being built through that part of the valley. There was much discussion indulged in as to just where the aqueduct should cross the river, and a number of locations, all inimical to Circleville save one, were urged; the site at Keffer's Point seeming to have the strongest call. It would cost seven thousand dollars less to cross the river at this point than at Circleville, but the commissioners finally agreed that if the people of Circleville would raise three thousand five hundred dollars toward defraying this additional expense, the state would stand the other half, and let Circleville have the canal. The people of that town were tremendously worked up over the matter, and in a very few days the necessary three thousand five hundred dollars was raised, and the town was saved.

"From Circleville the canal is fed to the Three-Locks below Chillicothe, where a dam across the Scioto furnished the feed clear to Portsmouth — a distance of about forty-six miles.

"Going the other way, from the summit toward Cleveland, you lock down from the reservoir to the Tuscarawas river; from the Tuscarawas up to Summit lake; thence is fed back to the Tuscarawas river; thence to Akron, fed from Summit lake and the Cuyahoga River to Cleveland. There are sixteen locks

within a single mile of canal at Akron. Boats are locked right down into the lake at Cleveland.

"From the summit, work on the canal was prosecuted in both directions, the heaviest cuts on both ends, being started first. The big six-mile cut, as has been said, was the most gigantic piece of work on the whole line. The contractors encountered a peculiar, heavy, tough clay, that was simply terrible to handle. You couldn't work it out to any sort of advantage. The contractors had no dredges or steam shovels to help them, but had to wheel everything from the great ditch in barrows. And I tell you it was a sight to see fifty of those barrow men in a string, wheeling out their heavy loads, following a leader who always made it warm for them. These men were paid, at the commencement of the work, eight dollars a month, in addition to shanty board and lodging. Their day was from sunrise to sunset. The late Benjamin Eggleston of Cincinnati—a gentleman who attained a national reputation in business and politics—worked behind a wheelbarrow on a cut between Waverly and Chillicothe, The canal had been in operation for something like a year, from Cleveland to Chillicothe, before it was completed to Waverly, in September, 1832. A detailed account of how this momentous event was celebrated at Waverly has been given in a previous chapter.

"There are some funny facts connected with the

building of the Ohio Canal, that illustrate with mighty force, how easy it is for even the best-skilled men, and men of expert judgment and wise experience, to make costly errors; errors that, once made, it is next to impossible to rectify. One of these will suffice to illustrate this point, and it embraces some important facts with which very few people are acquainted: From Waverly we lock to Pee-Pee; then there is a half-mile level, giving entrance to a lock that locks down ten feet, *to the low-water mark of the river.* The idea governing the putting in of such a lock at that point was, that the feed from the Three-Locks would not answer the requirements of the canal clear to Portsmouth, and that a feeder dam would have to be put in below Pee-Pee to carry the water to the Ohio River.

"This was a terrible error. When they got down ten feet, they had to build a big two-mile level to a guard-lock below Jasper, to keep the river out of the canal. Instead of going down into this ten foot hole, the canal could have been thrown right over against the hillside, with no bank to build save one for towing purposes, and there it would have been safely above high-water mark. This would have avoided entirely the big basin above Jasper. Had this been done it would have resulted in the saving of at least five hundred thousand dollars. And had the engineers known the capabilities of the Three-Locks feeder, this huge sum could have been saved.

"Putting the canal down in that hole necessitated

the cutting off of Pee-Pee Creek and turning it into Crooked Creek, which now empties into the Scioto below Waverly. The throwing of these two creeks together has been the direct cause of losing us three or four bridges.

"It was the original intention of the canal commissioners to cross the river opposite Waverly and go down on the opposite side of the Scioto to Portsmouth. This route was surveyed and the stakes driven. There were no big streams on that side of the river, while on this side there are several—Bear Creek, Camp Creek, Pond Creek, Brush Creek, Pee-Pee and others to contend with.

"But then, as now, there were forces at work that were not always exercised in the best interests of the state or the people.

"General Robert Lucas, formerly of Piketon, was then in the senate and he was a power in politics. He was elected governor of the state in 1832. General Lucas, at the time of the location of the canal, was the owner of a large lot of land at Jasper, and he wanted the canal to pass that point, in order that his own property might be greatly enhanced in value. He had a rather expansive idea about creating a big town there, and he was able to exert enough influence to keep the canal on this side of the river. And so it ran on past Jasper. Lucas was never much benefitted by the canal after he got it, and the fine town

he saw at that point, in his minds eye, never become a reality. Jasper never grew beyond the limits of an ordinary canal village and shipping point.

"If the canal had gone down from Waverly, on the opposite side of the river, it would have afforded a water fall of sixty or sixty-five feet at Portsmouth —a mill power that could have been utilized to untold advantage. But instead of this the canal was put along a route that absolutely precluded an entrance into Portsmouth, as it finished below the level of the Ohio river.

"A vast deal of money has been spent in the endeavor to overcome this fatal defect, but it has all been spent to no purpose. It is only a little while since, that two huge and expensive locks, intended to overcome this trouble and to give a decent entrance to Portsmouth, were completed there under the direction of General Wells S. Jones who had complete charge of the southern division of the canal. These locks and excavations cost something like fifty-five thousand dollars, and it was loudly proclaimed that the canal problem had been solved at Portsmouth.

"The truth is, nothing has been accomplished by this big expenditure of money. Nothing. The very first time there was a flood in the Ohio River—and it wasn't much of a flood, either—the lock filled up with sand. You will find it takes almost constant

dredging, between freshets, to keep the locks emptied of sand.

"This miscarriage in the original design of building the canal has always been a bitter pill to Portsmouth, and it has been the dream, the ambition, of many of her business men and leading spirits, to overcome the glaring fault. About fifty years ago Dr. Faulkner, a bright fellow, with some of his friends, went to Columbus and secured chartered permission to alter the course of the canal by carrying it across the river at Bear Creek, by means of a dam and slack-water navigation, and going from there to Portsmouth on the other side of the river, feeding all the way down from their dam at Bear creek. Their scheme had a double purpose in view. They wanted to effect an entrance into Portsmouth, and to secure a magnificent water power.

"Faulkner's scheme attracted much attention at Portsmouth, and Messrs. Charles Damarin, J. B. Robinson and others gave him ten thousand dollars for his charter, meaning to carry out the idea themselves. Faulkner took the money and went to Texas, and nothing was ever done toward the consummation of his great design.

"Many of the big schemes devised for Portsmouth's benefit died a-bornin'. At one time a great

New York company bought a lot of low land at Portsmouth, with the idea of building a great ship-yard, or dry-dock, with a sort of ship canal attachment, at that point, and also with the view of creating a town at Turkey Creek, but both schemes proved failures, after a great deal of money had been spent on them.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A GIGANTIC PROJECT, CONTEMPLATING THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE OHIO AND ERIE CANAL INTO A SHIP CANAL, THAT WOULD BECOME TO COMMERCE ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT WATER WAYS IN AMERICA — A SCHEME FOR CONNECTING THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD WITH THE GULF OF MEXICO, BY MEANS OF THE LAKES, SHIP CANALS, AND THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RIVERS — FLATLY AND IRREVOCABLY OPPOSED TO EVER ABANDONING THE OHIO CANAL.

THE Ohio Canal has undergone many vicissitudes, and suffered from enough bad management to wreck almost any institution on earth. It has shown the most wonderful vitality in maintaining itself to this day, in any shape. It has withstood the wreckage of long years of incompetent management, by Boards of Public Works and lessees; the competition and antagonism of railroads, and the fierce onslaughts of enemies laboring in the railroad interest, and still it is a great public property, capable of being made an agency of vast public good.

"The Ohio Canal should never be abandoned so long as Ohio is a state.

"The times have grown away from the present facilities of the canal, but instead of abandoning it

for this reason, the canal should be developed to that point that its usefulness and efficiency and importance to agriculture and commerce would be potent to the most ordinary mind. Every other great public institution; every other scheme of communication and transportation, has been assiduously developed, and developed to the highest point, while the canal has remained absolutely at a stand-still so far as progress is concerned. The only movement it has known, in the past twenty years, has been backward, toward decay and annihilation. The canal and canal interests have made no progress since the era of railroads. The idea seemed to take hold on the public mind that the whistle of the locomotive was the death-knell of the canal; that there was not room or use for both institutions.

"This is a most absurd and grievous error, and an error for the life and growth of which the friends of the canal are themselves to blame.

"The trouble is, the friends of the canal have not looked far enough into the causes of the canal's decay, and have not sought far enough for the remedy. They have been all too content to accept as inevitable, the verdict selfishly pronounced upon the canal system by the railroads, and have, in a measure, 'let 'er go.'

"Do they imagine that a canal system, built to accommodate the needs of the people of over a half-century ago, is, without enlargement, improvement

or even its old-time efficiency, to hold its own against the ever increasing power, efficiency and superb aggressiveness of the railroads?

"If they do, there is neither sense nor logic in their reasoning.

"The Ohio Canal cannot remain in its present condition of inefficiency and decay, and fulfill its public mission. It cannot even hope to live for long, with all the world moving ahead and away from it, while it is slowly progressing toward disuse and oblivion, disuse, because it does not and cannot, in its present condition, afford to the public, for whose convenience and benefit it is maintained, the freighting and transportation facilities the present times demand.

"What is the remedy?

"For this, one does not have far to seek. To justify its existence, the Ohio canal must be of positive and palpable use to the people. It must be made an efficient highway for traffic from a modern view point. It must cease being a thing worthy only of ridicule, and become an institution of respectability, of use and necessity to the people; a great artery of trade, and a conspicuous figure among the public institutions affording cheap, safe and reliable, if not notably speedy means of transportation for heavy freights, for long or short distances, for wheat, corn, coal, lumber, logs, ties, stone, brick, wood, bark, tiling and the like.

"This can be done, in part, and only in part, by

putting the Ohio and Erie Canal in thorough navigable shape from Cleveland to Portsmouth; by giving it such a long and positive lease of life that men of business grasp and understanding will be encouraged to equip it with boats and seek a trade that can most certainly be built up to profitable proportions and that would be so built up if the canal was in decent navigable shape, and if any one had the assurance that it would be so kept for ten years. As it is, no one cares to put any money into boats, for one doesn't know but that at the next session of the Legislature the canals will be surrendered into the hands of the railroad men, which means their utter annihilation. No sensible business man cares to invest his money in an enterprise depending for success upon so uncertain an institution as the present Ohio Canal.

"But even with a navigable canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth, open at all times save during the severest weather, and with the permanency of its existence assured, the Ohio Canal would have re-attained only a small portion of its old prestige and importance in a commercial sense. It would still be far from the full measure of its usefulness and consequence; merely a suggestion of the magnificent and tremendously important institution into which it can be developed, and into which I sincerely hope to see it developed.

"To perpetuate itself, to fulfill its destiny, to keep

apace with these developing days, and to become one of the most important and most profitable institutions in the country, the Ohio Canal should be converted into a great ship canal, connecting the Lakes and the Atlantic Ocean, and the Ohio, Mississippi, the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, establishing direct connection with the great lake points, reaching the Atlantic by way of the Erie Canal from Buffalo to Albany, and thence to tide-water by way of the Hudson.

"There is no better line of water transportation in America than would be afforded by this canal. It is inevitable that the Ohio River will be diked from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, and a reliable stage of water regularly maintained, and with a ship canal from Cleveland to Portsmouth, great boats could be loaded with grain at Chillicothe or any other canal point and shipped direct to New Orleans and to any coast point, or to New York direct, or straight to Europe from the point of starting. The benefits to be derived by this interior country from such a through connection, by water, with both extremities of the country, and even with foreign ports, would be simply incalculable.

"It would be a gigantic undertaking to convert the Ohio and Erie Canal into a ship canal, but this is an age of gigantic undertakings. Such an improvement would give employment to a small army of men, and would be an improvement of untold value

to the state. It is on this line of development that the future, the usefulness, the very existence, of the Ohio Canal must depend.

"But while the public mind is ripening to a thorough understanding of the importance of this proposition, and the great profit to the people that would grow out of its consummation, the Ohio and Erie Canal must be maintained in good navigable condition, and the state must adopt such a canal policy as will give stability and permanency to the business of transportation over its waters, and to the many important and valuable enterprises that have sprung up along its course. The Ohio Canal should be a profitable public property, but it can never be made so, so long as a cloud of doubt perpetually hovers about its very existence, and all of the enemies of the system are continually encouraged to keep up their assaults upon its life.

"The policy of the state toward the canals should be definite and positive and generous in its fostering scope. This policy should immediately seek the building up of the canal system after a sensible and business-like plan. It should be a policy of reconstruction, enlargement and efficiency, and not one of mere wasteful patch-work; of expediency and make shifts. And the annual appropriation should be large enough to enable the Board of Public Works to inaugurate a thorough going policy of reconstruction, that

would put the canals of the state in first-class navigable shape. Money expended on the canals, with any other idea in view, is money practically wasted, for the business of navigation on the canals will never revive and again become a thing of consequence, until business men are fully assured that they will be justified in putting their money into boats, to seek traffic upon the canals. No man will put his good money into a freight conveyance that is in danger of being rendered valuable only for so much kindling wood, before its paint is scarcely dry.

"The present owners of business property, mills, warehouses, etc., along the canals, are also great sufferers by reason of the uncertain policy of the state with reference to its canals, and because of the inefficient manner in which they are maintained. There are hundreds of thousands of dollars invested in property along the canals that has been jeopardized by this gradual decay, and that would be almost wholly lost to the investors should the canal be abandoned. Justice to these large property owners, as well as heed to the vital interests of the public, demands that the canal be maintained in a thorough-going, navigable condition.

"One can hear a great deal of discussion, from various quarters, about the cost of keeping up the canals, about the burden of taxation it imposes upon the people, and all that. There is as little sense as truth

in criticisims of this sort. The property that borders upon the Ohio Canal — property that was, in large part, called into existence by the presence of the canal — really pays the taxes that go to the support of this water-way. None of this property would be taxed for more than half of the sum now levied upon it, were it not for the existence of the canal. Should the canal be abandoned, millions of dollars worth of property, such as coal lands, mineral lands, stone quarries, mills, etc., that now have, through it, an out-let to market, but which are not reached by railroads, would be rendered almost valueless, for lack of transportation facilities. So it is not a difficult matter to see that there is no justice in any claim asserting that the canal is a burden upon the people. It would be a burden, though, to hundreds and hundreds of good citizens, and ruin to many more, to be deprived of the canal, no matter upon what pretext.

"Ohio is still in her infancy. We have need, and urgent need, of development in every possible direction. We are still in the 'hog and hominy' stage of our civilization. We are still in the woods. To understand just how true this is, all one has to do is to look backward over even so short a period as twelve or fifteen years, and note the amazing progress that has been made, in almost all directions. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the advancement made in the next fifteen years will be none the less marked. An excel-

lent illustration of the character of our advancement, in recent years, is afforded here at Waverly. Twelve years ago Waverly was without a railroad, and the old stage coach, in passing through here, for Chillicothe, Circleville or Columbus, or going south, for Portsmouth, might get two, or possibly four, passengers out of here in a day. With the advent of the Scioto Valley Railway came a wonderful change. We were put in quick connection with the world beyond the confines of our own homes, and the habits of the people and the character of the town began to change. A brisker element was felt in our midst; people began to come and go with greater frequency and with infinitely greater personal comfort and enjoyment; until, instead of there being two, or three or four passengers a day out of Waverly, it is now a common thing for the railroads to take on as many as fifty or sixty passengers here in twenty-four hours.

"Some weeks ago I was appointed one of a committee of twenty citizens of Ohio, to wait upon President Cleveland, to invite him to attend the Ohio Centennial at Columbus. Aside from aiding in the work that called this committee into existence, it is not improbable that I may turn my position, as a member of it, to good account in other directions. I have seen almost every President of the United States, from Adams' time up to

to-day, and have enjoyed the acquaintance of some of our most illustrious men, and I have always found my large acquaintanceship, in all directions, beneficial; oftentimes, singularly so. And it may so chance that, as a member of the committee of twenty, I may meet just the people to whom the idea of transforming the Ohio Canal into a ship canal could be happily broached. It may afford an opportunity for the planting of a seed from which great things may grow. In the long years that I have been in business, I have had actual business transactions with thousands of people—with almost everyone in this section, at some time, it seems to me—and I have known some most important occurrences to grow from the most modest of sources."

"Your relations to the government, in all these years, have been constant and important too, have they not?"

"Constant, yes, as a distiller; and at times, somewhat important, possibly. For instance, in 1863 we were running both distilleries—the one here at Waverly and the one at Chillicothe—and were crushing one thousand two hundred bushels of corn a day at each place, and after the tax was raised to two dollars a gallon on whisky, our taxes used to be as high as forty-eight thousand dollars a day. It was a common

thing for me to give the government a check for one hundred thousand dollars."

"Have you always made the business of distilling profitable?"

"I never ran a distillery that wasn't a paying institution. And I have made a great deal of money out of feeding cattle and hogs, in connection with operating the distilleries."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A FAR-SEEING BUSINESS MAN, WHOSE CAREER HAS BEEN CHARACTERIZED BY A SPIRIT OF ENTERPRISE AND DASH—RECOGNIZING THE FACT THAT, TO BE CONTINUOUSLY SUCCESSFUL, ONE MUST KEEP UP WITH THE PROCESSION OF PROGRESS, HE WAS ALWAYS AMONG THE FIRST TO ADVOCATE AND ADVANCE EVERY PROGRESSIVE MOVEMENT, OF CONCERN TO THE PUBLIC—A FACT WELL ILLUSTRATED BY HIS CONNECTION WITH THE CANAL, THE TURNPIKES, THE STAGE COACH AND THE RAILROADS—THE BUILDING OF THE S. J. & P. R. R.

MR. EMMITT'S whole business career has been characterized by a spirit of enterprise, that gains in emphasis when one remembers that he began doing business in the old, old days, now so distant as to be a mere matter of history to the young business men of to-day, and he began doing business in the oldest of the old-fashioned ways that prevailed when this great state was struggling upward out of the wilderness.

But he soon learned that to be successful one must keep up with the procession; and no matter how fast the procession of progress moved, he was always in the van, and always a little ahead of all competitors, as a rule. No matter how rapidly the changes came,

he adapted himself to them, and when possible he anticipated their coming and made ready to reap the fullest harvest the change could bring.

So far as he was able, he was one of the best of the early friends of the Ohio Canal, and he has been its steadfast friend ever since. He was one of the most active men in this part of Ohio in establishing good public roads and pikes, and was one of the zealous friends of the stage coach, when it was a vehicle of travel of supreme consequence to the people. And when the era of railroads dawned, he became an enthusiastic railroad man, and is one still.

There is no man in southern Ohio who has done more for the railroads, in his individual capacity, and with his money and influence, than Mr. Emmitt.

When the Marietta & Cincinnati Railroad—the present C., W. & B. R. R.—was projected, he invested twenty thousand dollars in the enterprise. He has never had any direct return from this money, and yet he considers it a magnificent investment. That road first opened up this country to rail connection with the business world, and as Mr. Emmitt had large interests both at Chillicothe and Waverly, he was one of the first to reap the benefits to property and business that resulted from the establishment of the road.

He has three thousand dollars invested in the Muskingum Valley Railway and six thousand in the

Scioto Valley Railway; and he looks upon both as splendid investments.

But it is in connection with the Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy Railroad—the present Ohio Southern Railroad, which is a part of the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western system — that Mr. Emmitt made his greatest reputation as a railroad man.

To him, the very existence of that road can be fairly credited. He was probably the first to conceive the idea of building the road; the first to urge it in a public way; the first to put his fortune and his influence at the back of the enterprise; and it was due to his enterprise, dash, enthusiasm and substantial backing that the project took definite shape, and was finally brought to a successful issue. He has ninety thousand dollars invested in the S., J. & P. Railroad.

"Do you consider your heavy investment in this latter railroad a good one?" Mr. Emmitt was asked.

"I look upon it as a splendid investment. So good, that I wouldn't think of taking my ninety thousand dollars back, if in doing so I had to give up the railroad. I wouldn't entertain such a proposition for a moment."

"What induced you to become such a heavy investor in the S., J. & P.? What prompted your singularly enthusiastic advocacy of that big enterprise?"—for it will not be forgotten that at the time, it was publicly said that the road would be built, if

Mr. Emmitt had to build it with his own private fortune and personal resources.

"The welfare of Waverly and this community, and my own personal welfare," replied Mr. Emmitt. "We had to have a railroad at Waverly, or we were doomed. I saw that plainly enough. I saw that it was impossible for me to continue doing a profitable business, without railroad facilities, in competition with houses in other cities, having railroad outlets, and I knew that every one else in Waverly was in the same fix. We were all right as long as no one else had a railroad, and we had as good facilities as any body for shipment over the canal, and by wagon. But a time came when our facilities were not as good as those of our neighbors, and we had to do something heroic, or go down in ruin and decay. A railroad was a matter of life or death to us. We were just in this fix: The canal was our main dependence, and it would freeze up on us in winter. Then we were paralyzed, for a time at least. If I wanted to ship even so little as a single barrel of whisky, I had to load it upon a wagon and haul it to Chillicothe, to a railroad. And to guard against mishap, I was, every year, compelled to stack up one hundred thousand bushels of coal here at Waverly, to carry me through all right. One of our chief needs for a railroad, too, was to supply us with coal; and if we hadn't built the S., J. & P.

R. R., no power on earth could have prevented Waverly from sinking into an insignificant village.

"I began actually agitating the project of building the S., J. & P. road in 1875, and after a deal of work, we arranged to hold our first public meeting at Greenfield, one of the points on the proposed line. Chapman of Jackson, Roberts of Chillicothe, Ely of Washington and myself were about the first to make an earnest dash at the matter of putting the road through. We had raised the necessary amount to secure our charter—ten per cent. of two hundred thousand dollars—and we had a rousing meeting at Greenfield, where we organized and elected our first board of officers. I was made President of the company. That night I subscribed fifty thousand dollars toward the sum necessary to build the road, and a great many others subscribed very liberally. The project of building the new road was liberally, even enthusiastically received all along the route, from Jackson and the coal fields, through Waverly, Bainbridge, Greenfield, and on to its terminus at the flourishing and enterprising city of Springfield. Every one along the line, who was in shape to give aid in building the road became a subscriber, and the farmers of Ross county, who were interested in the project, were particularly liberal. We had only an ordinary amount of trouble in securing rights of way. Mr. Chapman of Jackson, Mr. Warder of

Springfield, and myself, did most of the work necessary to their procurement. We got into shape with reasonable rapidity, to undertake the actual work of building the road, and the contract was let to the Western Construction Company, their bid for the work being five hundred thousand dollars. This company soon demonstrated its entire incapability to carry out its contract. It was a weak and incompetent organization, without adequate resources, and we became so disgusted with their violations of contract, with their evasions and make-shifts, that we ran them off, and completed the road ourselves, by letting it out in small contracts.

"We began work on the road in the fall of 1875, and the honor of throwing out the first shovelful of dirt was accorded to me. Considerable preparation had been made for the ceremony of "breaking ground" for the new road, and the point selected for the inauguration of work was on Gregg's hill, in the immediate vicinity of Waverly.

"A great crowd had assembled to participate in the event, and people were stretched out for over a mile along the surveyed line of the road. The first dirt was thrown out amidst great cheering and enthusiasm. The people were in fine humor, for they were fully alive to the importance of the work undertaken. They knew what the new road meant to the prosperity of Waverly and the entire country through

which it passed — much of which was wholly undeveloped, then, by railroads — and their joy over the fact that work was to actually commence, and commence in earnest, was genuine indeed.

"Many little incidents, of a pleasant character, have perpetuated a remembrance of that happy day. Here is one of them. Mrs. Joseph Emmitt and Mrs. Hutchins of Waverly, had a wheelbarrow load of this dirt removed to their homes, and in it they planted four black walnuts. The walnuts sprouted, thrived and grew to trees, and have been bearing nuts for several years. I never see those trees that I do not recall the event in commemoration of which they were planted.

"Well, the work of building the road was pushed along, and finally sufficient of the road-bed was graded and tied to enable us to commence putting down rails. This work was inaugurated at Jackson C. H., and by unanimous consent, I was accorded the privilege of driving the first spike, binding the first rail to the ties. And I had the honor, too, of driving the last spike in the road at Dill's Station, near Bainbridge, where the two divisions of the road were brought together.

"After the road was built, and its value and its possibilities began to be more fully recognized, it became a coveted property by certain men whose sole aim in life is personal aggrandizement, at whatever

cost to the people, or to the welfare of the public; men who are no less than human vampires, and who will suck the life blood from the body politic just as quickly as they will from an individual; wreckers of the most unscrupulous sort, whose practices are more damnable than those of the ordinary highwayman. There is no chance of one mistaking the intentions, or of misunderstanding the methods of the latter species of robber. Not so with the junta of vampires who set upon the Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy railroad, for the purpose of wrecking it, that they might come into its control and use the road for the furthering of their own private interests. At the head of this gang of wreckers was William Whiteley of Springfield, one of the largest manufacturers of that city. When I fully understood Mr. Whiteley's intentions, in his desperate effort to gain control of the road, I was frank enough to tell him that he was no better than a highway robber, and subsequent events in his business career have only confirmed the opinion I then expressed of him. Over one hundred and thirty thousand dollars has been lost in the Springfield, Jackson & Pomeroy road, and William Whiteley was the direct cause of making this great loss. The road will ultimately be finished to Pomeroy.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE FUTURE OF LITTLE PIKE AS VIEWED BY A PIONEER WHO PREDICTS THAT IT IS TO BE THE GARDEN SPOT OF THE STATE—THE ERA OF RENEWED AND ENLARGED PROSPERITY THAT HAS DAWNED FOR A CLASS OF HER FARMERS WHO, UNTIL RECENTLY, SAW ONLY RUIN STARING THEM IN THE FACE—WHAT PHOSPHATING HAS DONE FOR THE AGRICULTURALISTS OF THE HILLS—WAVERLY'S ADVANTAGEOUS LOCATION, AND HER PROSPECTS FOR INCREASING HER IMPORTANCE—GETTING OUT OF THE WOODS, BUILDING THE GREAT HIGHWAY, THAT OPENED UP EASY COMMUNICATION FROM THE CAPITAL OF THE STATE. THROUGH THE SCIOTO VALLEY TO THE OHIO RIVER—THE INCEPTION AND COMPLETION OF THE COLUMBUS & PORTSMOUTH TURNPIKE—ITS BUILDERS AND HOW THEY BUILDED—THE STATE'S AID, AND HOW IT WAS SECURED TO ONE PORTION OF THE LINE AND NOT THE OTHER—PUTTING A NON-PAYING PROPERTY ON A PAYING BASIS AND KEEPING IT THERE FOR ALMOST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY—THE COST OF PIKE BUILDING—THE MONUMENT TO HEWITT THE HERMIT A PAYING INVESTMENT.

WITH two railroads and the canal; a wide, magnificent and fertile valley; with our great natural advantages; our proximity to coal; our great quarries of finest sand-stone; as good water power as there is in the state; a splendidly watered and timbered surrounding country, Waverly is bound to not only hold her own, but to become a town of greatly in-

creased importance," continued Mr. Emmitt, with much enthusiasm. "We have a splendid location for a town. There is none better. We are particularly happily situated here, as a profitable place for the location of modern flouring mills, distilleries, stone saw-mills, lumber mills, furniture factories, hub and spoke factories, etc. We need a large distillery here, equipped to make finished goods. We are only twenty-five miles from the Jackson coal fields, and are as well situated, as regards fuel, as any place outside of the immediate mining districts.

"And we are going to make Little Pike the garden county of the state. A new era of prosperity has dawned for her, the importance of which is but yet indifferently understood. For years the farmers on our hill lands had been growing poorer and poorer. Their land was exhausted and would scarcely yield them a living and pay their taxes. Those who were in debt could not work out, but kept drifting further behind, and the situation began to look exceedingly serious. The root of this trouble was to be found in the fact that the hill land was impoverished. It had to be given new life or ruin, complete and absolute, stared the hill farmers in the face. It was suggested that they begin using phosphate upon their lands, for the purpose of enriching them. Some of the most enlightened of the land owners made the experiment, and the result was astonishingly satisfact-

ory. They underdrained their hill land, phosphated it and put it in wheat. The increase in their yields of wheat more than paid for the phosphate, and their land was left in better condition. After the wheat was harvested, the wheat land was put in clover and timothy for a year, and the year following, it was put in wheat again. The results of this improved scheme of farming opened everybody's eyes, and the practice of phosphating hill land has become very general in the hill country surrounding us. Over one thousand, four hundred tons of phosphate have been sold here in Waverly, in one year.

"It is amazing how the yield of wheat has increased, about here. I have bought hundreds of bushels of wheat, in the past two years, from hill farmers who never before had any wheat to sell. Then our hill farmers are putting out good orchards of choice fruit—apples and plums and pears, and some peaches, and much attention isbeing given to the cultivation of small fruits, particularly strawberries and raspberries. Our hill farmers are getting a fresh start, and it is a start in the direction of large and continuous prosperity.

"We now send a great deal of our products, of various kinds, to points away. For instance, last year I cut from my own land over four hundred tons of hay, most of which was baled and shipped, over half of it going to Virginia and Kentucky. A good deal of my flour goes to those states, too—and all of this is new

trade, opened up to us by the railroads. We have a heavy trade at Jackson, Coalton and Wellston, and can out-compete Chillicothe, as regards the trade of those places. We can supply all that down country's immense demand for corn, wheat, flour, etc., and the Ohio Southern road enables us to do it."

Mr. Emmitt has been one of the most extensive builders and owners of turnpikes in Ohio, and his connection with enterprises of this character extends from 1836 to the present day. He has built and controlled more miles of pike than any man in this portion of the state, and has done much for Pike County, in particular, in bringing different parts of the county into communication. He has built miles of private roads, too.

His first notable experience in turnpike and bridge building, for the public, was in 1861, when, as a part of the compact by which he secured the removal of the county seat from Piketon to Waverly, he built a pike from Waverly to Piketon, a distance of five miles, and built a large and substantial bridge across the Scioto River, as a part of this road. This bridge was burned by Morgan, when he made his famous but expensive raid through Jasper, Piketon and that neighborhood. When this bridge was first built, the lumber necessary to its construction cost sixteen dollars per thousand feet. When Mr. Emmitt came to rebuild it, after Morgan's destructive torch had wiped it

out of existence, lumber cost him sixty dollars per thousand feet. The pike and bridge, together, cost him thirty-five thousand dollars—fifteen thousand dollars for the pike and twenty thousand dollars for the bridge. As a part of this same deal, he built a court house at Waverly that cost twenty thousand dollars. But these expenditures proved to be good investments, too.

Mr. Emmitt's next heavy undertaking, in this direction, was the Waverly and Sunfish Turnpike, which he built from Waverly across the hills to Latham, a distance of sixteen miles and eighty rods, at a cost of forty thousand dollars. He commenced this road in 1867, pushed it rapidly to completion, and has owned and operated it from that time to the present day.

From its inception in 1837 until the present time, Mr. Emmitt has been identified with the fortunes of the Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike Company, South, and from 1866, has been president of the company. The Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike was a badly needed thoroughfare, and its construction was a matter of great moment to the people. The charter of the road was issued in 1828-29, the capital stock being put at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The project dragged along for some years, and not much of consequence was done towards its actual construction until 1839. The charter lapsed and had

to be revived. After the granting of the original charter, the road was divided and two separate companies took charge of the road's two divisions.

One was the Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike Company, South, controlling the pike from "Carlisle's Corner," Chillicothe, through Waverly to Portsmouth. The other was the Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike Company, North, running from the same starting point at Chillicothe, through Circleville to Columbus. In 1840 the law was repealed. The company south commenced work in 1839, to get advantage of the state assistance. They got this, but the northern half of this road got nothing and was built by private capital. It was with the southern division of the road that Mr. Emmitt identified himself, and with which he is still identified.

As has been told in a previous chapter, the turnpike law of 1837, which permitted the state to subscribe for one-half the stock of any proposed turnpike, after the other half had been taken by citizens, was still in force. One of the requirements of this law was, that at least ten per cent. of the capital stock should be expended in actual construction, before the state would subscribe for its share. The law did not work well and was repealed in 1840.

The agitation of the question in the preceding campaign, made it evident that the law would be repealed. This was a matter of great moment to the

Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike, and the stockholders of the southern half began to push work on their road immediately, and with such effect that they were able to secure the subscription of the state to one-half the stock. Ross County's quota of the subscription was twenty thousand dollars; that of Chillicothe, eight thousand; Pike County, twenty thousand; Scioto County, eight thousand, and Portsmouth, twenty thousand. The northern half of the road failed to secure the state's aid, and had to be constructed entirely by private capital.

"The first contracts on the road were let for that portion of the road about Piketon," said Mr. Emmitt. Mr. Felix Renick was our first president. It was he who erected the monument to Hewitt the Hermit, directly before whose cave our turnpike passed. That monument, although not designed by Mr. Renick, proved to be a most excellent investment. It not only perpetuated Hewitt's fame, but it marked his dwelling place and gave emphasis to the peculiar career of this peculiar man. Hewitt's Cave became a famous place along the pike, and thousands of people, in years gone by, have driven over the pike, from all directions—and particularly from Chillicothe—to see it. And they all paid toll, of course. The curiosity stimulated by that modest monument earned hundreds of dollars for the turnpike company. The late E. P. Kendrick of Chillicothe—who was a fine old gentle-

man and a man of great business intelligence—was for many years secretary of our company, and Owen T. Reeves, long since deceased, was also one of our presidents. Mr. Felix Renick was killed on the banks of Paint Creek just below Chillicothe, by the falling of a pole, which was a part of an arrangement for operating a ferry boat. Mr. Renick's head was struck and horribly crushed.

"We got our turnpike graded through from Chillicothe to Portsmouth in 1841, and we were at work for two years longer graveling the road. But we finally got things into shape, ready for travel, and travel was ready for the road, which soon packed and became a surprisingly good pike, and one that good management could keep in repair with comparative ease.

"It has been a matter of surprise, to a good many people. that we built our turnpike up over the hill, to get into Chillicothe, instead of bridging Paint Creek, at Lunbeck's, and taking advantage of a much easier and more convenient route of entry. The route adopted was chosen as a matter of economy. Ross county was in for twenty thousand of the company's stock. There was a bridge across Paint Creek, at the foot of Paint Street, and we were urged to take this bridge, at sixteen thousand dollars, as part payment of the twenty thousand dollars worth of stock the county had to make good. We concluded to take the

bridge at the figure named, and then, of course, we had to build the turnpike to the bridge. That portion of the road over the hill, built to reach the bridge, cost us as much as the structure was worth.

"About 1840, when the banks all began to fail, and everything grew so rickety, financially, that the state couldn't sell its bonds, it paid its debt to the turnpike company in script, which was afterward redeemed. A curious fact in connection with the building of this road is that not a dollar of money was used in its construction. The state issued script to pay its subscription to the stock of the company and the counties followed the example set by the state so that all the money we had was these promises to pay the *money* at some future time. Those were shaky times, in truth.

"The turnpike was operated along until 1865, with indifferent success, so far as profit to the stockholders was concerned. In that year, I bought from the state its seventy-five thousand dollars worth of the company's stock, paying therefor eight thousand dollars. This gave me an eighty-six thousand dollar interest in the capital stock of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and I came into control of the road, being elected president of the company the following year—an office I have ever since retained.

"Up to this time, the road had paid no dividends. This was not because of a dearth of travel. The turn-

pike was of greatest public convenience and was largely used by the public, but for one reason or another, scores and scores of travelers used the road a great deal without paying toll. All the stockholders and all their relatives and friends seemed to have the free run of the road. I soon put a stop to all that sort of thing. There was a tremendous uproar, all along the line, when I drew a tight rein on the little army of dead-heads, and all sorts of exemptions from paying toll were alleged. It took a long time for me to convince those good people that the Columbus and Portsmouth Turnpike, South, was being operated for the profit of its builders and owners, as well as for the convenience of the public. A great many suits grew out of this abolishment of the free list, and for awhile it was a common thing for me to have two or three cases a week in the 'Squire's Court at Massieville, against offenders of the law regulating turnpike travel.

"I finally got the road upon a paying basis, and altogether, I have paid the stockholders forty-five per cent. in dividends, on their stock.

"About twelve years ago, I sold that portion of the turnpike within the limits of Scioto county to that county, for sixteen thousand dollars, and, afterward, I sold to Ross county all that portion of the turnpike within her limits — some eleven miles — for one thousand dollars a mile. The company still owns that

portion of the pike running through Pike County—something over sixteen miles.

"In the old days of the turnpike—before we were brought face to face with railroad competition—a circus used to be a bonanza to us. This was in the days when the circus traveled entirely by wagons, and when the majestic elephant moved around from town to town a-foot. A circus was always worth from forty to fifty dollars to us, in the way of direct tolls, while the amount of incidental business it created was very large.

"Experience is a great teacher, truly—particularly as regards turnpikes. If I had known as much about the management and care of turnpikes, twenty-five years ago, as I know now, I could have saved thousands upon thousands of dollars. The biggest point about managing a turnpike economically, is to never let it get out of repair; to fix every little break as soon as it occurs; to thoroughly "break" "or roll" your road, and never give the water a chance to work upon it and cut it up; and to always keep the channel approaching and under all bridges and culverts well cleaned out, so as to be safe from disaster in case that a heavy freshet suddenly swells all the streams along your road. The freshets will come, sooner or later, and to be safe, you must always be ready for them."

CHAPTER L.

AN OFFICIAL CAREER THAT MARKS A PERIOD OF DISTINGUISHED USEFULNESS TO THE PEOPLE OF OHIO — A SENATOR WHO BELIEVED IN GIVING THE PEOPLE HIS TIME, AND IN APPLYING THE RULES OF BUSINESS AND OF COMMON SENSE TO THE AFFAIRS OF STATE — ONE WAY OF SAVING THE STATE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS, AND OF BALKING A NEEDLESS AND EXTRAVAGANT EXPENDITURE OF MONEY — IMPROVING THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS — A REMARKABLE BUSINESS CAREER, EXTENDING OVER A HALF CENTURY OF INCESSANT AND ALMOST UNEXAMPLED ACTIVITY—A GLANCE AT THE COMMERCIAL, REAL ESTATE AND MANUFACTURING AND MISCELLANEOUS INTERESTS OF A SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MAN—THE ART TREASURES OF A HANDSOME HOUSE.

"WHAT has been your official career? What offices have you held, that brought you into public relation with the people?" Mr. Emmitt was asked.

"I haven't been much of an office-holder," said he, "although I made a pretty early start in that direction. I was a member of the Council of the village of Waverly, and was the first post-master of the village, having been appointed to that office in 1830, by President Jackson. I forwarded the first letter ever mailed from Waverly.

"In the fall of 1867 I was elected to the Ohio Sen-

ate, over General Wells S. Jones of Waverly, who is now a candidate on the Republican State Ticket for Member of the Board of Public Works, opposed to me, my name having been placed on the Democratic State Ticket, for the same position.

"I was elected Senator from the old Seventh District, which was then composed of Pike, Scioto, Jackson and Adams Counties. General Jones' vote stood this way, in the various counties named: In Pike, he received nine hundred and fifty-one votes; in Scioto, two thousand three hundred and fifteen; in Jackson, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight; in Adams, one thousand, nine hundred and seventy-nine — a total of seven thousand, one hundred and three. In Pike, I received one thousand, seven hundred and eighty votes; in Scioto, two thousand, five hundred and thirty-eight; in Jackson, one thousand, eight hundred and eighteen; in Adams, two thousand, three hundred and nine — a total of eight thousand, four hundred and forty-five, making an excess of one thousand three hundred and forty-two votes, over the vote received by Jones.

"I served two years in the Senate, and was an active worker during all the time I was at Columbus. I never missed a vote during the two terms, and I never failed in getting through all the measures I advocated. When Morgan made his destructuive raid through this part of Ohio, he inflicted damages upon our people

amounting, in the aggregate, to five hundred thousand dollars. I introduced a bill in the Senate, providing for the payment, by the state, of the damages so inflicted, the persons so injured having filed their claims with the proper state officers. They amounted to almost a quarter of a million of dollars. Many persons were practically ruined by the raid of Morgan, and have not recovered from the loss of property inflicted thereby, to this day. I had a claim against the state, on this account, for ten thousand dollars, and the objection was urged that a Senator could not vote for a measure in which he was pecuniarily interested. The objection was a valid one, and to remove it, and give my vote to the bill, I assigned my entire claim to the Infirmary Fund of Pike County. After a prolonged fight the bill was finally passed, but no appropriation was ever made to comply with its provisions for remembering those who had suffered from Morgan's depredations. The appropriation was defeated by influences brought to bear from those portions of the state that had not encountered the plundering hand and devastating torch of Morgan. This was a very foolish thing to do, for had the state paid those claims—as it unquestionably should have done, it would have been reimbursed therefor, dollar for dollar, by the government.

"It is amazing how ready the legislature is to squander money in some instances, and how eager

some people are to have the money squandered. By the application of a little common sense and ordinary business prudence, the state's law-makers can save thousands and tens of thousands of dollars of the people's money. Here is an instance or two that will show how easily this can be done. Application was made to the legislature for an appropriation of fourteen thousand dollars, with which to purchase new boilers for the Lunatic Asylum at Columbus, and the proper committee reported favorably upon granting the appropriation. I objected, claiming that the expenditure was an unnecessary one. They sent me out to the asylum to inspect the boilers, and I reported that new boilers were not needed at the asylum; and they were not. The new boilers were not purchased.

"Afterward the asylum was burned down, a ring was formed, having in view the purchase of the asylum grounds, which were located in a desirable part of the city, and were valuable. The ring wanted the grounds for sixty thousand dollars, and I protested against a sale at this figure, saying that I would give one hundred thousand dollars for the property. This knocked the ring out. The land was offered for sale, and the day of the sale, Senator Jamison telegraphed me to know if I would make my offer good. I told him to make the land sell for one hundred and four

thousand dollars, and he did so. There was just forty-four thousand dollars made for the state.

"For years the legislature had been in the habit of making an annual appropriation of ten thousand dollars for the State House grounds. This money was simply frittered away, without any attempt being made at the permanent beautification of the grounds surrounding the capitol. The ten thousand dollars was simply squandered for the benefit of a limited number of people. I fought this appropriation and killed it off, and brought about measures for the systematic beautification and permanent adornment of the grounds, and the fine iron fence, now enclosing the capitol grounds, was one of the first results of the new order of things. I labored with diligence to induce the legislature to adorn the grounds with fitting pieces of statuary, and for a number of years had a number of my own pieces at the State House, but the idea didn't meet with enthusiastic favor.

"When elected to the Senate for a second term, the opponent whom I defeated was Dr. Monahan, of Jackson, C. H."

On the 6th of November, 1888, Mr. Emmitt will be eighty-two years old. A ripe age, surely, and one at which you would not look to find a man actively and extensively engaged in business. But at the present writing, Mr. Emmitt is the most active and prominent business man in Pike County, his

business cares and varied interests being amply sufficient to occupy the entire time of a dozen ordinary business men. It is marvelous, how well he has stood up under the strain, the wear and tear of a business career that, in point of duration, application and remarkable results, is without a parallel in southern Ohio. He is still a hale and active man, giving personal supervision to his immense and complicated business interests. His vitality and activity are nothing short of wonderful, and if present physical force and vigor afford a fair basis for judgment, one is forced to the conclusion that Mr. Emmitt is still good for long years of usefulness.

To get anything like a fair idea of the extent of the present business interests of Mr. Emmitt, one must look over his current investments, with some detail.

He conducts a private banking establishment, and owns and operates a large distillery at Waverly; a large flouring mill; the largest and most complete dry goods, clothing, grocery and "department house" at Waverly—an establishment at which you can secure almost anything you want, in all grades of merchandise; his sand-stone quarries are among the finest in the state; he owns and operates a stone saw mill, a lumber mill, a furniture factory, furniture store, a harness-making establishment, a lumber yard, carries on a large coal trade, and aside from doing a general merchandising business, he buys wheat, corn, wool, bark, locust

timber, and almost everything produced in his locality, for which there is a market, and is still the owner of several canal boats. Besides his many other commercial enterprises, Mr. Emmitt is paying a great deal of attention to bringing to public notice his "Emmitt's Discovery," a medicinal agent, the remarkable virtues of which have won for it more than a local fame. The importance of the "Discovery" demands that it be given additional attention further along. Mr Emmitt feeds on an average of from four hundred to five hundred head of cattle, and maintains the largest herd of circassian goats in Ohio. He has now over one hundred head of these really beautiful and eminently useful animals, and he finds them very profitable. He keeps them to clean up his land, and he has found them most valuable and faithful aids, in this direction. Mr. Emmitt says that his goats will clear up one hundred acres of rough, briar-grown hill land in two years. They eat everything—briars, blackberry bushes, weeds, sassafras, paw-paws and underbrush of every sort. Nothing escapes them, nothing is too tough or too unpalatable for them. Mr. Emmitt maintains that every goat he owns is worth at least ten dollars a head to him. Fifteen years ago he bought a circassian buck and ewe from a man in Jackson County, and his present herd is the natural product of his original investment. These goats are beauties, and are exceedingly playful. Their antics in the field,

jumping over stumps, rocks, stone heaps and briar-clumps, are very funny. Mr. Emmitt never kills one of these goats, but when he looses one by any accident he has the pelt removed and tanned. These pelts, when treated as Mr. Emmitt treats them, make the most beautiful rugs imaginable. The hair is long, curly and as fine as silk, and when tanned is a beautiful golden brown in color.

Mr. Emmitt is, by long odds, the most extensive farmer and land owner in Pike County, his holdings amounting to something over seven thousand acres. Of this one thousand acres is of the finest farming land, and he has about one thousand acres in pasture. The balance of his land is in timber. He owns an immense amount of real estate in Waverly, among which is valuable hotel property, which he has recently remodeled, adding twelve excellent rooms to the "Emmitt House," and fitting up the entire establishment with modern improvements. He pays one-third of the entire taxes of the town, and something like ten per cent of all the taxes levied in Pike County.

Mr. Emmitt is conceded to be the best farmer in the county, and riding along any of the pikes leading from Waverly, one can tell almost every piece of land owned by him, by its admirable cleanness, by the way in which everything is kept up, and by the general air of thriftiness stamped upon it. He keeps a small army of men at work, in and about Waverly in his

many business establishments, and on his roads and farms. He is the life and strength, the backbone of that whole community. He still has men in his employ who have been on his pay rolls for thirty or forty years.

In addition to the real estate owned by Mr. Emmitt in Waverly and Pike County, he owns a great deal of property in Chillicothe and its vicinity. He owns a magnificent farm of one thousand eight hundred and seventeen acres in Boone County, Missouri, every acre of which is tillable, and he is the owner of a fine one thousand two hundred acre farm in Woodson County, Kansas, near Toronto. And he is the owner of one of the finest farms in Pickaway County, O., containing seven hundred and thirteen acres. This farm is known as the old "Caldwell farm," and every foot of it is good land. He also owns a quarter section of land in Indiana which he bought in 1836, and which he has never seen, although he has been paying taxes on it ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmitt have a beautiful home at Waverly — a splendidly-planned home, large, conveniently arranged, and handsome within and without. This home is crowded with beautiful and costly pictures, statuary, mosaics and bric-a-brac, all brought from Europe. Among his pictures are many canvasses of exquisite beauty, masterpieces, for which Mr. Emmitt paid large sums of money. He has a fine

collection of beautiful pictures on brass and porcelain —gems that he prizes beyond price; splendid and elaborate mosaics—among them a large table, showing the greater number of the most famous structures and ruins of Rome—a large and unique glass-framed mirror from Venice, ebony cabinets from the Doge's palace at Venice, and many beautiful conceptions in marble and alabaster. This home is a veritable treasure house. The plot of ground surrounding the house occupies a full half-square, all of which is in lawn, and beautified by fifteen or more splendid pieces of statuary, life-size, which Mr. Emmitt himself bought at the ateliers, near the famous Carrara quarries in Italy. It is a home without a counterpart in this part of Ohio, and one in which any person with an appreciation for things artistic will find unalloyed delight.

CHAPTER LI.

A FORTUNATE DISCOVERY, RESULTING FROM AN EXCEEDINGLY QUEER ACCIDENT — THE COMBINATION OF MISHAPS THAT GAVE BIRTH TO "EMMITT'S DISCOVERY," A REMEDY TO WHICH ASTONISHING QUALITIES ARE ATTRIBUTED, AND ONE WHICH MR. EMMITT BELIEVES TO BE A PANACEA FOR ALMOST EVERY HUMAN ILL — THE STORY OF A FORTUNATE BIT OF MISFORTUNE — SOME OF THE SURPRISING ACHIEVEMENTS OF A SURPRISING REMEDY.

THERE is probably no one thing in which Mr. Emmitt takes greater interest, at the present time, than in his "Discovery," the virtues of which, he says, seem to multiply in the most astonishing way, as the weeks go by. The "Discovery" is a remedy that came into existence through a peculiar accident, and the worth of which was accidentally discovered by Mr. Emmitt. Its healing and curative properties, says Mr. Emmitt, border on the marvelous, and the full scope of its powers and usefulness is scarcely yet fully understood, even by himself. The story of how the "Discovery" was discovered — how it was produced, and how it was learned that the compound resulting from an accident was possessed

of wonderful curative properties — was interestingly told in the issue of the *Chillicothe Leader* of November 7th, 1885. The story cannot be better given than by reproducing the *Leader's* article in full:

"It happened some time ago, to Mr. Emmitt, while conducting his usual business at his Waverly distillery, that, by an accident, a peculiar combination was formed. While examining and testing this combination, accident — or what now almost seems providential design — an opportunity was also presented to test its powers as a liniment. The result was most astonishing; so astonishing, in fact, that everybody who heard of it talked about it and commented on it. This incited other trials and tests, and the cures were so sudden, so complete and satisfactory, that it seemed to those interested, chance had led the way to a panacea, from which mankind was destined to reap inestimable advantage. At first the matter was only talked over in the light of a local event, but as time progressed, and cure after cure was effected in the neighborhood, it occurred to the practical mind of Mr. Emmitt that the virtues of so valuable a remedy should be more widely known, and mankind be given the opportunity to enjoy its benefits.

In order, however, to even more thoroughly satisfy himself that the merits of this wonderful drug could be in nowise fancied, but were genuine and real, whenever applied and tried, he undertook to put it to a most thorough and satisfactory test, out of which — more than from all else that had preceded — came the conviction that he had found, indeed, a Wonder-

Healer. Its action in relieving pain, of every kind, is almost instant; and no other remedies, no aids of any kind, have to be taken in connection with it.

Nothwithstanding his large and varied business, therefore, Mr. Emmitt concluded to place his wonderful discovery upon the market. For him to resolve upon a thing, is almost equivalent to its execution, for, notwithstanding the fact that his personal history is filled with the record of great undertakings, it is rarely indeed that one can find there the record of a failure. To this end, therefore, he makes his announcement in the *Leader* of to-day, and one has but to peruse that announcement to read between the lines, as well as in the subject matter itself, the evidence of Mr. Emmitt's firm conviction, that the preparation will do all that he claims for it, and even more.

Of course, we all understand that the world is full of "cure-alls," but considering the manner in which this remarkable discovery was made, that it came by accident and that it was not the result of a search for a panacea out of which money could be made; considering the character of the man who offers it to the public; that he is one of our own citizens, really, and that his business interests are so large and varied in their character as to preclude the thought that he would enter into an enterprise of this kind for speculative purposes only; one cannot help but be impressed with the idea that this discovery is destined to be of great benefit to humanity. There is but little difficulty or expense involved, however, in any

afflicted person giving the preparation such a thorough and satisfactory test as will satisfy themselves."

The fame of Mr. Emmitt's Discovery spread with great rapidity, and it was not long until the newly-heralded panacea had been tested for the relief and cure of almost every ill that besets mankind, from corns to consumption. It proved its efficacy in a score of directions — notably in its happy effects when used for the relief of rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, ear-ache, backache, cuts, sprains and the like. But it demonstrated a healing and stimulating power far beyond anything looked for or expected of it, and to the amazement of every one who became acquainted with its accomplishments, it achieved results, in some instances bordering on the miraculous. Two instances of a most surprising character were detailed by the same paper in which the article above quoted appeared — the *Leader*, of Chillicothe — and its narration of them is not without interest here. Said the *Leader*:

"One of the *Leader's* representatives was at Waverly, Saturday afternoon, and while there, was flooded with information regarding the cure, that had been effected by the Discovery, and had personal talks with numerous persons who had reason for believing it to be the "Wonder Healer of the Age," as Mr. Emmitt has styled it. Two cases, into the merits of which direct inquiry was made, will suffice to illustrate

some of the astonishing things the Discovery has accomplished:

Mrs. Elizabeth Armstrong is a fine, intelligent old lady, now in her seventy-eighth year. She is the mother of Mr. Joseph Armstrong, Auditor of Pike County, and of Mr. David Armstrong, cashier of the First National Bank of Jackson. Last May, Mrs. Armstrong was afflicted by a paralytic stroke, that sadly affected her speech, and deprived her of any use of her right arm, below the elbow. The right hand was rendered as lifeless as so much lead, and whenever she had to move it, it was necessary to do so by means of her left hand.

Mrs. Armstrong used one remedy after another, and time passed away, until the first of January of the present year saw her in the same sad plight that brought her to well nigh despair, in May. About five, or perhaps six weeks ago at farthest, she began to use Emmitt's Discovery, and after the application of it had been continued for a few weeks, the old lady began to experience an itching sensation in her right hand. This was the first evidence of life she had discovered in that member in seven months. The applications were continued, and the results have been most astonishing.

When a *Leader* reporter entered Mrs. Armstrong's cosy sitting room, Saturday evening, the old lady extended him her right hand, and grasped his outstretched palm—a greeting Mrs. Armstrong, a few weeks ago, never hoped to be again able to extend to a friend. She can now use her right hand with comparative ease, although it is still very weak. She can

open and close it rapidly, at will, and can use all of her fingers without trouble. She can almost feel her hand and arm growing stronger, from day to day, and her gratitude toward Mr. Emmitt is boundless. She told the reporter that she wanted Mr. Emmitt to have *all* the credit for curing her, as his Discovery had done the happy work, which she had fully concluded could never be accomplished.

Mrs. Armstrong's speech has also been greatly aided by the Discovery, which she applies to the base of the brain.

Miss Nellie Emmitt is the bright twelve-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George D. Emmitt of Waverly. Ever since her earliest childhood, she has been a fearful sufferer from ear-ache, resulting from a complicated throat trouble. Deafness resulted from these frequent and terrible attacks. Some time ago, the child's mother began applying the Discovery to reduce the swelling of the child's tonsils and to relieve her sore throat. These two things it accomplished, and to the utter astonishment of the child, and her parents, and a vast deal more, Nellie Emmitt, after years of distressing deafness, began to hear, and it was but a few days until her long-afflicted ears were as acutely alive to every sound as are those of nine persons out of ten. To-day, she can hear, with perfect ease, all ordinary conversation; and even conversation that is carried on in a lower tone than is customary. A reporter saw and talked with her at the rink Saturday afternoon, where she was enjoying herself as only a happy child can. Notwithstanding

the din and rumbling that filled the rink, she had no trouble in hearing all the questions directed to her.

Cures like these speak in trumpet tones in praise of the virtues of the Discovery."

Mr. Emmitt attributes much of his present robust health and really astonishing strength and vigor to his "Discovery," upon which he absolutely relies for the cure of every pain and ache and disorder that affects him. It can be taken internally or used externally, as circumstances warrant, with perfect safety, and good results follow its use. The voluntary testimonials to its great efficency in a great variety of distressing afflictions, that have poured in upon Mr. Emmitt from all directions, would make a truly imposing array, if put into type. The faith of Mr. Emmitt in his Discovery, after studying it and watching the results it has achieved, for almost three years, is more fully convinced to-day, than ever before, that his is the most wonderful curative remedy bestowed upon mankind in a quarter of a century. Supplying the public's demand for it has become quite a feature of Mr. Emmitt's business. His Discovery now finds its way to almost every part of the country.

CHAPTER LII.

A FAMOUS FAILURE, THAT FOR A WHILE ALMOST PARALYZED THE COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF CHILLICOTHE, AND DEALT A TERRIBLE BLOW TO PUBLIC CONFIDENCE IN THE INTEGRITY OF MEN—THE GRAND COLLAPSE OF ALEXANDER FRAZER, AFTER A CAREER THAT WAS RATHER BRIEF, BUT BRILLIANT, DARING AND RECKLESS WHILE IT LASTED—THE RUIN THAT FOLLOWED IN THE WAKE OF THE WRECK OF "THE MAN WHO RAN THE TOWN"—A HEAVY PURCHASE OF PORK, WITH REVOLVER TRIMMINGS—FRAZER'S DARING DAYLIGHT ELOPEMENT WITH A CAR OF BROKEN-LIMBED, SORE-BACKED HOGS—THE WAY IN WHICH LEGGETT, THE MILLER, RAISED THE WIND.

"THE recent failure of Mr. Thomas N. Marfield at Chillicothe," said Mr. Emmitt, "recalls the widespread loss and in many cases desolation, inflicted upon the people, and mainly the farmers of the Scioto Valley, by the failure of Alexander Frazer at Chillicothe, about 1857. That was a famous smash-up, and when the enormity of the wreck was understood, the public stood aghast that Frazer had been able to play such a desperate hand so long, while hovering on the very brink of bankruptcy and ruin.

"Frazer was a shrewd, daring fellow, with a certain degree of business ability. But the instincts

of a confidence man, or bunko steerer, outweighed his commercial integrity, and after playing a strong game here for a number of years, his light went out in a financial cyclone that appalled the confiding people of Chillicothe and Ross County.

"For a few years Frazer practically ran Chillicothe. He was a power in business circles, to whom pretty much every one paid heed. He was a Scotchman, large in stature, and his speech was marked by a strong brogue. He engaged in the manufacture of whisky, soap, starch, candles, in packing pork, and in other industries, requiring the command of an immense amount of capital. His various business establishments were located near the south end of Paint Street, in the vicinity of the present Dayton, Fort Wayne & Chicago depot. The large old stone house across from the depot, south, was formerly occupied by one of his industries, but about all of his other buildings have disappeared. The stone house to which I refer — and which, by the way, I now own — was built by a gentleman named McComb, who married a daughter of Governor Worthington. It was originally built further up the hill, in 1797, but was slipped down to its present site. There is a singular fact connected with this property. When I purchased it, I supposed I became its sole and undisputed owner. I had no idea other than this, until a few years ago, when I received notice, through an attorney, that Mrs. Alex

Frazer was still living, a resident of Columbus, O., and that she was the owner of a certain dower interest in a portion of the property I had purchased. I had my attorney look the matter up, and it was found that Mrs. Frazer's claim was a valid one. Ever since that time, I have been paying her twenty-five dollars a year, as dower interest in that piece of real estate.

"While Frazer was in the zenith of his power at Chillicothe, he certainly made things lively in the southern end of the city. He hadn't the capacity to successfully manage the large enterprises he inaugurated, and began doing a losing business. His chief element of strength seemed to be in convincing the people that he was enjoying a tidal wave of prosperity, and in concealing from the public and his friends the fact that he was traveling the road to ruin at a rapid pace.

"He was fortunate in having a financial backer who was a tower of strength to him. This man was Enos Prater, a very rich and respected farmer living on the Pee Pee Prairie. He had unlimited confidence in Frazer and trusted him so far that he would sign up a lot of notes in blank, to be filled out and used by Frazer, as his business necessities required. That Frazer made the most of this remarkable trustfulness on Prater's part goes without dispute. After the failure, it was said that he generally had a hatful of notes, bearing Prater's endorsement, at his command.

"Frazer, when he went under, caught pretty much every one with whom he had business relations, and through his failure his friend, Prater, was ultimately ruined.

"Old Frazer cost me many thousands of dollars by his unfair and reckless competition in trade. We were both using a great deal of corn in our distilleries — he at Chillicothe and I at Waverly and Chillicothe— and we often ran counter to each other in the purchase of crops of corn, throughout the valley. Frazer used to get in desperate straits for corn and when pushed he would make the most reckless offers imaginable to the farmers, in the way of prices. One instance of this character I recall with great distinctness. Andrew Kilgore had a fine farm of three hundred and fifty acres between Waverly and Chillicothe, and in 1857, the year Frazer failed, he had one hundred thousand bushels of corn to sell. I offered him twenty-eight cents a bushel for this corn, but he thought he ought to have more for it. Frazer saw him and offered him *fifty cents a bushel* for all the corn he had. Kilgore jumped at this, and began rushing his corn up to Chillicothe, to Frazer.

"Shortly after Kilgore's corn had been delivered, Frazer broke up, and Mr. Kilgore's magnificent sale of corn really ruined him. He realized then that it would have been considerably better for him to have taken my offer of twenty-eight cents a bushel, and

received that much good sound money; but the chance of making a dazzling profit swept away his common sense and business judgment, and he laid himself wide open to be robbed. Kilgore afterward obtained a judgment of forty thousand dollars against Frazer, but so far as I am aware, he never realized anything on it. I think that, while he was delivering the corn, he drew about sixteen thousand dollars from Frazer, and this was all he ever got out of that big crop.

"Among the heavy creditors of Frazer was the old Chillicothe Bank, but they had secured themselves pretty thoroughly, and it is my recollection that they lost nothing, or very little, by the grand collapse of the man who had been 'running the town.'

"Among other property that Frazer pledged to the bank, as security for money borrowed, was fifty-five thousand dollars worth of hogs. The bank took possession of these hogs without any process of law and sold them to me for fifty-five thousand dollars. I purchased the entire lot, with the privilege of rejecting such as were unfit for market, and on returning home, I left a man at Chillicothe, named Follet, to select the hogs and get them ready for shipment.

"Follet telegraphed me the next day, that Frazer had come down to the pens and refused to let me have the hogs. As soon as I read the telegram I procured a revolver, jumped into my buggy and drove up to Chillicothe at a tight pace.

"I had scarcely alighted in front of the hotel, on

Paint street, when I saw old Frazer come stumping up the street--for he was somewhat lame, and had a funny gait. We collided, right straight. I demanded to know by what right he was interfering with my property. He made some reply that angered me further, and I drew my revolver, placed it to his head and told him that if he didn't clear out and refrain from meddling with my property, and interfering with my men and plans, I would kill him. The conversation ended right there, for he took to his heels, running down the street as fast as he could tear.

"I went down to the pens, near his distillery, and began the work of sorting out the hogs I wanted. After I had been there quite a while, and the work was progressing rapidly, Frazer came down to the pens and resumed his interference, but I promptly ran him off the premises at the point of a revolver. I had no more trouble with him.

"I took all the hogs, save about three hundred, that were lame, sore or in bad shape generally. These rejected animals were purchased by a man named Armstrong, of Athens. After I had secured my animals, Frazer began stealing those that Armstrong had bought, and the daring rascal loaded them into cars in broad daylight, and started with them for the state line, to get them out of Ohio.

"Armstrong learned of Frazer's elopement with his property and he chartered a locomotive and started

in pursuit of his hogs. He captured Frazer's train, replevined the hogs and shipped them to Baltimore, where he sold them and was cheated out of his money. Those hogs proved to be a mighty bad investment for him, all around. Frazer never did any good after his great break-up at Chillicothe.

"The failure of Leggett, one of the early millers of Chillicothe, was another great blow to the farmers of the valley. Leggett preceded Atwood in the flour-making business, and he took wheat from the farmers, promising to give them the wheat, or its cash equivalent, whenever they should demand it. The farmers thought Leggett considerably sounder and more trustworthy than a bank. He ground up all the wheat they entrusted to him and then broke up, carrying ruin to many a farmer who had trusted him. Scores and scores of farmers were caught. For there was no one whom Leggett hesitated to rob."

CHAPTER LIII.

A SCRAPPY CHAPTER, TOUCHING UPON MANY POINTS, AND PUTTING A SAVING KNOT IN MANY A LOOSE THREAD — AN INCIDENT OF THE "BANDANA CAMPAIGN," OF 1888, TO WHICH IS ATTACHED A REMINISCENCE OF THE FAMOUS CAMPAIGN OF 1840 — THE MANY BEVERAGES THAT MASQUERADED AS "HARD CIDER" IN THAT GREAT STRUGGLE — THE PERSUASIVE POWERS OF A POSITIVE-MINDED MAN — A CRAZY SPECULATION IN MULBERRY TWIGS — THE FAMOUS NINE-MILE HOUSE — THE SMALL POX SCOURGE AT WAVERLY IN 1837 — THE INCESSANT TROUBLES OF A STRUGGLING BUSINESS MAN — THE BRUTALITY OF ONE OF THE EARLY SCHOOL TEACHERS — A CONTEST FOR PROPERTY RIGHTS — THE BLACK-TONGUE PLAGUE.

EVERY now and then, some one of the many papers in Southern Ohio seizes upon and prints one or more of the interesting reminiscences, that flow from Mr. Emmitt's apparently exhaustless store. A vast amount of this fugitive matter has appeared in print, and there is scarcely a reminiscence in the lot that is not worthy of preservation here. But any attempt to gather them together would prove an endless task. A few of them have been captured, however, and they will be found to be not lacking in interest. Here is one of them, taken from one of the Chillicothe papers, of June 30th, 1888 — written after the

Democratic National Convention had named President Cleveland and Hon. Allen G. Thurman as its standard bearers, in the Presidential campaign of 1888. Said this paper:

"'The Hon. James Emmitt thinks that time, fate and popular caprice haven't done just the square thing by him in at least one particular.

He told the Rambler, the other day, that he could just knock the spots out of any of 'em on the bandana lay; and that while they were making such a hubbub about Thurman and his bandana, he could just smash Thurman's record as a bandana carrier all to pieces.

Mr. Emmitt has been wiping his nose on Mr. Thurman's personal badge of popularity for the recording angel alone knows how many years, but certainly for long years before Mr. Thurman was old enough or rich enough to buy a bandana.

"How old are you, Mr. Emmitt?"

"I'll be eighty-two in November," he said.

"And how long have you been carrying a bandana?"

"I can't tell, to a day; but I have never carried any other style of handkerchief, all my life. And I suppose I began buying them as soon as I could afford the luxury of a handkerchief. But I know that I carried a bandana before either Bill Allen or Allen G. Thurman did, and as far as a long record goes, I can beat them all to death."

"Why have you clung to it, all those years—the style, of course?"

"I don't know that I had any particular reason,

further than that the red silk bandana is a pretty comfortable 'swipe,' and then I began with it, and propose to finish with it. It's funny, isn't it, how little things figure so largely in a man's destiny? Now, take this Thurman bandana cry for instance. You'll hear as much about the bandana, this campaign, as you will about the tariff.

"The only parallel to this bandana craze in the history of our times, that I can recall, is the handkerchief epidemic during the visit of Lafayette to this country.

"Among the devices gotten up to show how popular the gallant Frenchman was in America, was a Lafayette handkerchief, upon which his name and I believe his portrait, were printed. The demand for these handkerchiefs became an epidemic, and as they were gotten up cheaply, I believe every boy and girl in America got hold of one, some way, and you couldn't go anywhere that you wouldn't see Lafayette handkerchiefs displayed.

"Nothing approaching the excitement, enthusiasm and great popular demonstrations of the Harrison campaign in 1840 have ever been witnessed in this country," continued Mr. Emmitt, switching off onto a topic with which he is perfectly familiar, and of which he is particularly rich in entertaining reminiscences.

"And I guess it's safe to say that Chillicothe never saw a day of greater glory or excitement than the occasion of the great Harrison demonstration there. All of the surrounding towns sent in delegations, and floats and banners and mottoes and singers

to help on the great political pageant, and the parade was certainly a wonderful sight. It seemed endless, and represented every industry of the people of this part of the state—all the trades and arts and industries, and emblems of a political significance were as thick as nuts on a shellbark hickory in good season.

"Waverly was represented in the monster parade, and represented in great shape. It was a 'log cabin and hard cider' campaign, you know, and the design that Waverly sent up was a monster barrel that would hold two thousand two hundred gallons, and the motto painted upon it was 'two thousand two hundred gallons of hard cider.'

"It was loaded upon a canal boat and was sent up to Chillicothe, accompanied by as many people as the boat would carry. When it reached Chillicothe, the great barrel, or hogshead, was loaded onto a float drawn by a line of oxen, and joined the unique procession.

"General Harrison was met by a great concourse of people out on the old Limestone Road, below Fruit Hill, and escorted into the city. The big parade dragged its mighty length through the streets, and at sight of the log cabins, cider barrels, the industrial floats, the bands of singing women, and of General Harrison himself, the crowds just went crazy with enthusiasm. The heart of the demonstration centered on the lot where your eastern school building now stands, between Main and Second Streets, and such scenes of political enthusiasm were witnessed in that square as Chillicothe never saw before or since.

"After it was all over, the two thousand two

hundred gallon barrel was brought back to Waverly in safety, and we turned it into a calaboose — the first institution of the kind the town ever had. It was ten feet or more high, and setting it up on one end and knocking the head out of the other, we had a fine, secure, well-ventilated lock-up. And if a man became drunk or disorderly, or wanted to fight, or whipped his wife, or did anything of that sort, he was arrested and tossed into the big barrel. Escape was out of the question, for there were no doors to break; no bars to file; no windows through which to squeeze; nothing but a big ten-foot circular wall, on which a fly could scarcely get a foot-hold.'"

"It stood out in the air, of course?"

"Of course."

"What did you do for a prisoner, when it rained?"

"We let it rain."

"What became of the barrel, finally?"

"A german here bought it from the town and converted it into a smoke-house."

"Our means of communication with the outer world, in those days," continued Mr. Emmitt, following up his recollections of the campaign of 1840, "were so very slight, that we were not 'in touch' with a very large part of the country, and knew comparatively little about the general tendency of national affairs and national feeling. To-day we are fully informed about every occurence of consequence from Tacoma to Galveston, from New York to San Francisco. We can watch the ebb and flow of every

great struggle engaging the mind and energies of the people, and our horizon is practically limitless. In 1840 it was not so. Then the lines of light were more tightly drawn, and we heard little and thought little, comparatively, about affairs outside of that portion of our own state with which we were in communication and active sympathy. An incident that occured during the Harrison campaign illustrates this point very well. During that great political struggle, pretty much every one became a politician, and gave up all of his time to campaigning. We were fully organized at Waverly, and had our log cabin, cider barrels, coon skins, mottoes and transparencies and all that, and if we were not indulging in a political gathering at home, we were generally off parading through the country, going to or returning from a meeting at some other point.

"The Whigs arranged for a great meeting at Hillsboro, in Highland County, and we rigged up eleven huge wagons at Waverly and started for that point to hear Tom Corwin make one of his great speeches, and to participate in the stirring events always attending our big political gatherings. The road we traveled was but little better than a trail through the woods, that took up through Bainbridge to Hillsboro, and it took us two days to reach the latter place.

"Squire William Barnes was the Grand Marshal

of our party, and his Generalship kept us from coming into conflict with parties of Van Buren's adherents, who did all they could to harass and insult us on the way, by displaying offensive mottoes and making ugly remarks about the ladies who were taking such an active part in Mr. Harrison's canvass. There was a very large delegation of women with us and they made the country through which we passed musical with their stirring songs. Up near Greenfield we encountered another large procession of women on horseback, bound for Hillsboro, too. We could hear them singing long before they came in sight.

"There was a great crowd at Hillsboro for that day, the people having come from every direction, near and far, to take part in the gathering. A man well-known at that day, John Howard, was a member of our party, and he was greatly impressed with the size of the crowd and with the enthusiasm displayed. He told us that when he went home he would tell his father and brother, who were Democrats, that *if all the people at that meeting voted for Harrison, they might as well concede his election to be a certainty.*"

"You see, he seemed to think that the best part of America was represented in that crowd.

"Those were certainly merry days, full of action, excitement and pleasure. We were going all summer. One day we paraded down to Piketon, and we had twenty-four yoke of gaily decked oxen drawing

eleven or twelve wagons or floats, upon which were represented all of our chief industries. The ladies of Waverly made a fine silk flag and presented our club with it, and that flag waved above us wherever we went, all during the campaign. Our log cabin at Waverly was located at the corner of Market and North Streets, where Blazer's drug store — where Hewitt the Hermit died — now stands. It was about sixteen feet square, and was built, in the main, of buckeye and hackberry logs. The then noted lawyer, Dick Douglas, of Chillicothe, came down and delivered the 'dedication speech' at our first rally at the cabin. General Tom Ewing carried up one of the corners of the Harrison log cabin at Chillicothe. He was an expert axe-man, and if he got his own end of the log finished first, he would trot across the log to the opposite corner, and help the other axe-man out.

"There is very little justification for calling that struggle the 'Hard Cider Campaign,' for as a matter of fact, there was very little cider to be had in those days. We had no apples, of consequence, and of course couldn't make a great deal of cider. But 'hard cider' was the campaign drink, and whisky, brandy and almost every other liquor was sold and dubbed 'hard cider.' That campaign ruined many a man, for many of those who started to drinking in those days of excitement, never stopped. So many

young men took their first drink that campaign, and not a few learned to drink to excess.

"I was fortunate in enjoying a personal acquaintance with General Harrison. I had met him during one of my many flat-boat trips down the Ohio River, and later, renewed my acquaintance with him under very pleasant circumstances. I had taken a flat-boat load of corn down the river, and sold it at Madison, Indiana, and was returning home, by boat. Our steamer, the Ben Franklin, stopped at North Bend, Ind., and General Harrison came aboard as a passenger, being on his way to Cincinnati. We had a very pleasant talk on the way up the river."

In 1876, a very interesting series of papers, embodying some of Mr. Emmitt's most interesting recollections of past events, appeared in the *Pike County Republican*, a newspaper printed at Waverly, and then edited by Messrs. J. F. and R. Wetmore. In one of these papers Mr. Emmitt discusses certain features of one of the most remarkable speculative periods this country has ever known, in this way:

"'As will appear from what has been related, the year 1840 was almost given up to a political campaign. Business in the line of commerce was almost at a standstill. The past decade had been ten years of the wildest possible speculation; unnatural inflation had entered into everything that had any value, and almost valueless property was traded regardless of the final result. Men went away back, on the border of

the western limit of emigration up to that time, and buying a squatter's right for a very small sum, would draft a city on—paper, and usually at the confluence of two streams. They would then give a name to the place, plot off the public square, name the streets and indicate a point for the various churches, banks and so forth. Then the draft of this pretty city was taken to the large cities, and often sold for a high price, or traded for really valuable property.

"It seemed as if the mania to trade had driven the American people crazy. There was one transaction so ridiculous that I will mention it.

"The idea took possession of the inhabitants of the northern portion of our country, particularly New England and the Central States, that silk culture was to be a great success. The silk worm feeds on the leaves of the mulberry tree—*Morus Multicaulis*—and mulberry saplings immediately assumed an unwarranted value. These saplings were tied up in bundles, sent to the cities and sold for fabulous prices or traded for real estate, live stock, mill sites, in fact anything and everything. Stories were started about some rare peculiarity in a China species, or the Italian, French or West India variety, as it might be. Certificates were procured to prove that this or that man had all that there could possibly exist of the choice varieties, and the price of a mulberry twig, of a years growth, assumed the proportion over others that fancy short horn cattle command at the present, over any common or pennyroyal stock. When the bubble burst of what was called the "*Morus Multicaulis Speculation*," these bundles of twigs could be

seen at all shipping points piled up in some instances to the extent of interfering with other freight. It, of course, took a certain time before the carrier dared to throw them away, and when at last they were condemned for freight and charges, many an oven was heated with these bundles of twigs, which would have been valued but a few months previously, at tens of thousands of dollars. And thus it was with other wild ventures. The new decade of 1840-50 opened upon the nation, with the people exhausted by schemes and plans which had only led to one result — ruin, and no hope was before them but to commence at the beginning, and start on a new career.

"Deliberate villains took advantage of the state of recklessness which prevailed during the latter years between 1830–40. Among other frauds was an immense issue of the notes of the bank at Kirtland, O., put out by Joe Smith, the Mormon, who pretended to have dug up tablets revealing a new religion, of which he made himself the inspired head or prophet. Among other revelations which he claimed to have received, was one instructing him to go into the banking business. This he did on a very large scale, at first redeeming his notes in good faith, but after an immense issue had become afloat, he declared that he had received instructions to stop paying any more, thus blasphemously using the name of the Creator as instructing him in villainy.

"The confidence created by his early promptness caused the loss to have been very heavy and widespread, which, taken in connection with the lawlessness of his followers, finally resulted in the entire body of

Mormons being driven from Ohio. From thence they went to Missouri, where they staid until the inhabitants could tolerate them no longer, when they were driven into Illinois, and encouraged to locate at Nauvoo. Their persistent defiance of all law resulted in the killing of Joe Smith, and afterwards the driving out of the sect from that state. They then went to Utah, where the successors of the Mormon prophet have established a large and wealthy city at Salt Lake. Their continued course of defying all civil law justifies the belief that at no distant day they will come in conflict with the general government, when they will be compelled to abide by the laws of the United States.'"

This pleasant reference is made to the old and once famous Nine Mile House, between Piketon and Portsmouth, at which many a never-to-be-forgotten frolic had been enjoyed by the young folks of the lower portion of the valley, who constituted a very jolly social element, some sixty years ago:

"'I can remember one night at the Nine Mile House, a great number of teamsters had gathered. As usual, we were sleeping on the beds thrown upon the floor, when one of them caught on fire and burned a place upon the floor, which I saw and remarked upon within the past two years. This Nine Mile House deserves a few words. It is situated nine miles from Piketon, which gives it the name it bears.

"The building is a substantial structure put up by Wm. Marsh, a man whose occupation was boating on the Mississippi. The house was greatly resorted

to by the young people from Piketon and Portsmouth. From the latter place it is fifteen miles distant. A good deal of money was made, owing to the frequency of balls and other such gatherings, and the Nine Mile House was an institution of the times. Some who read this will have their minds carried back to scenes of fun and frolic indulged in at the famous place, who have become so old and stiff in their joints, and studiedly proper in their deportment, that they have themselves almost forgotten that they ever indulged in such amusements. While their descendants will be led to the reflection that their time is approaching when they will have to retire from active bustle and leave a rising generation to pass over the same incidents, altered only by the changes which come over everything. I will say here that the carpenter or builder of the Nine Mile House was a man well known at that time, by the name of William Reed, and he was generally known as Judge Reed. He constructed many buildings in this part of the country, among the rest, the house nearly opposite the burial ground of Piketon, in which the parents of my wife resided, and which is standing there to-day. The painting on the Nine Mile House was done by the father of our late respected townsman, Joe J. Green.'"

In one of these early papers, that appeared in the *Republican*, the gentle wife of Mr. Emmitt, who, it will be recalled, was Miss Louise Martin, relates some matters of note in regard to her childhood, her school-days, the brutality of one of her teachers, and other occurrences that have made a strong impression upon

her mind. This extract is taken from Mrs. Emmitt's narrative:

"'My father was one of three children, whose father was in trade in Baltimore, Maryland, and when his business was settled up by a brother, a small amount was left for the children. This uncle took my father into his family, but the step-aunt was not agreeable to the young orphan, who, when he was thirteen years old determined to start off on his own efforts in life. Influenced by a threat of a whipping, made by this step-aun t, he left the home of his father' executor and resolutely walked sixty miles, when the approach of Saturday night impressed him with a desire to rest over Sunday. He approached the house of a Presbyterian minister and obtained permission to stop there over the Sabbath. Before Monday morning the minister had become interested in him, and the result was that my father procured a school for small children, where he gave so much satisfaction and so improved himself that he taught in that locality for three years. He did not return to Baltimore until after he became of age, when he returned to look after his younger brother and sister, who, he found, had been greatly neglected. During this time he had studied medicine, but in after years was obliged to give up any active practice owing to a constitutional affection of the lungs. I have often seen him start off during the prevalence of severe sickness, in Piketon, and visit the sick for days together, without any compensation, owing to the pressure on the regular practitioners and the poverty of his neighbors. This he did during a small-pox visitation, when he would leave the house

in his usual clothing, and, taking a suit which he had for the purpose to go into the presence of the disease, he would visit the sufferers and on the way home change his clothes.

"During those eight years that my father was away from Baltimore he had been in Kentucky, teaching school, acting as clerk of the court, and studying medicine. From there he came to Pike County, and settled on a farm which he occupied on the prairie, north of Piketon, for many years. He supposed himself the legal possessor of this farm, but the rightful owner came along finally and ejected him. This was an event of very frequent occurrence then, and even now there is much property in Southern Ohio, upon which a title will only be earned by the lapse of time.

"During the war of 1812, my father was attached to the quartermaster's department. On the very night of his return from the war our house on the prairie was burned. After that we lived in Piketon, but it must not be understood that a town then existed. There was only a settler's log house here and there, where the occupants farmed a small portion of cleared land, while the rest was thickly wooded. Where Waverly is now was a dense forest, almost or quite without an inhabitant.

"Long after I was married to Mr. Emmitt the location of this residence in which we now are, was a place more than usually thick with large trees and a crowded undergrowth, making a home for rabbits, 'possums, raccoons and other wild animals.

"After the fire my father had his office in the

stone store which was torn down in the spring of 1874, and attended to his duties as clerk of the courts, justice of the peace, and coroner, some of which offices, if not all of them, he was the first to fill in Pike County. He was auditor, also agent in many cases before the court, often being called to Chillicothe. He was never a man of vigorous health, and he died in 1822.

"As I have said, father had acquired by hard study, an amount of learning far above the average of the inhabitants, and he used his information in various ways to his own benefit and the advantage of his neighbors. His health was not sufficiently strong to enable him to work on the farm, and consequently it was cultivated under the supervision of my mother, by the aid of youths who were made members of the family and given such opportunities as were presented for schooling. This made our family quite large, but for this very reason it was felt that the addition of one more would not make very much difference, and as my father was a school trustee, he rather preferred than otherwise that the master should board at our house. As I evinced a desire to learn, it was arranged that I should go to school at an agreed compensation, conditional upon no punishment being inflicted upon me, as I was so young, and sometimes suffered from nervous excitement. Forgetful of his pledge, this man, whose name was Wheeler, would have inflicted a cruel whipping upon me, for coming late to school. As he approached me, two young men who were living at our house and engaged in working the farm for my parents, resolutely took the position that no

blow should be inflicted upon me, and so cowed the enraged teacher that he dared not continue the assault. Fierce with rage, he declared that he was the one to be obeyed, that he would be, and that if any scholar came in late it would be no excuse that the parents had caused the delay. Only a few days from that time Henry Sargent had the misfortune to be late, and when he attempted justification on the ground that his mother had detainced him, the teacher became frenzied with rage, and attacked the boy and beat him in a barbarous manner. This was too much for the two young men to endure, and on their complaint the bully was discharged from the school, in the middle of the term. He left the neighborhood, perhaps luckily for him, for it was soon learned that he had caused the death of a boy at Wheelersburg, on the Ohio River, and was wanted there.

"It was in the hands of such wretches that children of my day were often placed to learn, and it is with the view that the youthful reader may contrast his more favorable opportunities, that this recital has been made.'"

One of the greatest scourges that ever visited Waverly, was the small-pox epidemic, in the winter of 1837-38, to which Mr. Emmitt, in the *Republican*, makes this allusion:

"'The event which makes the year 1837 memorable in the history of Waverly, was the prevalence of small-pox, and it is hardly possible to convey any adequate idea of the pestilence and its ravages. The doctor knew nothing about the disease, and in fact

insisted that it was not the small-pox, but one after another fell a victim, and in some instances whole families were almost wiped out of existence. This was the case with the Harper family, who were in my hotel. The greater number perished, only the father and one child surviving, the mother and several children falling victims.

"I had just returned from a trip with my wife, to Cleveland, and fortunately our two children, Joseph and George, were taken immediately upon our return, to their grandmother's, in Piketon. We had both been vaccinated and hoped to escape, and in the condition that Mrs. Emmitt then was, it was frightful to think that she should be taken down. In the hope that a change of location might be a benefit, we went on board a canal boat—my brother Robert being attacked—and we hoped that if we removed from the house we might yet escape. But we were not so fortunate. Both Mrs. Emmitt and myself were taken down. My brother Robert's attack was severe, and I actually saw the scales leave the soles of his feet, in one mass, as if a sheet of leather had been plastered on them. The servant girl had it in the confluent form, and a pustule formed on one of her eyes, which was destroyed. It appeared as if the whole village was to be given up to the destroyer, for no one came into the town, and we were not permitted to go out. If any parties found it neccessary to pass the village they took to the fields on the outskirts. My family were all down, and I felt that some one must be brought to our asssistance, and remembering a faithful Irish woman, by the name of Ann, who was cook on the

canal boats and had had the disease so bad that her face was deeply marked, I went to Chillicothe, where I managed too see her and she came down. But she soon fell a victim to an attack of varioloid, less severe than others, probably on account of the previous visitation. I can say from actual observation at the time, that those who had been vaccinated escaped with much less severe attacks than those who neglected to take that precaution. It was supposed that the contagion was brought by some of the emigrants passing through the place, but nothing was known as to any party having had it as they passed by. But it is known that the first resident of the village taken down was the father of John C. Lewis, and he (the father) and I carried out and buried no less than nine persons, who had died of the pestilence. We dug the graves in what is known as the Steinbergen burying ground, just north of the village. Nothing seemed to check the destroyer. Esquire William Barnes, father of our fellow citizen, T. Newton Barnes, did noble service, and some thought a mixture he made of sarsaparilla and whisky was productive of some good. Certain it is that all his family escaped. It is believed that the pestilence ceased only for want of victims. One-third of all the inhabitants of Waverly had been carried to their graves, as the result of this visitation of small-pox, in the winter of 1837–38.'"

That Mr. Emmitt's life has not been passed on a bed of roses, is well illustrated by this story of trial and tribulation—which merely furnishes a single

link in a long chain of well-nigh incessant business vexations:

"'It appeared as if vexation and annoyance of every kind befell me. I was engaged in an occupation against which much prejudice existed, and the temperance question was assuming very marked attention throughout the country. The distillery was located on a small creek just on the limits of the village, and when the water was low the deposit of refuse matter from pens containing four thousand hogs would become exposed to the sun and a very active process of fermentation ensued. The smell which resulted was something so overpowering and disgusting that only those who have been subjected to its influence can form any conception as to how revolting it was. Strangers when passing through the town declared that they could not breathe, not alone from the offensiveness of the stench, but owing to a noxious condition of the atmosphere, which seemed to be deprived of healthful elements, and so poisoned, that their lungs refused to perform their functions. I had expended ten thousand dollars in constructing the pens, and was going on putting up more, when the inhabitants of the town, influenced by actual suffering—and I may say injury—for the infliction was so great that there was little probability that any new comers would choose a location so disagreeable to their senses as that which confronted them when Crooked Creek was low. It could hardly be supposed that any but those who could not give up what undertaking they had in hand, would remain to undergo so much inconvenience, and it was hardly

possible that any one would settle down, from choice, under such circumstances. Consequently their pecuniary interests were prejudiced, and a determination was entered into by my fellow citizens, that, let the responsibility be ever so great, the pens should be removed. So they organized, and raised a fund, which was more liberally subscribed to by reason of a growing sentiment in favor of the temperance movement, and determined to rid Waverly of my pens.

"When all the arrangements were duly entered into, a committee was sent to wait upon me, and found me in my office, for I was looking for them. After stating their grievances they informed me it was their determination that the pens should be removed and no more built. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'where is your authority to represent the citizens of this town?' At which they were compelled to admit they had none. 'Then,' I replied, 'I shall address you, Mr. Pinney, as you seem to be the leader of the mob, and you come to serve a notice of a determination to destroy my property and my prospects in life, giving me but twenty-four hours to shape my course of action. I will not be influenced by any such threats, and I shall go on building my pens. All I ask is that you have the courage to meet me at the hog pens, at the head of your mob, and I will protect them to the extent that somebody will lose his life. But I will say to you that I am a law abiding man, and shall submit to any authority or action which is served upon me in legal form, though the result should be ruin to my prospects. I have invested more than ten thousand dollars in building

those pens, and the amount of property altogether invested is so large that continued exertion is required to work out a legitimate enterprise, which demands a still greater extension of what operates so greatly to your discomfort. But I can not stop, and I now warn you that you are assuming a grave responsibility."

"The committee retired, and the pens were not attacked for the purpose of demolishing them, and abating the nuisance, as they called the situation of affairs, but they operated in another way.

"In the session of the legislature of 1845–46, a bill was introduced to provide an act for the abatement of nuisances, and it was passed after that careless manner which so often disgraces legislation. It was drafted to apply to Pike county only, and was unconstitutional, but I suppose those who were instrumental in its presentation were either themselves ignorant or thought that others would be, and that they would gain their desired object, which was the suppression of the hog pens of James Emmitt & Co., at Waverly. I at once saw that they had stullified themselves by their own action, and that the movement was powerless to produce any injury to me. When our member of the legislature from this county, Tilberry Reed, passed through our town, on his way to his home in Piketon, I asked him 'how came you to vote for such a bill?' He replied that it amounted to nothing, as it was unconstitutional and he knew it when he voted for it. 'Then,' said I, "Mr. Reed, did you not go to Columbus and take the oath to support the Constitution of the United States and the State of Ohio, and you come back and tell me that

you voted for a bill which you knew to be unconstitutional?' And I furthermore told him that I did not think he was fit to represent the people of Pike county, nor to fill any other trust; but he joined the ring at Piketon, and became entangled in some embarassing and dishonorable transactions, from which he fled. He has never returned to straighten them out.

"After a short time Dr. Phelps, who had a tannery on the site of where the Sohn tannery is now, managed by George Bruck, on the banks of the creek just below the pens, commenced proceedings against me to abate the nuisance, but I am convinced it was to compel me to buy his tannery, which was of no value to him. He filed his petition against me through Lawyer Clough, the father of Dr. Clough, now residing in Chillicothe. I read the petition, with its many complaints about noise, stench, and so forth, but when the proceedings commenced, a compromise was entered into, and I paid six hundred dollars and took possession of the property, and afterwards sold it for that amount to George Armstrong, of Chillicothe, who disposed of it to its present owner, J. W. Sohn, of Hamilton. I told Dr. Phelps that it was strange that he should take such a position, for I was not aware than any and all conceivable bad smells could out-stink a tan-yard. From that time I was permitted to rest in peace for several years.

"Late in the season of 1845–46 a virulent disease broke out in Waverly, which was called the 'black-tongue,' and it assumed almost the proportions of a pestilence, carrying off some of the best citizens,

among them many heads of families. All this was laid to the poisonous influences of the hog pens, but it is a rather singular fact that up to this time Waverly had been a very unhealthy location. Every autumn some form of severe bilious disease prevailed, and the fever and ague was a constant visitor, but now it is as healthy a location as any in the state of Ohio. I can account for the change only on the principle that the hog pens added a poisonous element to the atmosphere, of such an opposite character to that which prevailed, that they neutralized each other, and permanently destroyed the evil. Eminent physicians studied the facts in connection with this metamorphosis, with great interest.

"I can not be positive, but it is my impression that no one recovered who was attacked with this disease which was called 'black-tongue.' The symptoms were a sudden swelling of the head; the tongue turned black and death ensued after several days.'"

One struggle followed another, one embarassment crowded upon another's heels, in those days of anxiety, hardships and ceaseless care and toil. In the appended extract from the *Republican*, Mr. Emmitt gives a clear idea of the troubles of many kinds with which he was assailed while making his desperate fight for fortune. His frank confession about the embarrassments occasioned him by appeals to aid charitable enterprises:

"'In addition to being surrounded by hungry creditors and meeting with new losses, as the result of almost every transaction, our family increased and all

the incidents of sickness and death occurred to swell the extent of care and anxiety, and as will be seen, we were sometimes visited by real calamity.

"I feel that in some instances the sharpness with which misfortune assailed me was more acute than what usually attends such visitations, and it is with the view of showing how unwearied perseverance and a tenacity almost begot of desperation, at last won the battle, that I write this narrative, for the benefit of those similarly situated, and especially for the information of my immediate descendants.

"Mrs. Emmitt usually had excellent health, and was possessed of powers of endurance, beyond what most women are permitted to enjoy. At the time when I was actively engaged in those transactions in corn, wheat, rye, flour, and so forth, previously spoken of, an obligation became due at Chillicothe and the only way to meet it was by means of a discount, which I could only obtain by going in person to Portsmouth. Just at that time Mrs. Emmitt was seriously sick, so much so that I felt unwilling to leave her bedside. But my credit was at stake, my situation appeared to me like a question of life or death, and my wife knew how important it was for me to go. By an exertion of will-power, which women can control to an extent that sometimes appears marvelous, she rallied herself and said I could go, as she thought she was better; I started in the coach for Portsmouth, which left about noon, feeling quite confident that the worst was over. After I left, a reaction set in, the result of an overtax of energy, and her prostration was so complete, that the doctor thought she was dead, and dispatched her

brother Floyd on horseback, late in the evening, to ride thirty miles, to make sure of my immediate return.

"After awakening the next morning as I entered the room preparatory to taking the coach at four o'clock in the morning, to return home, I met my wife's brother, and knew that something was wrong. But the shock, when my question was answered with, 'Louisa is dead,' was so severe that none but a husband and father of a family of small children can form any idea of it, nor of the anguish of mind which I endured while riding that thirty miles, causing an amount of suffering, that comes to memory even to this day like a hideous night-mare of a calamity too crushing to be endured. And no possible conception can be formed of the revulsion of feeling, when I reached the house to find my wife alive and sufficiently restored to recognize and speak to me in feeble tones. I have narrated this to show how hard the rough blows of misfortune fell upon me, with aggravations beyond what usually attend such visitations. I will add that I proceeded to Chillicothe and arranged to save my notes from protest, and found Mrs. Emmitt much better when I returned. * * * *

"So far as concerned any relief to arise from the enterprise of the distillery, it appeared as if I had only jumped from the frying pan into the fire, for want of experience led me into loss upon loss. We had no house over the boilers to protect them, nothing but a shed covered with loose boards, and some part of the machinery was constantly out of repair and wearing out rapidly; the hogs died in the pens,

and want of thorough knowledge in packing pork led to large quantities souring on our hands or before it reached the point to which it was shipped. Some things were done in such a spirit of stupidity and ignorance that it is difficult to realize that it became possible that such incompetency finally resulted in a successful career, but I have undertaken the task of telling about it, and the actual situation will not be realized unless the facts are told as they occurred, whatever may have produced the result.

"I said that the boilers burnt out, but I did not account for how it was done, and I will now go on with the discription.

"The first fireman I employed was Jacob Dellert, now living and keeping a public house, known as the Utah House. He had never had any experience of the business, but I had traveled considerably and had observed the working of machinery propelled by steam, and knew that steam was generated by the evaporation of water heated by the fire in the furnaces acting on the boilers. But so far as thinking to get instructions how to guage the supply of water properly, I never gave the subject a thought. Jacob went on supplying the furnace with wood, the water evaporated into steam, and the machinery worked beautifully, but the water was not fed with judgment, to the boilers, and the supply was used up, while the rising fire kept burning. As a consequence the excessive heat melted the solder off the pipes, extending to joints situated a considerable distance in the building. The shell of the boiler strained and the heads bulged, and if we had only extended our ignorance a little

further by turning on water, the whole thing would have burst with a power that would have sent destruction far and wide. I thought the fault was with the boiler constructors, but they came from Cincinnati and knew at once what was the matter. Owing to a detention I was obliged to pay every day's time at a cost of seventy-five dollars, to learn how to feed a boiler properly.

"Having no protection for the barrels which were not made as skillfully as is necessary, an amount of leakage occurred which was productive of great loss. On a transaction of one hundred barrels shipped to Philadelphia and the same quantity to Pittsburgh, upon which I was authorized to draw eight dollars a barrel, the net proceeds were only four dollars each barrel, thus inflicting a loss of eight hundred dollars upon those transactions. But I continued shipping to Pittsburgh until I received a letter from my commission merchant informing me that a law had passed in Pennsylvania prohibiting the importation of whisky into that state. Each of these unfortunate operations increased the volume of obligation I was under, so that it was one continued struggle to raise the funds to keep the business going. In 1846 James Emmitt & Co. stood under a burden of obligation to the extent of nearly fifty thousand dollars. But all the time I lived in hopes that the large amount we owned and the production of the various industries would at last work out successfully. I mean that there were outstanding debts to the above amount for which I was to make provision and to meet with punctuality

as it became due, or lose credit and go under. Often I have been so put to the utmost strain of my energies, that it was impossible to sleep, or perhaps the worry of my mind would be so great that I dreaded to fall asleep. Many a time I have leaped from the bed as if springing to encounter some danger, and over and over again at all times of night and in all kinds of weather I was called up to meet the intelligence that the machinery had stopped, or that something was broken. And many times I have left my bed at midnight when the coldest weather prevailed and worked to make repairs till I would get soaking wet. I have had my clothes freeze upon me and often worked till far into the next day, feeling all the time that each hour's delay was risking the means to provide for a note or something which was coming due and must be taken care of.

"All this time I was obliged to keep up appearances, not permitting my own family to know the situation of affairs; but what annoyed me, as much as almost any other embarrassment, arising from my peculiar position was the constant call upon me to aid in enterprises, such as building churches or giving aid where money was required. I was scarcely justified in applying a dollar to anything but the needs of the business, while the great extent of the transactions, the pens full of stock, shipments constantly going forward, all gave evidence of the possession of means which caused a refusal to be looked upon as unreasonable on my part. I have frequently been told that it was my duty to respond, that I was rich

and prosperous; and I had to stand it, not being in a condition to make any denial.' "

Like all public spirited men, Mr. Emmitt is a firm believer in the efficacy of printer's ink, and the local newspapers of his county, regardless of politics, have no more liberal patron than he. He has often remarked, that all there is in public life is in what the newspapers say, and that it consequently behooves business men, as well as politicians, to have the papers say those things they want them to say. Lincoln, in one of his great debates with Douglas, said: "With public sentiment nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed."

The following clippings will tend to show in a small measure, the influence the newspapers have had on the fortunes of Mr. Emmitt, and also to show that he was ever alive to the advantages to be derived from the judicious use of these factors in public life:

"The nomination of Hon. Jas. Emmitt as candidate for Board of Public Works is due to his immense practical ability and standing as a business man; being so well and favorably known all over Ohio.

Besides the systematic newspaper work done in his behalf by J. A. Wolfe, would have secured the nomination of a less popular candidate. We notice Jed's fine Italian hand displayed among our exchanges quite frequently of late."—*Meigs County Herald.*

"While the *Herald* is correct regarding the power and influence of systematic newspaper work, the fact is that it was the *Watchman* that first suggested the name of Mr. Emmitt before any one else so much as thought of his candidacy. It was by judiciously utilizing puffs and editorials clipped from the columns of the *Watchman*, and having them re-produced all over Ohio that Mr. Wolfe worked up the Emmitt boom."—*Waverly Watchman.*

Although not indifferent to newspaper comments, neither is Mr. Emmitt afraid of their criticisms. With Mr. Halstead he "believes the newspaper keeps the record of deeds that are great—and does well if it does fairly. The greatness it creates is for a day, while the goodness that it blights is a tender plant. It lends ten thousand torches to the fierce light that beats upon high place, but there is no light so burning that it is not wholesome to the greatness that is true, that does not give a finer temper to the iron manhood that wears not out under the friction of hostile contact, but becomes polished steel, and is fashioned into a sword that shines forever."

During his long career it has been his fortune to

be both praised and abused, maligned by his enemies and flattered by his friends. Yet he has, through it all, been able to weigh justly the excessive praise of his admirers as well as the misrepresentations of his detractors, and has calmly pursued an even course, born of a sound judgment and a clear understanding. But while Mr. Emmitt has often been both abused and praised by extremists, he has nowhere met with the indifference that falls to the lot of mediocrity.

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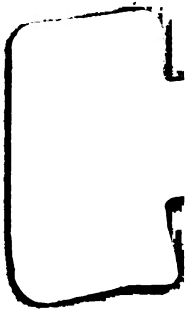
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